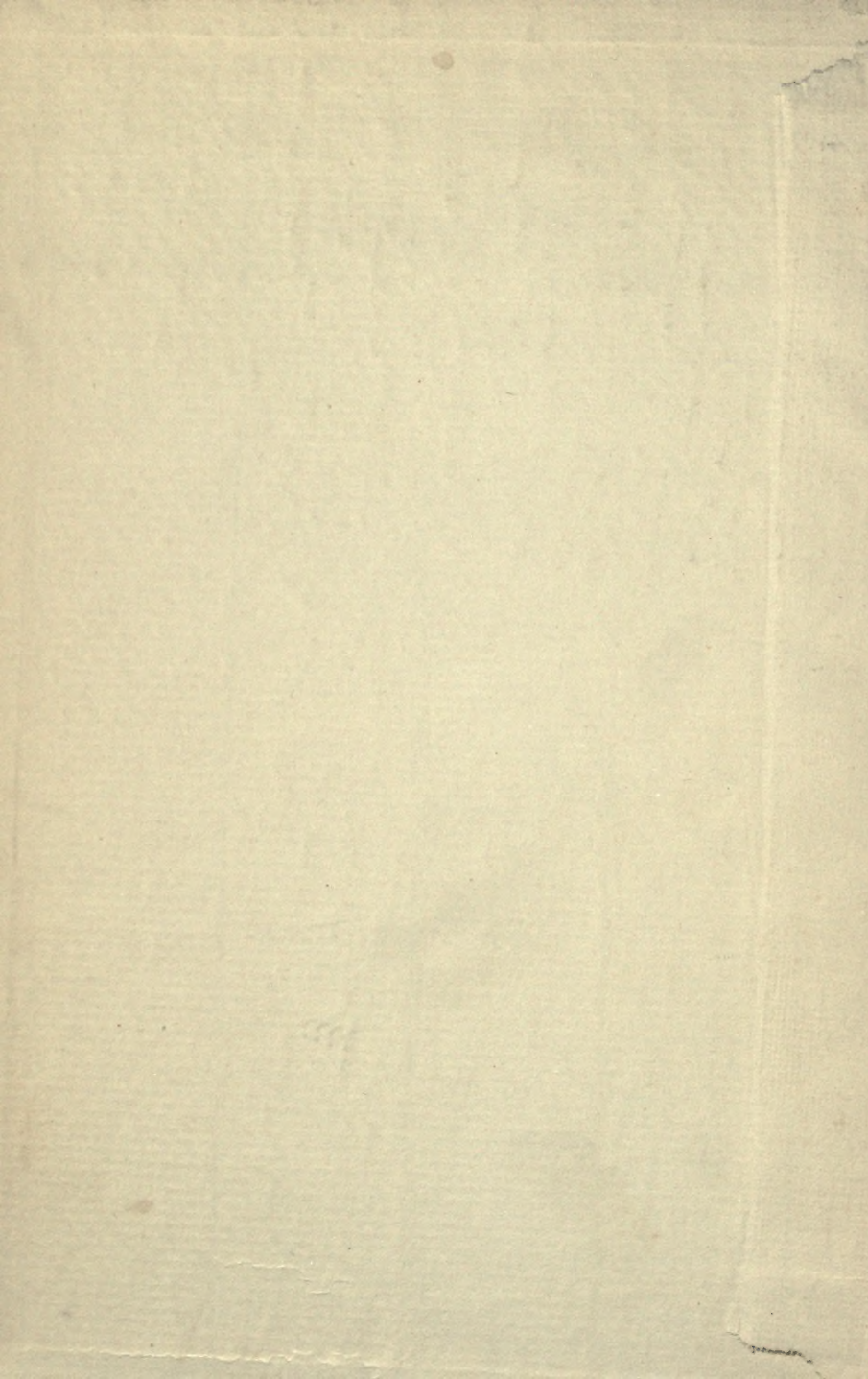
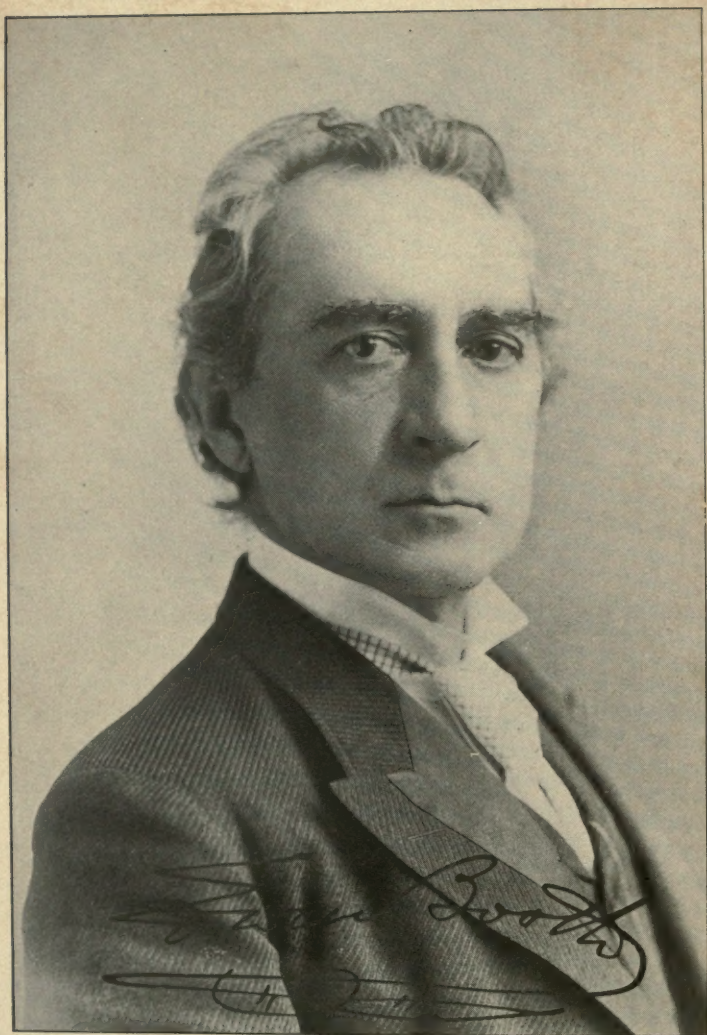


*The Shakespearian Plays
of Edwin Booth*
—
Winter







THE
SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS
OF
EDWIN BOOTH

Edited by

WILLIAM WINTER

VOLUME II

PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

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SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS

OF

EDWIN BOOTH

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VOLUME II

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Preface.

THIS volume, containing "Othello," "Richard II," "Richard III," "Henry VIII," "Much Ado About Nothing," and the old version of "The Taming of the Shrew," entitled "Katharine and Petruchio," continues and concludes the series of plays by Shakespeare in which Edwin Booth habitually acted. The characters that he assumed were Othello, Iago, Richard II, Gloster who becomes Richard III, Cardinal Wolsey, Benedick, and Petruchio.

Edwin Booth's embodiment of Iago was commonly preferred to his embodiment of Othello; it possessed, in the scenes of companionship, a galliard grace and a bluff and breezy charm of manner that were irresistible; in the scenes of soliloquy its cold malignity of infernal purpose was instinct with a horrible fascination; and, while it was wonderfully intellectual in ideal, it was fluent, flexible, and spontaneous in expression. Booth, physically and mentally, was somewhat less consonant with the artistic ideal of the massive and slow Othello than with that of the lithe, alert, and expeditious Iago, but I have seen him, as the Moor, when he was perfection. A great actor is always variable, and no actor can be equally good in all parts and equally effective at all times.

As King Richard II, a part that had not been acted in America for many years when Booth revived Shakespeare's tragedy on that subject at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, in 1875, he used the resources of his beautiful elocu-

tion with great skill and fine effect. The play is wonderful for its eloquence, and it requires not only poetic acting but perfect declamation. It was a luxury merely to listen, with closed eyes, to the voice of Edwin Booth, when he spoke the soliloquies in "*Richard II*," for his tones were music, and his clear articulation and delicate shading of the words enchanted the ear, while his complete conveyance of the thought and the feeling of the character and the language impressed and filled the mind.

In *Gloster*, Booth followed the tradition of his illustrious father and that of Edmund Kean, but, probably, he "bettered the instruction" by refinement of method. I remember the elder Booth as *Pescara*, in "*The Apostate*," a performance of hideous wickedness and tremendous power, but not in *Richard III*. The testimony of old actors is to the effect that he was comparatively indifferent in the earlier portions of the tragedy, but became colossal in the tempestuous and terrible scenes of remorse and delirious rage that ensue upon the murder of the Princes and the rising of Richmond's rebellion. Edwin Booth's impersonation of *Richard III* was essentially symmetrical, being all of one piece, and it was marvellous for its bland and silky duplicity, its implacable, refined cruelty, its innate aristocracy, its intellectual predominance, and its panther-like suppleness and ferocity. The student is particularly referred to the postscript which is attached to the Appendix of the Prompt-book of this tragedy. A just estimate of the character of *Richard III* will probably never be reached, but it is well that the subject should be carefully examined. To my mind Shakespeare's play of "*Richard III*," reasonably condensed, is better for the purposes of the stage than any adaptation of it that has ever been made, but the fact ought to be recorded that Edwin Booth and Henry Irving, both of whom, in acting *Gloster*, reverted to the original text, and presented the tragedy according to

Shakespeare, subsequently expressed a decided preference for the Cibber arrangement of it, as being far more direct and decisive than the original, in its effect upon the popular mind.

Edwin Booth did not often act Cardinal Wolsey, but when he did, he divested the part of its obvious craft, presenting the image of a thoroughly noble churchman, and laying the chief emphasis on the pathos of a thwarted ambition, a ruined grandeur, and a broken spirit. His version of "Henry VIII" is rather a ruthless condensation of the original play, but it seemed satisfactory in those distant days when he produced it. The play had not then been presented, as it has since, by Henry Irving, in the form of an elaborate and superb spectacle, and the fact had not been realized that, when presented in that way, more as an antique masque than as a tragedy, the entire work, christening and all, can be made exceptionally resplendent, effective, and entertaining. The part of Cardinal Wolsey was made prominent on the American stage by Charles Kean, in 1865. Charlotte Cushman often presented "Henry VIII," and she gave a great embodiment of Queen Catharine, worthily preserving the traditions of Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Siddons, and probably augmenting their lustre. Lawrence Barrett was associated with Charlotte Cushman, in this play, and his embodiment of Cardinal Wolsey was impressive with ecclesiastical dignity and stately with intellectual power.

Edwin Booth's version of "Much Ado About Nothing" condenses the comedy into three acts. The part of Benedick afforded him artistic recreation and relief; he was trenchant and formidable in the scene of the challenge, and he was humorous and amusing in his off-hand banter; but he viewed the part as a trifle, and he never tried to create much effect with it. His performance of Petruchio was greatly liked and admired, because of its exuberant

animal spirits, its manly beauty, its buoyant demeanor, and its happy combination of vigor, merriment, and sparkle. He seemed to rejoice in these light moods, and, certainly, his performances of these comedy parts revealed a most agreeable side of his character; but it was in tragedy that his genius became conspicuously manifest and his decisive victories were gained. His most characteristic comedy performance was that of Don Cæsar de Bazan : from that part there is surely a wide range to Hamlet.

WILLIAM WINTER.

New York, May 27th, 1899.

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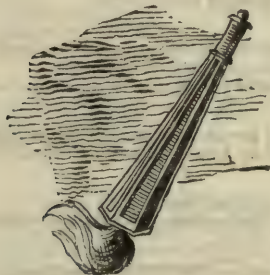
OTHELLO

foremost, the widest, the deepest, and the best existing analysis and picture, in all literature, of the passions of love and jealousy. It holds, indeed, the mirror up to nature. There is something awfully bleak in the clear atmosphere of truth that Shakespeare has herein shed upon the supreme ecstasy of happiness and the vileness and darkness of sensuality, mischief and murder. His eyes see everything; his thought comprehends all; his words take no gloss, but burn with the white fire of honesty. So clear has he been in his execution,—so accurate in mechanism and so terse and well-knit in style,—that, in adapting “Othello” for even the impatient and decorous stage of to-day, but little of its text needs to be cut, either to accelerate its movement or to soften its grossness. The present version, which gives the text as used by Edwin Booth, and as illustrated by his stage-business, will be found to differ somewhat from other stage-copies of the piece; to present certain novel features of treatment, which are thought to be improvements; and to be a full, adequate, correct, and satisfactory practical presentation of Shakespeare’s magnificent work. The text of Charles Knight’s standard edition, which is based on the Folio of 1623, has, with but little exception, been herein followed. Certain expatiative lines, and certain explanatory and reiterative passages—particularly in the Fourth Act—have been omitted. It has been thought best, because most direct and expeditious, to make the assassination of Cassio a subject of verbal and immediate agreement between Iago and Roderigo, and not to view it as a subject of epistolary discussion. The scene of the Willow Song, not usually acted, has been restored—in a condensed form. Those portions of the text which cannot, and should not, be spoken, have been either lopped away or suitably changed. The name of Paulo has been given to a Senator who participates in the colloquy that precedes the

scene of the Council. Bianca and the Clown have been expunged. The hateful passages of Act Fourth, in which Iago still further poisons the already jealous mind of Othello, by making him overhear and misconstrue Cassio's talk of Bianca, were long ago found, in the representation, to be needless and tedious; and they are, accordingly, omitted. The sum of the excisions is about nine hundred lines. In the Appendix will be found a mass of commentary upon the tragedy,—much condensed,—which, it is hoped, the student will find useful. "Othello" was first acted in 1602, by the dramatic company from the Blackfriars and Globe, before Queen Elizabeth and her court, at Harefield; and Burbage was the original representative of the Moor. In more recent time the character of Othello has become greatly and inseparably associated with the names of Edmund Kean, Edwin Forrest, and Thomas Salvini.

W. W.

New-York, June 27th, 1878.





"Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto: Shylock and the Moor
And Pierre can not be swept or torn away—
The key-stones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us re-peopled were the solitary shore."—LORD BYRON.

"Othello rages."—THOMSON.

"'T is an old tale, and often told."—SCOTT.

"Who, lonely in the midnight tent,
Gazed on the watch-fires in the sleepless air,
Nor chose one star amidst the clustering hosts,
To bless it in the name of some fair face,
Set in his spirit as that star in heaven?"—BULWER.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."—MILTON.

"Beautiful as sweet,
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!"—YOUNG.

"The gentle lady married to the Moor."—WORDSWORTH.

"I love thee, love thee, love thee!
Through good and ill, through weal and woe, I love thee'
Not on God's altar, in any time or clime,
Burned there a holier fire than burneth now
Within my spirit for thee."—POE.

"But whispering tongues can poison truth * * *
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."—COLERIDGE.

"Fold her white vesture—snow on snow—
And lay her where the violets blow."—HOLMES.

"Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood."—DRYDEN.

"Cold, cold as those that lived and loved
A thousand years ago."—MATTHEW ARNOLD.





*"I must be found :
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly."*

*"A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself."*

*"I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate."*

*"No, Iago ;
I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy !"*

*"But, O ! what damnd minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !"*

*"Now do I see, 't is true.—Look here, Iago ;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :
'T is gone."*

*"But, alas ! to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at !"*

*"Unkindness may do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love."*

*"One more, and that 's the last :
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears : this sorrow 's heavenly :
It strikes where it doth love."*

*"Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight !
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !—
O, Desdemona ! Desdemona !"*





Persons Represented.



DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, *a Venetian Senator.*

GRATIANO, *Brother to Brabantio.*

LODOVICO, *Kinsman to Brabantio.*

OTHELLO, *a noble Moor: General in the Venetian Service.*

CASSIO, *his Lieutenant.*

IAGO, *his Ancient.*

RODERIGO, *a Venetian Gentleman.*

MONTANO, *former Commander in Cyprus.*

PAULO.

A HERALD.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*

EMILIA, *Wife to Iago.*

SENATORS, OFFICERS, GENTLEMEN, MESSENGERS, SAILORS
and ATTENDANTS.

Place and Time.



SCENE.—*For Act First, Venice: for the succeeding Acts, a sea-port town—Famagusta—in the Island of Cyprus.*

PERIOD.—*The latter part of the Sixteenth Century [1570].*

TIME OF ACTION.—*For Act First, one night; then an interval for journey from Venice to Cyprus; then, for Act Second, one night; then, for Acts Third, Fourth and Fifth, perhaps three or four days, perhaps longer: indeterminate. See Appendix, Sec. V.*

OTHELLO.



Act First.

Scene First.—VENICE. A DARK STREET. FULL STAGE.

[Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod.

Never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago.

'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod.

Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago.

Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capped to him:—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators: for, "certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer."
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster :
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, sir (bless the mark !), his Moorship's ancient.

Rod.

By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago.

Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

Rod.

I would not follow him, then.

Iago.

O, sir, content you ;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 't is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

Rod.

What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe
If he can carry 't thus !

Iago.

Call up her father,
Rouse him :—make after him, poison his delight ;
Though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod.

Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago.

Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod.

What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago.

Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

[Brabantio appears above, at a window.]

Bra.

What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod.

Signior, is all your family within?

Iago.

Are your doors locked?

Bra.

Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago.

Sir, you're robbed;
You have lost half your soul;
Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell—
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.

Bra.

What! have you lost your wits?

Rod.

Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

Bra.

Not I : what are you ?

Rod.

My name is Roderigo.

Bra.

The worser welcome :

I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors :
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod.

Sir, sir, sir——

Bra.

But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod.

Patience, good sir.

Bra.

What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is Venice ;
My house is not a grange.

Rod.

Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago.

Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the
devil bid you.

Bra.

What profane wretch art thou ?

Iago.

I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter is with the Moor.

Bra.

Thou art a villain.

Iago.

You are — a senator.

Bra.

This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod.

Sir, I will answer anything. But, I beseech you,
Straight satisfy yourself.
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra.

This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say! light!

[*Exit above.*

Iago.

[*To Roderigo.*

Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embarked
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars
(Which even now stand in act), that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[*Exit Iago* L.

[*Enter, below, Brabantio, and Servants with torches.*

Bra.

It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despisèd time
Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 't was she?—O, she deceives me
Past thought!—What said she to you?
Are they married, think you?

Rod.

Truly, I think they are.

Bra.

O, heaven!—How got she out?—O, treason of the
blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod.

Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra.

O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod.

I think I can discover them, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra.

Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
 I may command at most.
 On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene Second. { VENICE. THE SAGITTARY. [SECOND
 GROOVES.]

[*Enter Othello and Iago.*]*Iago.*

Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
 Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
 To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
 Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
 I had thought to have yerked him here under the ribs.

Oth.

'T is better as it is.

Iago.

Nay, but he prated,
 And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
 Against your honour,
 That, with the little godliness I have,
 I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
 Are you fast married? for be sure of this,
 That the magnifico is much beloved;
 And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
 As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
 The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
 Will give him cable.

Oth.

Let him do his spite:
 My services, which I have done the signiory,
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,—

Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
 I shall promulgate,—I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege; and my demerits
 May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reached: for know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Iago.

Those are the raised father and his friends:
 You were best go in.

Oth.

Not I; I must be found:
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago.

By Janus, I think no.

[Enter Cassio, and Officers with torches.]

Oth.

The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant:
 The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
 What is the news?

Cas.

The duke does greet you, general;
 And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
 Even on the instant.

Oth.

What is the matter, think you?

Cas.

Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
 It is a business of some heat:
 You have been hotly called for;
 When, being not at your lodging to be found,
 The senate hath sent about three several quests
 To search you out.

Oth.

'T is well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[*Exit R.*

Cas.

Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago.

Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack :
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas.

I do not understand.

Iago.

He's married.

Cas.

To whom?

[*Re-enter Othello R.*

Iago.

Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth.

Have with you.

Cas.

Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago.

It is Brabantio :—general, be advised ;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth.

Holla ! stand there !

Rod.

Signior, it is the Moor.

[*Spoken within.*

[*Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with
torches and weapons.*

Bra.

Down with him, thief !

[*They draw, on both sides.*

Iago.

You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth.

Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

Bra.

O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter ?
Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her ;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunned
The wealthy curlèd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him : if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth.

Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge ?

Bra.

To prison; till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth.

What if I do obey ?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?

Cas.

'T is true, most worthy signior;
The duke 's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra.

How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away;
Mine 's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
[*Exeunt.—Change.*]

Scene Third. { ANTE-ROOM OF THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER
[FIRST GROOVES.]

[*Scene Third is sometimes omitted.*]

[*Enter Gratiano, Lodovico, and Paulo, with papers.*]

Grat.

There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

Lod.

Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Paulo.

And mine, a hundred and forty.

Lod.

And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,

'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Grat.

Nay, it is possible enough to judgment :
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Paulo.

A messenger from the galleys. [*Enter a Messenger*
Now,—the business ?

Mess.

The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes ;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Montano. [*Exit Messenger.*

Grat.

How say you by this change ?

Lod.

This cannot be,
By no assay of reason ; 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk ;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dressed in:—if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Grat.

Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.

[*Exeunt.—Change.*

Scene Fourth. { THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER. THE DUKE OF
VENICE AND THE SENATORS ARE DIS-
COVERED R., WITH A MESSENGER WHO
IS KNEELING BEFORE THEM. ENTER,
AS THE SCENE OPENS, GRATIANO, LO-
DOVICO, AND PAULO.

Mess.

The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

Duke.

Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

Mess.

Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke.

'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.—

Grat.

Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

[*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Roderigo,
and Officers.*]

Duke.

Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;

[*To Brabantio.*]
We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra.

So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me ;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed ; nor doth the general care
Take hold of me ; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke.

Why, what's the matter ?

Bra.

My daughter ! O, my daughter !

Duke and Senators.

Dead ?

Bra.

Ay, to me ;
She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks :
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke.

Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra.

Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke.

We are very sorry for it.

What, in your own part, can you say to this? [*To Othello.*

Bra.

Nothing, but this is so.

Oth.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
For such proceeding I am charged withal,—
I won his daughter.

Bra.

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,—
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature;
I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke.

To vouch this, is no proof.
Othello, speak :
Did you by indirect and forcèd courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth.

I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father :
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. [*To Officers.*

Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. [*To Iago.*

Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.—
[*Exeunt Iago and Roderigo, with Officers.*
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke.

Say it, Othello.

Oth.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
'Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse:—which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked
me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:—

[*Re-enter Roderigo.*

Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Duke.

I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best :
 Men do their broken weapons rather use
 Than their bare hands.

Bra.

I pray you, hear her speak :
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man !

[Enter Desdemona, attended by two Ladies, Iago, and Officers.]

Come hither, gentle mistress :
 Do you perceive in all this noble company
 Where most you owe obedience ?

Des.

My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty :
 To you I am bound for life and education ;
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,—
 I am hitherto your daughter : but here's my husband ;
 And so much duty as my mother showed
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra.

God be with you !—I have done.—
 Come hither, Moor :
 I here do give thee that with all my heart,
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee.
 I have done, my lord.
 Beseech you, now to the affairs of state.

[To Duke.]

Duke.

The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus :—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you ; you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth.

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnise
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
Due reference of place and exhibition ;
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke.

If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra.

I'll not have it so.

Oth.

Nor I.

Des.

Nor I ; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke, [*She kneels.*
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear ;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke.

What would you, Desdemona ?

Des.

That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes

Duke.

Let it be so.—

Good-night to every one. [*The Duke and Senators rise.*

And, noble signior, [*To Brabantio.*

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,

Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

[*Exeunt Duke and Senators. All bow to them, as they pass. Desdemona appeals, in action, to her father.*

Bra.

Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see :

She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exit Brabantio.*

Oth.

My life upon her faith!—Honest Iago, [*Iago advances.*

My Desdemona must I leave to thee :

I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her ;

And bring them after in the best advantage.—

[*Exeunt Iago and Roderigo.*

Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour

Of love, of worldly matters and direction,

To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.—Change.*

Scene Fifth.—A DARK STREET. [FIRST GROOVES.]

[*Enter Iago and Roderigo.*

Rod.

Iago,—

Iago.

What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod.

What will I do, thinkest thou ?

Iago.

Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod.

I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago.

If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.

Why, thou silly gentleman !

Rod.

It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago.

O, villainous ! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years ; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod.

What should I do ? I confess it is my shame to be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago.

Virtue ! a fig ! 't is in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Come, be a man : drown thyself ! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse ; follow these wars ; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse ;—nor he his to her : it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration ;—put but money in thy purse. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian

and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt have her; therefore, make money. A plague of drowning! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod.

Wilt thou be fast to my hopes if I depend on the issue?

Iago.

Thou art sure of me:—go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst injure him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod.

Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago.

At my lodging.

Rod.

I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago.

Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod.

What say you?

Iago.

No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod.

I am changed; I'll sell all my land.

Iago.

Go to; farewell:

[Exit Roderigo.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad he hath done my office:
I know not if 't be true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery.—How, how?—Let's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.

I have't;—it is engendered:—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit.]

CURTAIN.



Act Second.

Scene First. { FAMAGUSTA, A FORTIFIED SEA-PORT TOWN
IN THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS. CASTLE
ON PLATFORM R. SEA-VIEW C. STONE
SEAT C. PLATFORM AND STEPS AT BACK.
ARCH L. THE SCENE IS IN FRONT OF THE
CASTLE, AT SUNSET. CASSIO, MONTANO,
AND SEVERAL GENTLEMEN DISCOVERED.

Cas.

Thanks, you, the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon.

Is he well shipped?

Cas.

His barque is stoutly timbered, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Mon.

But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

Cas.

Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does bear all excellency.

[*Cheers within.*

[*Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and
Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!

Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—

[*They kneel.*]

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of Heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des.

[*Gives her hand to Cassio.*]

I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas.

He is not yet arrived: nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des.

O, but I fear.—How lost you company?

Cas.

The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship:—

[*Iago places his cloak on stone seat. Desdemona sits c.*]

Cas.

Good ancient, you are welcome:—

[*To Iago.*]

Welcome, mistress:—

[*To Emilia.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*]

Iago.

Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des.

Alas! she has no speech.

Iago.

In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil.

You have little cause to say so.

Iago.

Come on, come on ; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended.

Des.

O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago.

Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk.

Emil.

You shall not write my praise.

Iago.

No, let me not.

Des.

What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise
me ?

Iago.

O, gentle lady, do not put me to't ;
For I am nothing if not critical.

Des.

Come on, assay.—There's one gone to the harbour ?

Iago.

Ay, madam.

Des.

I am not merry ; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise :—

But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving
woman indeed,—one that, in the authority of her merit,
did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself ?

Iago.

I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours,
And thus she is delivered:—
She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, "Now I may;"
She that, being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind;
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, if ever such wight were —

Des.

To do what?

Iago.

To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer. [*All laugh.*]

Des.

O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—

Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? [*Desdemona rises*] is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas.

He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar. [*All but Iago retire.*]

Iago. [*Aside.*]

He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 't is so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft.—

[*Trumpet heard.*]

The Moor! I know his trumpet.

[*March pp. and cheers.*]

Des. [*Starting forward.*

Let's meet him, and receive him.

[*Enter Othello and Attendants c. Iago, Cassio, and
Gentlemen salute Othello.*

O, my fair warrior !	<i>Oth.</i>	} <i>They embrace.</i>
My dear Othello !	<i>Des.</i>	
	<i>Oth.</i>	

It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death !
And let the labouring barque climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des.

The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow !

Oth.

Amen to that, sweet powers !—
And this, and this [*kissing her*], the greatest discords be
That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago. [*Aside.*

O, you are well tuned now !
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth.

News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are
drowned. [*Flourish and cheers.*]

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?

Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;

I have found great love amongst them. O, my sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote

In mine own comforts.—I prythee, good Iago,

Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:

Bring thou the master to the citadel;

He is a good one, and his worthiness

Does challenge much respect. [*Exit Iago.*]

Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,

Not to outsport discretion.

Cas.

Iago hath direction what to do;

But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye

Will I look to't.

Oth.

Iago is most honest.

Michael, good-night: to-morrow with your earliest

Let me have speech with you.

Come, Desdemona,

Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*March and cheers.*]

[*Exeunt Othello, and Desdemona R. Exeunt Attendants L.*]

[*The scene becomes dusky. Re-enter Iago.*]

Iago.

[*To Roderigo.*]

Do thou meet me presently. The lieutenant to-night
watches on the court of guard:—first, I must tell thee
this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod.

With him! why, 't is not possible.

Iago.

Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies : and will she love him still for prating ? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed ; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil ?

Rod.

I cannot believe that in her ; she's full of most blessed condition.

Iago.

Blessed fig's-end ! the wine she drinks is made of grapes : if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor : blessed pudding ! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand ? didst not mark that ?

Rod.

Yes, that I did ; but that was but courtesy.

Iago.

Lechery, by this hand ; an index and obscure prologue to the history of foul thoughts. But, sir, be you ruled by me : I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night ; for the command, I'll lay't upon you : Cassio knows you not :—I'll not be far from you : do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud or tainting his discipline ; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod.

Well.

Iago.

Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you : provoke him, that he may ; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny ; whose qualifications shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio.

Rod.

I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago.

I warrant thee. Meet me by and by. Farewell.

Rod.

Adieu.

[*Exit Roderigo* R. I. E.—*Moonlight.*

Iago.

That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it ;
 That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit :
 The Moor,—howbeit that I endure him not,—
 Is of a constant, loving, noble nature ;
 And I dare think he 'll prove to Desdemona
 A most dear husband. Now, I do love her, too ;
 Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure
 I stand accountant for as great a sin,—
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leapt into my seat, the thought whereof
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards ;
 And nothing can or shall content my soul
 Till I am evened with him, wife for wife ;
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I track
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,—
 I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ;
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too ;—
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confused :
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [*Exit Iago*

[*This—the Herald passage—is sometimes omitted.*]

[*Shouts and drum. Enter a Herald, followed by the populace.*]

Her.

It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial:—so much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!

[*Drum and shouts. Exeunt Herald and populace. Re-enter Cassio and Iago.*]

Cas.

Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago.

Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame.

Cas.

She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago.

What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas.

An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago.

And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas.

She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago.

Well, happiness be theirs! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas.

Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago.

O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas.

I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified, too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago.

What, man! 't is a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas.

I'll do 't; but it dislikes me.

[*Exit.*

Iago.

If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,
Roderigo,
Whom love has turned almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble, swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,

The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night flustered with flowing cups,
And they watch, too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards, [*Laughter within.*
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:— [*Laughter within.*
But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

[*Re-enter Cassio; with him Montano and Gentlemen.*]

Cas.

'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon.

Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago.

Some wine, ho !

[Enter Servant, with wine.
[Iago sings.

And let me the canakin clink, clink :

And let me the canakin clink :

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span ;

Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys !

Cas.

'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago.

I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas.

Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago.

Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas.

To the health of our general!

[Iago empties his own glass on the ground.]

Mon.

I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago.

O, sweet England!

[Singing.]

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.

Some wine, ho!

Cas.

Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago.

Will you hear 't again?

Cas.

No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well,—heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago.

It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas.

For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago.

And so do I, too, lieutenant.

Cas.

Ay, but by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this ; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins !—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my ancient ;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand :—I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All.

Excellent well.

Cas.

Why, very well, then ; you must not think, then, that I am drunk.

[*Exit Cassio. All except Iago and Montano laugh and follow Cassio.*]

Iago.

You see this fellow that is gone before ;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction : and do but see his vice.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon.

But is he often thus ?

Iago.

'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep :

Mon.

It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not ; or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

[*Noise within.*—*Enter Roderigo* R. I. E.

Iago. [Aside to him.

How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant, go.

[*Exit Roderigo.*

Mon.

And 't is great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so
To the Moor.

Iago.

Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil.—But, hark! what noise?

[*Cry within, by Roderigo,*

Rod.

Help! help!

[*The scene is darkened.*

[*Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.*

Cas.

You rogue! you rascal!

Mon.

What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas.

A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod.

Beat me!

Cas.

Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mon.[*Staying him.*

Nay, good lieutenant ;
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas.

Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazard.

Mon.

Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas.

Drunk!

[*They fight.**Iago.*[*Aside to Roderigo.*

Away, I say ;
Go out and cry a mutiny !

[*Exeunt Roderigo and Iago R. They then shout,
outside :*

Rod. and Iago.

Mutiny! Mutiny!

[*Then Iago immediately returns.**Iago.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas! gentlemen ;—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir ;—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

[*Bell rings.*

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: heaven's will, lieutenant, hold!
You will be shamed for ever.

[*Enter Othello and Attendants, from castle, and
also the populace, at back. Gentlemen also re-
enter L.*

Oth. [*Bell continues to ring.*

What is the matter here?
Hold, for your lives!
Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?
 For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :
 He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
 Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.—
 Silence that dreadful bell ! it frights the isle
 From her propriety. [*Exit an officer* R.]
 Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
 Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.
[*Bell stops ringing.*]

Iago.

I do not know :—friends all but now, even now,
 In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
 Divesting them for bed ; and then but now
 (As if some planet had unwitting men),
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
 Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
 And would in action glorious I had lost
 These legs that brought me to a part of it !

Oth.

[*To Cassio.*]

How comes it, Michael, *you* are thus forgot ?

Cas.

I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

Oth.

Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;
 The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted, and your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure ; what's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion for the name
 Of a night brawler ? give me answer to it.

Mon.

Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger :
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—

While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know : nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night ;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth.

Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way :—if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on ;
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety !
'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began it ?

Mon.

If partially affined or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago.

Touch me not so near :
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help ;
And Cassio following him with determined sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause :
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,

Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
 The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose; and I returned, the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back
 (For this was brief), I found them close together,
 At blow and thrust; even as again they were
 When you yourself did part them.
 More of this matter can I not report:—
 But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
 Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth.

I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio.—
 Cassio, I love thee;
 But never more be officer of mine.—

[*To Montano.*

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:

Lead him off.

[*Montano is led off*

Iago, look with care about the town,

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—

Michael, I'll make thee an example.

[*To Cassio.*

[*Exeunt all except Iago and Cassio.*

Iago.

What! are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas.

Ay, past all surgery.

Iago.

Marry, Heaven forbid!

Cas.

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago.

As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas.

I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago.

What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas.

I know not.

Iago.

Is't possible?

Cas.

I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!

Iago.

Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas.

It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath : one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago.

I could heartily wish this had not befallen ; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas.

I will ask him for my place again,—he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O, strange! —Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago.

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used : exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas.

I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk !

Iago.

You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general : confess yourself freely to her ; importune her ; she'll help to put you in your place again : she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested.

Cas.

You advise me well.

Iago.

I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas.

I think it freely ; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me : I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago.

You are in the right. Good-night, lieutenant.

Cas.

Good-night, honest Iago. [*Exit L.*]

Iago.

And what's he, then, that says I play the villain ?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,

Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course

To win the Moor again ?

How am I, then, a villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,

Directly to his good ? Divinity of hell !

When devils will the blackest sins put on,

They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,

As I do now : for while this honest fool

Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,

And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,

I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—

That she repeals him for her wantonness ;

And by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moor.

So will I turn her virtue into pitch ;

And out of her own goodness make the net

That shall enmesh them all.

[*The scene gradually grows lighter.—Enter Roderigo.*]

How now, Roderigo !

Rod.

I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent ; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled ; and I think the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains ; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago.

How poor are they that have not patience !
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft ;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashiered Cassio :
Content thyself awhile.— By the mass, 't is morning ;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :
Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :
Nay, get thee gone.

[Exit Roderigo.]

Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;
I'll set her on ;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—ay, that's the way ;
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[Exit.]

CURTAIN.



Act Third.

Scene First. { BEFORE THE CASTLE, AS IN ACT SECOND.
DESDEMONA, SEATED, AND CASSIO AND
EMILIA DISCOVERED.

Des.

Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil.

Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des.

O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas.

Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

Des.

I know't,—I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assured
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas.

Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des.

Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
I'll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Emil.

Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas.

Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des.

Why, stay and hear me speak.

Cas.

Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des.

Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit Cassio L. Enter Othello and Iago, at back.*]

Iago.

Ha! I like not that.

Oth.

What dost thou say?

Iago.

Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth.

Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago.

Cassio, my lord ! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth.

I do believe 't was he. *[Exeunt Iago and Emilia.*

Des.

How now, my lord !
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth.

Who is 't you mean ?

Des.

Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take ;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face :
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth.

Went he hence now ?

Des.

Ay, sooth ; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth.

Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

Des.

But shall 't be shortly ?

Oth.

The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des.

Shall 't be to-night at supper ?

Oth.

No, not to-night.

Des.

To-morrow dinner, then ?

Oth.

I shall not dine at home ;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des.

Why, then, to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn ;
On Tuesday noon, or night ; on Wednesday morn :—
I pr'ythee, name the time ; but let it not
Exceed three days : in faith, he's penitent ;
When shall he come ?
Tell me, Othello : I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you ; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do
To bring him in. Trust me, I could do much —

Oth.

Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he will ;
I will deny thee nothing. [*Re-enter Iago and Emilia.*]
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des.

Shall I deny you ? no : farewell, my lord.

Oth.

Farewell, my Desdemona : I'll come to thee straight.

Des.

Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you.
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Oth.

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again. [Sits.]

Iago.

My noble lord ——

Oth.

What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago.

Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth.

He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago.

But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth.

Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago.

I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth.

O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago.

Indeed!

Oth.

Indeed! ay, indeed:—discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago.

Honest, my lord!

Oth.

Honest! ay, honest.

Iago.

My lord, for aught I know.

Oth.

What dost thou think ?

Iago.

Think, my lord !

Oth.

Think, my lord !

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:

[*Rises.*

I heard thee say but now,—thou lik'dst not that,

When Cassio left my wife : what didst not like ?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst “ Indeed ! ”

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit : if thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

Iago.

My lord, you know I love you.

Oth.

I think thou dost ;

And,—for I know, thou 'rt full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—

Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more :

For such things in a false, disloyal knave

Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that 's just

They 're close delations, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago.

For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth.

I think so, too.

Iago.

Men should be what they seem ;

Or, those that be not, would they might seem none !

Oth.

Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago.

Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth.

Nay, yet there's more in this :
I pr'ythee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago.

Good my lord, pardon me :
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ?

Oth.

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago.

I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
[As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and of my jealousy
Shape faults that are not], that your wisdom
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice ; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth.

What dost thou mean ?

Iago.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 't is something, nothing ;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth.

By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago.

You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

Oth.

Ha !

Iago.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on :
He lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But O ! what damnèd minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth.

O, misery !

[*Spoken without reference to himself.*

Iago.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough ;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—
Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

[*A pause.*

[*Spoken slowly, and with significance. Othello now, for the first time, begins to be conscious of a doubt—which, however, he immediately shakes off, and he turns to Iago with a clear front.*

Oth.

Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved.
'T is not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy!

Iago.

I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth.

Dost thou say so?

Iago.

She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

Oth.

And so she did.

Iago.

Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up close as oak,—
He thought 't was witchcraft :—but I am much to blame ;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth.

I am bound to thee forever.

Iago.

I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

Oth.

Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago.

Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love;—but I do see you're moved:—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth.

I will not.

Iago.

Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you're moved.

Oth.

No, not much moved:—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago.

Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

Oth.

And yet, how nature erring from itself ——

Iago.

Ay, there's the point:—as,—to be bold with you,—
 Not to affect many proposèd matches
 Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
 Whereto we see in all things nature tends,—
 Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural:—
 But pardon me: I do not in position
 Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear
 Her will recoiling to her better judgment,
 May fall to match you with her country forms,
 And happily repent.

Oth.

Farewell, farewell:
 If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
 Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.

*[Falls on seat.**Iago.*

My lord, I take my leave.

*[Exit Iago L.**Oth.*

Why did I marry?—This honest creature doubtless
 Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*[Re-enter Iago L.**Iago.*

My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
 To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
 Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,—
 For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—
 Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
 You shall by that perceive him and his means:
 Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
 With any strong or vehement importunity;
 Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—
 As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth.

Fear not my government.

Iago.

I once more take my leave.

[*Exit* L. I. E.]

Oth.

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learnèd spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declined
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abused; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O, curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Desdemona comes:
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

[*Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia from the Castle.*
Emilia retires a little way, during the ensuing
dialogue, and then advances—when Othello
and Desdemona go out.

Des.

How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth.

I am to blame.

Des.

Why is your speech so faint?
Are you not well?

Oth.

I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des.

Faith, that's with watching ; 't will away again :
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth.

Your napkin is too little ;
Let it alone.

[*He puts the handkerchief from him and she drops it.*
Come, I'll go in with you.

Des.

I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona, into Castle.—*
Emilia by chance sees the handkerchief and
picks it up.

Emil.

I am glad I have found this napkin :
This was her first remembrance from the Moor :
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woody me to steal it ; but she so loves the token,—
For he conjured her she should ever keep it,—
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago :
What he will do with it heaven knows, not I ;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

[*Re-enter Iago* L.

Iago.

How now ! what do you here alone ?

Emil.

Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

Iago.

It is a common thing——

Emil.

Ha!

Iago.

To have a foolish wife.

Emil.

O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago.

What handkerchief?

Emil.

What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago.

Hast stolen it from her?

Emil.

No—but she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago.

A good wench; give it me.

Emil.

What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. [Snatching it.]

Why, what's that to you?

Emil.

If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again: poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago.

Be not acknown on't; I have use for it.

Go, leave me.

[Exit Emilia into Castle.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
 And let him find it. Trifles light as air
 Are to the jealous confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
 The Moor already changes with my poison:—
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
 But, with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.— I did say so:—
 Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

[*Re-enter Othello.*]

Oth.

Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago.

Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth.

Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
 I swear 't is better to be much abused
 Than but to know 't a little.

Iago.

How now, my lord!

Oth.

What sense had I of her stolen hours?
 I saw 't not, thought it not, it harmed not me:
 He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know 't, and he's not robbed at all.

Iago.

I am sorry to hear this.

Oth.

O, now, for ever
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewell the plumèd troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

[Falls on seat. Iago kneels to him.]

Iago.

Is't possible, my lord?

Oth.

Villain, be sure thou prove my love a bawd,—
 Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[Seizing him by the throat.]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
 Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago.

Is 't come to this?

Oth.

Make me to see 't, or, at the least, so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
 To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life.

Iago.

My noble lord —

Oth.

If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate;
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add
 Greater than that.

Iago.

O, grace, O, heaven, defend me!
 Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?

God be wi' you; take mine office.—O, wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O, monstrous world! Take note, take note, O! world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth.

Nay, stay;—thou shouldst be honest.

Iago.

I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth.

By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago.

I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth.

Would! nay, I will.

Iago.

And may: but, how?
If imputation and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have't.

Oth.

Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago.

I do not like the office :

But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,—

Pricked to 't by foolish honesty and love,—

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs :

One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet Desdemona,

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves ;"

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,

Cry, "O, sweet creature!"—and then,

"Cursèd fate that gave thee to the Moor!"

Oth.

O, monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago.

Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth.

But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

Iago.

'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream ;

And this may help to thicken other proofs

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth.

I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago.

Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done ;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,

Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

Oth.

I gave her such a one : 't was my first gift.

Iago.

I know not that; but such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth.

If it be that —

Iago.

If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth.

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,—
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 't is true.— Look here, Iago!
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven;
'T is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O! love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues!

Iago.

Pray, be content.

Oth.

O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago.

Patience, I say; your mind may change.

Oth.

Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—

Now, by yond' marble heaven,

[*Kneels.*

In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago.

[*Kneels.*

Do not rise yet.—

Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,—
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wronged Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

Oth.

I greet thy love, [Rises.
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio 's not alive.

Iago.

[Rises.

My friend is dead; 't is done at your request.
But let her live.

Oth.

Damn her!—lewd minx! damn her! damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago.

I am your own for ever.

CURTAIN.



Act Fourth.

Scene First.—THE SAME AS IN ACTS SECOND AND THIRD.

[*Enter Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Des.

Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia ?

Emil.

I know not, madam.

Des.

Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes : and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil.

Is he not jealous ?

Des.

Who, he ? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil.

Look, where he comes.

Des.

I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be called to him.

[*Enter Othello.—Exit Emilia.*]

How is 't with you, my lord ?

Oth.

Well, my good lady.—
O, hardness to dissemble !—
How do you, Desdemona ?

[*Aside.*]

Des.

Well, my good lord.

Oth.

Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

Des.

It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth.

This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:—
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout.
'T is a good hand, a frank one.

Des.

You may, indeed, say so;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth.

A liberal hand; the hearts of old gave hands.
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des.

I cannot speak of this. Come, now, your promise.

Oth.

What promise, chuck?

Des.

I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth.

I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des.

Here, my lord.

Oth.

That which I gave you.

Des.

I have it not about me.

Oth.

Not ?

Des.

No, indeed, my lord.

Oth.

That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,

'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathèd, and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't;

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose or give 't away were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

Des.

Is 't possible ?

Oth.

'T is true: there 's magic in the web of it:

A sibyl, that had numbered in the world

The sun to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sewed the work;

The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk;

And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful

Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des.

Indeed! is 't true ?

Oth.

Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Des.

Then would to heaven that I had never seen it!

Oth.

Ha! wherefore?

Des.

Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth.

Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

Des.

Heaven bless us!

Oth.

Say you?

Des.

It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth.

How!

Des.

I say, it is not lost.

Oth.

Fetch 't, let me see 't.

Des.

Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

Oth.

Fetch me the handkerchief:

My mind misgives. *[Aside.*

Des.

Come, come;

You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth.

The handkerchief!

Des.

I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth.

The handkerchief!

Des.

A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shared dangers with you —

Oth.

The handkerchief!

Des.

In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth.

Away!

[*Exit Othello L.— Re-enter Emilia.*

Emil.

Is not this man jealous?

Des.

I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

[*Sits.*

Emil.

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

Look you—Cassio and my husband!

[*Enter Cassio and Iago, at back.*

Iago.

There is no other way; 't is she must do 't:

And, lo, the happiness! go, and impòrtune her.

Des.

How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

Cas.

Madam, my former suit.

[*Advances R.*

Des.

Alas! thrice gentle Cassio!
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, altered.
You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago.

Is my lord angry?

Emil.

He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago.

Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puffed his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him.

Des.

I pr'ythee do so.

Iago.

There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

*[Exit Iago L.]**Des.*

Something, sure, of state
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.
Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.
I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout—
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas.

I humbly thank your ladyship. [*Exit Cassio R.*

Emil.

Pray Heaven it be state matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des.

Alas! the day, I never gave him cause!

Emil.

But jealous souls will not be answered so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 't is a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des.

Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind! [*Kneels.*

Emil.

Lady, Amen! [*Scene changes.*

Scene Second.—A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

[*Enter Othello and Emilia.*

Oth.

You have seen nothing, then?

Emil.

Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth.

Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

Emil.

But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth.

What! did they never whisper?

Emil.

Never, my lord.

Oth.

Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil.

Never.

Oth.

To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emil.

Never, my lord.

Oth.

That's strange.

Emil.

I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought,—it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth.

Bid her come hither:—go.

[*Exit Emilia* R.]

She says enough;—yet she's a simple one
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle jade,
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets;
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.

[*Enter Desdemona and Emilia* R.]

Des.

My lord, what is your will ?

Oth.

Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des.

What is your pleasure ?

Oth.

Let me see your eyes ;
Look in my face.

Des.

What horrible fancy 's this ?

Oth. [*To Emilia.*

Some of your function, mistress ; shut the door ;
Cough, or cry hem, if anybody come :
Your mystery, your mystery ;— nay, despatch.

*[Exit Emilia R.]**Des.*

Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth.

Why, what art thou ?

Des.

Your wife, my lord ; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth.

Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee : swear thou art honest.

Des.

Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth.

Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des.

To whom, my lord ? with whom ? how am I false ?

Oth.

O, Desdemona! — away! away! away!

Des.

Alas, the heavy day! — Why do you weep ?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord ?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me : if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him, too.

Oth.

Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction ; had he rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head ;
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips ;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience : but, alas ! to make me
A fixèd figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at! —
Yet could I bear that, too ; well, very well :
But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! — turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim, —
Ay, there, look grim as hell !

Des.

I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth.

O, ay! as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O, thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee,—would thou hadst ne'er
been born.

Des.

Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth.

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write bawd upon? What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The wanton wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it.—What committed?—
Impudent wanton!

Des.

By Heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth.

Are not you a drab?

Des.

No, as I am a Christian.

Oth.

What!

Des.

No, as I shall be saved.

Oth.

I cry you mercy, then:

I took you for that cunning trash of Venice
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

[*Addressed to Emilia at side, off.*

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

[*Desdemona sinks to the floor.*

[*Re-enter Emilia* R. I. E.

You, you, ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your pains:
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit* R. I. E.

Emil.

Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord?

Des.

With whom?

Emil.

Why, with my lord, madam.

Des.

Who is thy lord?

Emil.

He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des.

I have none; do not talk to me, Emilia;
Pr'ythee, call thy husband hither.

Emil.

Here 's a change indeed!

[*Exit Emilia L. I. E.*

Des.

'T is meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

[*Re-enter Emilia with Iago L. I. E.*

Iago.

What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?
What 's the matter, lady?

Emil.

Alas! Iago, my lord hath so abused her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des.

Am I that name, Iago?

Iago.

What name, fair lady ?

Des.

Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil.

A beggar in his drink could not have laid
Such terms upon his callat.

Iago.

Why did he so ?

Des.

I do not know ; I am sure I am none such.

Iago.

Do not weep, do not weep :—alas, the day !

Emil.

Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be so called ? would it not make one weep ?

Iago.

Beshrew him for 't !
How comes this trick upon him ?

Des.

Nay, Heaven doth know.

Emil.

I will be hanged, if some eternal villain,

[*This is spoken without intended reference to Iago.*

Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander ; I 'll be hanged, else.

Iago.

Fie, there is no such man ; it is impossible.

Des.

If any such there be, Heaven pardon him !

Emil.

A halter pardon him ! Who keeps her company ?
What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?
The Moor 's abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow :—
O Heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world !

Iago.

Speak within door.

Emil.

O, fie upon them ! Some such squire he was
That turned your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago.

You are a fool ; go to.

Des.

O, good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :— [*Kneels.*
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed ;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

Iago.

I pray you, be content ; 't is but his humour :
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des.

If 't were no other——

Iago.

'T is but so, I warrant.

Weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exit Iago L.*

[*This scene sometimes ends here, with—Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia R. and Iago L.,—and then the change is made to dark street for Iago and Roderigo. Otherwise the scene continues as follows:*

Des.

Good Father! how foolish are our minds!—

Emilia—lay on my bed, to-night, my wedding sheets.—

If I do die before thee, prithee shroud me

In one of them.

Emil.

[*Soothingly.*

Come, come, you talk.

Des.

My mother had a maid called Barbara;

She was in love, and he she loved proved mad,

And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,

An old thing 't was, but it expressed her fortune,

And she died singing it. That song, to-night,

Will not go from my mind. I have much to do

But to go hang my head all at one side,

And sing it like poor Barbara.

[*Sings.*

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow!

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow!

The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her moans,

Sing willow, willow, willow!

Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones,

Sing willow, willow, willow!

Sing all a green willow must be my garland!

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve——

Nay, that 's not next.—Hark! who is 't that knocks?

Emil.

It 's the wind.

Des.

[*Singing again.*

I called my love, false love ; — but what said he then ?
Sing all a green willow !
Sing willow, willow —

[*Desdemona falters in her song, breaks down completely, and bursts into a flood of tears ; then, presently, in imploring accents, she speaks :*

Heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend !

[*Desdemona is supported and led off by Emilia.—
The scene changes.*

Scene Third.—A DARK STREET. IAGO'S HOUSE, R. U. E.

[*Enter Iago from his house. Enter Roderigo, meeting Iago.*

Iago.

How now, Roderigo !

Rod.

I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago.

What in the contrary ?

Rod.

Every day thou daff'st me with some device, Iago ; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it ; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago.

Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod.

'Faith, I have heard too much ; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago.

You charge me most unjustly.

Rod.

With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist : you have told me she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance ; but I find none.

Iago.

Well ; go to ; very well.

Rod.

Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man ; nor 't is not very well : by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago.

Very well.

Rod.

I tell you 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona : if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago.

You have said now.

Rod.

Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago.

Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod.

It hath not appeared.

Iago.

I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following win not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod.

Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago.

Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod.

Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago.

O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod.

How do you mean removing of him?

Iago.

Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place,—
knocking out his brains.

Rod.

And that you would have me to do ?

Iago.

Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He
supps to-night with his mistress, and this way he will come :
—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. You may
take him at your pleasure : I will be near to second your
attempt, and he shall fall between us.

Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he come ;
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod.

Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago.

Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy stand.

[Retires to a little distance ; then into his house.]

Rod.

I have no great devotion to the deed ;
And yet :—

'T is but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.

[Goes to his stand.]

Iago.

[Appearing at door.]

Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain : live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I fobbed from him,
As gifts to Desdemona ;
It must not be : if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril :
No, he must die :—I hear him coming.

[*Enter Cassio c.*

Rod.

I know his gait ; 't is he.—Villain, thou diest !
[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at Cassio.*

Cas.

That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou knowest :
I will make proof of thine.

[*They fight, and Cassio wounds Roderigo.*

Rod.

[*Falls.*

O, I am slain !

[*Iago starts from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and rushes out.*

Cas.

I am maimed for ever.—Help, ho ! murder ! murder !

[*Falls.*

What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ? murder ! murder !

Rod.

O, wretched villain !

Nobody come ? then shall I bleed to death.

[*Re-enter Iago, half dressed, and with a light.*

Iago.

What are you here that cry so grievously ?

Cas.

Iago ? O, I am spoiled, undone by villains !
Give me some help.

Iago.

O, me, lieutenant ! what villains have done this ?

Cas.

I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Rod.

O, help me here!

Cas.

That 's one of them.

Iago.

O, murderous slave! O, villain!

[*Stabs Roderigo.—Cassio takes Desdemona's handkerchief—the gift of Othello—from his pocket, and binds his leg.*]

Rod.

O, damned Iago! O, inhuman dog!

[*Faints.*]

Iago.

Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!—

[*As he is about to stab Cassio, he sees Lodovico and Gratiano approaching.*]

Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod.

As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago.

Signior Lodovico?

Lod.

He, sir.

Iago.

I cry you mercy.—Here 's Cassio hurt by villains.

Grat.

Cassio!

How is 't, brother? *Iago.* [*To Cassio.*

Cas.

My leg is cut in two.

Iago.

Marry, Heaven forbid!—

Know we this face or no? [*Looking closely upon Roderigo.*

Alas! my friend and my dear countryman

Roderigo? no:—yes, sure; O, heaven! Roderigo.

[*Emilia at window.*

Emil.

Alas! what 's the matter? what 's the matter, husband?

Iago.

Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped;

He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil.

Alas! good gentleman; alas! good Cassio!

Iago.

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happened.—

Will you go on, I pray?

[*To the others.*

[*Exeunt all but Iago.*

This is the night

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

CURTAIN.



Act Fifth.

Scene First. { A BEDCHAMBER IN THE CASTLE. RAISED
BED L., OPPOSITE TO LARGE WINDOW R.
MOONLIGHT STREAMS THROUGH WIN-
DOW AND FALLS UPON BED. DOOR C.
OTTOMAN C. A LIGHT BURNING ON
TABLE. DESDEMONA IN BED, ASLEEP,
DISCOVERED. OTHELLO ALSO DISCOV-
ERED.

Oth.

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I 'll not shed her blood ;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again ;
It needs must wither:—I 'll smell it on the tree.—

[*Kissing Desdemona.*

O, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—one more, and that 's the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow 's heavenly ;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

Des.

Who 's there ? Othello ?

Oth.

Ay, Desdemona.

Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona ?

Des.

Ay, my lord.

Oth.

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des.

Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

Oth.

Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;
No,—Heaven forbid !—I would not kill thy soul.

Des.

Talk you of killing ?

Oth.

Ay, I do.

Des.

Then Heaven have mercy on me !

Oth.

Amen, with all my heart !

Des.

If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth.

H'm !

Des.

And yet I fear you : for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so : why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet I feel I fear.

Oth.

Think on thy sins.

Des.

They are loves I bear to you.

Oth.

Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des.

That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.—
Alas ! why gnaw you so your nether lip ?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.

Oth.

Peace and be still !

Des.

I will so. What 's the matter ?

Oth.

That handkerchief which I so loved, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des.

No, by my life and soul !
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth.

Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury ; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des.

Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth.

Yes, presently :
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin :

For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des.

Then Lord have mercy on me!

Oth.

I say, Amen!

Des.

And have you mercy, too! — I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of Heaven
As I might love; I never gave him token.

Oth.

By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O, perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des.

He found it then;
I never gave it him: — send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth.

His mouth is stopped;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Des.

O, my fear interprets! — what! is he dead?

Oth.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des.

Alas! he is betrayed, and I undone!

Oth.

Out, wanton ! weep'st thou for him to my face ?

Des.

O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not !

Oth.

Down, wanton !

Des.

Kill me to-morrow ; let me live to-night !

Oth.

Nay, if you strive ——

Des.

But half an hour !

Oth.

Being done, there is no pause.

Des.

But while I say one prayer !

Oth.

It is too late.

[*Smothers her.—Long pause.*

[*Knocking is heard at door. This to be made by Emilia.*

What noise is this ? — Not dead ? not yet quite dead ?

I that am cruel am yet merciful ;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain : —

So, so.

[*Stabs Desdemona.*

[*Another pause.—More knocking.*

Emil.

[*Within.*

What, ho ! my lord ! my lord !

Oth.

Who 's there ?

Emil.[*Within.*

O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

Oth.

Yes:—'t is Emilia:—by and by.—She 's dead.—
 'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
 The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
 Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? were 't good?—
 I think she stirs again:—no.—What 's best to do?
 If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife:
 My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife.
 O, insupportable! O, heavy hour!
 Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration.

[*Knocking.**Emil.*[*Within.*

I do beseech you
 That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth.

I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
 Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—

[*Draws curtains of bed:—then opens the door.*

Where art thou? [*Enter Emilia C., with a light.*
 What 's the matter with thee now?

Emil.

O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murder done.

Oth.

What, now?

Emil.

But now, my lord.

Oth.

It is the very error of the moon;
 She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
 And makes men mad.

Emil.

Cassio, my lord, has killed a young Venetian
Called Roderigo.

Oth.

Roderigo killed !
And Cassio killed !

Emil.

No, Cassio is not killed.

Oth.

Not Cassio killed ! then murder 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des.

O, falsely, falsely murdered !

Emil.

Alas ! what cry is that ?

Oth.

That ! what ?

Emil.

Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice.—

[*Rushes to Desdemona.*

Help ! help ! ho ! help ! — O, lady, speak again !
Sweet Desdemona ! O, sweet mistress, speak !

Des.

A guiltless death I die.

Emil.

O, who hath done this deed ?

Des.

Nobody ; I myself. Farewell :
Commend me to my kind lord : O, farewell !

[*Dies.*

Oth.

Why, how should she be murdered ?

Emil.

Alas ! who knows ?

Oth.

You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil.

She said so : I must needs report the truth.

Oth.

She 's, like a liar, gone to burning hell :
'T was I that killed her.

Emil.

O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil !

Oth.

She turned to folly, and she was a drab.

Emil.

Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil !

Oth.

She was false as water.

Emil.

Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false : O, she was heavenly true !

Oth.

O, I were damned beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil.

My husband ?

Oth.

Thy husband.

Emil.

That she was false to wedlock ?

Oth.

Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
 If Heaven would make me such another world
 Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
 I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil.

My husband !

Oth.

What needs this iteration, woman ?
 I say thy husband : dost understand the word ? —
 My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil.

If he say so, may his pernicious soul
 Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart :
 She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth.

Ha !

Emil.

Do thy worst :
 This deed of thine is no more worthy Heaven
 Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth.

Peace ! you were best.

Emil.

Thou hast not half the power to do me harm
 As I have to be hurt. O, gull ! O, dolt !
 As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed —

[Othello offers at her with sword.]

I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,
 Though I lost twenty lives.— Help ! help ! ho ! help !

[Rushes out c., and re-enters, followed by Montano, Gratiano, and Iago, c., with attendants.]

The Moor has killed my mistress ! Murder ! murder !

All.

What is the matter ?

Emil.

My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.
 O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
 That men must lay their murders on your neck.
 Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :
 He says thou toldst him that his wife was false :
 I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain :
 Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago.

I told him what I thought ; and told no more
 Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil.

But did you ever tell him she was false ?

Iago.

I did.

Emil.

You told a lie ; an odious, damnèd lie ;
 Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie : —
 She false with Cassio ! — did you say with Cassio ?

Iago.

With Cassio, mistress.
 What ! are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

Emil.

Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak :
 'T is proper I obey him, but not now. —
 Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. [At the bed.]

O ! O ! O !

Emil.

Nay, lay thee down and roar ;
 For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent
 That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. [Rising.]

O, she was false !

I scarce did know you, uncle :

[To Gratiano.]

There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped:
I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Grat.

Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain.

Oth.

'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confessed it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognisance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil.

O, Heaven! O, heavenly powers!
That handkerchief thou speakest of
I found, by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,—
More than, indeed, belonged to such a trifle,—
He begged of me to steal it.

Iago.

Filth, thou liest!

Emil.

By Heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.—

Oth.

Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

[*Iago stabs Emilia.— Othello assaults Iago, and is
disarmed by Montano.— Iago runs out C.—
Emilia is supported by an attendant, who assists
her to a couch in front of window.*]

Mon. [To Gratiano.

Take you this weapon, [*Gives Othello's sword to Gratiano.*
And guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain.

[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano c., with attendants.*

Oth.

I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil.

Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [Dies.

Oth.

I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:—
O, here it is: [*Takes a sword from recess near the bed.*
Uncle, I must come forth.

Grat. [Within.

If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon and perforce must suffer.

Oth.

Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

[*Re-enter Gratiano.*

Oth.

Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—but, O, vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back dismayed? 't is a lost fear;
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
 And he retires:—where should Othello go?—
 Now, how dost thou look now? O, ill-starred wench!
 Pale as thy sheets! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
 Even like thy chastity.—
 O, cursèd, cursèd slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
 O, Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! O, O, O!

[*Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio, and Officers c.*
Cassio sits R.

Lod.

Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth.

That 's he that was Othello;—here I am.

Lod.

Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

[*Iago is brought in.*

Oth.

I look down towards his feet,—but that 's a fable.—
 If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Wounds Iago.*

Iago.

I bleed, sir; but not killed.

Oth.

I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
 For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

Lod.

O, thou Othello, that wert once so good,
 Fallen in the practice of a cursèd slave,
 What shall be said to thee?

Oth.

Why, anything :
An honourable murderer, if you will ;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod.

This wretch hath part confessed his villainy :
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth.

Ay.

Cas.

Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth.

I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.—
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body ?

Iago.

Demand me nothing : what you know, you know :
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Oth.

[*After a pause.*]

Well, thou dost best.
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's ?

Cas.

I found it in my chamber :
And he himself confessed but even now
That there he dropped it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth.

O, fool ! fool ! fool !

Lod.

[*To Othello.*]

You must forsake this room, and go with us :
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—

If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his.

*[An officer removes Iago, from where he stands, to
the body of his wife, at the window.]*

You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring away.

Oth.

Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;—
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unuseèd to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog
And smote him—thus.

[Stabs himself.]

O, Desdemona!

[Dies.]

*[Iago starts forward in wicked triumph. He is
seized by an officer, who forces him to his knee.]*

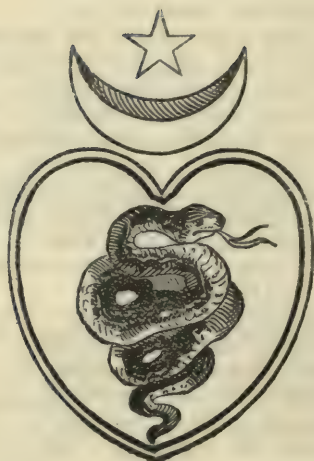
Lod.

O, bloody period!

Grat.

All that 's spoke is marred.

CURTAIN.



OTHELLO.

APPENDIX.

I.—THE ORIGINAL STORY OF OTHELLO.

“**W**HEN Shakespeare first became acquainted with the Moor of Venice of Giraldi Cinthio [whether in the original Italian, or the French translation, or in one of the little story-books that familiarized the people with the romance and the poetry of the South], he saw in that novel the scaffolding of ‘Othello.’ There was formerly in Venice a valiant Moor, says the story. It came to pass that a virtuous lady, of wonderful beauty, named Desdemona, became enamoured of his great qualities and noble virtues. The Moor loved her in return, and they were married—in spite of the opposition of the lady’s friends. It happened too, says the story, that the Senate of Venice appointed the Moor to the command of Cyprus, and that his wife determined to accompany him thither. Amongst the officers who attended upon the General was an ensign, of the most agreeable person but of the most depraved nature. The wife of this man was the friend of Desdemona, and they spent much time together. The wicked ensign became violently enamoured of Desdemona; but she, whose thoughts were wholly engrossed by the Moor, was utterly regardless of the ensign’s attentions. His love then became terrible hate, and he resolved to accuse Desdemona, to her husband, of infidelity, and to connect with the accusation a captain, of Cyprus. That officer, having struck a sentinel, was discharged from his command by the Moor; and Desdemona, interested in his favour, endeavoured to re-instate him in her husband’s good opinion. The Moor said, one day, to the ensign, that his wife was so importunate for the restoration of the officer that he must take him back. ‘If you would open your eyes, you would see plainer,’ said the ensign. The romance-writer continues to display the perfidious intrigues of the ensign against Desdemona. He steals a handkerchief which the Moor had given her—employing the agency of his own child. He contrives with the Moor to murder the captain, of Cyprus, after he

has made the credulous husband listen to a conversation to which he gives a false colour and direction ; and finally, the Moor and the guilty officer destroy Desdemona together, under circumstances of great brutality. The crime is, however, concealed, and the Moor is finally betrayed by his accomplice."

CHARLES KNIGHT.

"There is not," says Guizot, "a single detail in Shakespeare's tragedy which does not occur in Cinthio's novel." The student will find Cinthio's narrative in Payne-Collier's Shakespeare Library, Vol. ii. "The denouement alone," proceeds Guizot, "is different. In the novel, the Moor and the ensign together murder Desdemona during the night, pull down the ceiling on the bed in which she slept, and say she has been crushed by this accident. The true cause of her death long remains unknown. Ere long the Moor conceives a dislike to the ensign, and dismisses him from his army. Another adventure leads the ensign, on his return to Venice, to accuse the Moor of the murder of his wife. The Moor is recalled to Venice and put to the torture, but he denies the charge ; he is banished, and the relatives of Desdemona have him assassinated in his exile. A new crime leads to the arrest of the ensign, and he dies, racked with torture. 'The ensign's wife, who had been informed of the whole affair,' says Giraldi Cinthio, 'after his death, thus circumstantially related this story.' " Mr. Dunlap, in his "History of Fiction," concurrently adds: "In all important variations Shakespeare has improved on his original. In a few other particulars he has deviated from it, with less judgment. In most respects he has adhered with close imitation. The characters of Iago, Desdemona, and Cassio are taken from Cinthio, with scarcely a shade of difference. The obscure hints and various artifices of the villain, to raise suspicion in the Moor, are the same in the novel and the drama."

II.—THE POET'S TRANSFIGURATION OF THE STORY OF OTHELLO.

"The narrative of Giraldi Cinthio is complete. Situations, incidents, progressive development of the principal event, external and material construction of a pathetic and singular adventure—all these things are contained in it, ready for use ; and some of the conversations, even, are not wanting in a natural and touching simplicity. But the genius which supplies the actors to such a scene, which creates individuals, imparts to each his peculiar figure and character, and enables us to witness their actions, to hear their words, to anticipate their thoughts, and to enter

into their feelings ; that vivifying power which commands facts to rise, to go onward, to display themselves and to effect their accomplishment ; that creative breath, which, diffusing itself over the past, resuscitates it, and fills it, in some sort, with a present and imperishable vitality ; this is what Shakespeare alone possessed, and by means of this, from a forgotten novel, he made 'Othello.' All subsists, in fact, and yet all is changed. We no longer hear of a Moor, a lieutenant, an ensign, and a woman—the victim of jealousy and treason. We behold Othello, Cassio, Iago, and Desdemona, real and living beings, who resemble no other, who present themselves before the spectator—all entwined by the bonds of a common position, all carried away by the same event, yet each having personal nature and distinct physiognomy, and each co-operating to produce the general effect, by ideas, feelings, passions, and acts which are peculiar to each, and result, in each case, from specific individuality. It was not the fact, it was not the position, which struck the poet, and from which he sought to obtain all his means of awakening interest and emotion. The positions appeared to him to possess the conditions of a great dramatic scene ; the fact struck him as a suitable frame-work into which life might be appropriately introduced. Suddenly he gave birth to beings complete in themselves, animated and tragic, independently of every particular position and every determinate fact ; he brought them forth capable of feeling, and of displaying beneath our eyes, all that the special event in which they were about to take part could make human nature experience and produce ; and he launched them forth into this event, feeling very sure that, whatever circumstances might be furnished him by the narrative, he would find in them, as he had made them, a fruitful source of pathetic effects and of truth. Thus the poet creates, and such is poetical genius. Events, and even positions, are not what he deems most important, or what he takes delight in inventing ; his power aims at exercising itself otherwise than in searching after incidents of a more or less singular character, and adventures of a more or less touching nature ; it manifests itself by the creation of man himself ; and when it creates man, it creates him complete, armed at all points, as he should be, to suffice for all the vicissitudes of life, and to present the aspect of reality in every sense of the word."

GUIZOT.

III.—THE SCHEME AND SUBSTANCE OF OTHELLO.

"Coleridge has justly said that the agonized doubt which lays hold of the Moor is not the jealousy of a man of naturally jealous temper, and he contrasts Othello with Leontes, in 'The Winter's Tale,' and

Leonatus in 'Cymbeline.' A mean watchfulness or prying suspicion is the last thing that Othello could be guilty of. He is of a free and noble nature, naturally trustful, with a kind of grand innocence, retaining some of his barbaric simpleness of soul in midst of the subtle and astute politicians of Venice. He is great in simple, heroic action, but unversed in the complex affairs of life, and a stranger to the malignant deceits of the debased Italian character. Nothing is more chivalrous, more romantic, than the love of Othello and Desdemona. The beautiful Italian girl is fascinated by the regal strength and grandeur, and tender protectiveness of the Moor. He is charmed by the sweetness, the sympathy, the gentle disposition, the gracious womanliness of Desdemona. But neither quite rightly knows the other; there is none of that perfect equality and perfect knowledge between them which unites so flawlessly Brutus and Portia.

"Desdemona and Othello are parted on their voyage to Cyprus, and at meeting their happiness touches a height which is almost too rare and exquisite. From the moment of rapture and reunion to the moment when Othello slays himself by the body of his murdered wife, there is an unalleviated intensity of tragic pain. Othello cannot hate Desdemona; his misery is that he must love her, although he strives to hate, and must slay her, although he would die that she might be pure and live. There is no character in Shakespeare's plays so full of serpentine power and serpentine poison as Iago. The Iachimo, of 'Cymbeline,' is a faint sketch in water-colours of the absolute villain Iago. He is envious of Cassio, and suspects that the Moor may have wronged his honour; but his malignancy is out of all proportion to even its alleged motives. Cassio, notwithstanding his moral weakness, is a chivalrous nature, possessed by enthusiastic admiration of his great general and the beautiful lady who is his wife. But Iago can see neither human virtue nor greatness. All things to him are common and unclean, and he is content that they should be so. He is not the sly, sneaking, and too manifest villain of some of the actors of his part. He is 'Honest Iago,' and passes for a rough yet shrewd critic of life, who is himself frank and candid. To ensnare the nobly guileless Othello was, therefore, no impossible task. Shakespeare does not allow Iago to triumph; his end is wretched as his life had been. And Othello, restored to love through such tragic calamity, dies, once more reunited to his wife, and loyal, in spite of all his wrongs, to the city of his adoption. It is he who has sinned, and not she who was dearer to him than himself, and of his own wrongs and griefs he can make a sudden end."

EDWARD DOWDEN.

IV.—PLACE OF THE ACTION OF OTHELLO.

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
 A palace and a prison on each hand;
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land
 Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!"

LORD BYRON.

"O, beautiful, beneath the magic moon
 To walk the watery way of palaces!
 O, beautiful, o'er-vaulted with gemmed blue,
 This spacious court! with colour and with gold,
 With cupolas and pinnacles and points,
 And crosses multiplex, and tips and balls
 [Wherewith the bright stars unreprieving mix,
 Nor scorn by hasty eyes to be confused];
 Fantastically perfect this lone pile
 Of Oriental glory; these long ranges
 Of classic chiselling; this gay, flickering crowd,
 And the calm Campanile,—beautiful!
 O, beautiful!"

"My mind is in her rest; my heart at home
 In all around; my soul secure in place,
 And the vext needle perfect to her poles.
 Aimless and hopeless in my life, I seemed
 To thread the winding by-ways of the town,
 Bewildered, baffled, hurried hence and thence,
 All at cross purpose ever with myself,
 Unknowing whence or whither. Then, at once,
 At a step, I crown the Campanile's top,
 And view all mapped below: Islands, lagoon,
 An hundred steeples, and a myriad roofs,
 The fruitful champaign, and the cloud-capt Alps,
 And the broad Adriatic!"

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

"The Republic of Venice became the virtual sovereign of Cyprus in 1471; when the State assumed the guardianship of Catharine Cornaro, who had married the illegitimate son of John III., of Lusignan, and, being left a widow, wanted the protection of the State, to maintain the power which her husband had usurped. The island was then first garrisoned by Venetian troops. Catharine, in 1489, abdicated the sovereignty in favour of the Republic. Cyprus was retained by the Venetians till 1570, when it was invaded by a powerful Turkish force, and was finally subjected to the dominion of Selim II., in 1571. From that period it has formed a part of the Turkish Empire. Leikosia, the island capital of the island, was taken by storm; and Famagusta, the principal sea-port, capitulated after a long and gallant defence. It is evident, therefore, that we must refer the action of 'Othello' to a period before the subjugation of Cyprus by the Turks. The locality of the scene after the First Act must be placed at Famagusta, which was strongly fortified—a fact which Shakespeare must have known: Othello, in the Second Scene of the Third Act, says: 'I will be walking on the works.'"

CHARLES KNIGHT.

"We learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first came sailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts, which happened when Mustapha, Solyman's General, attacked Cyprus, in May, 1570."

ISAAC REED.

The island of Cyprus is situated south of Asia Minor, in that portion of the Mediterranean called the Levant. It was anciently divided into many small kingdoms. It was originally possessed by the Phœnicians, from whom it passed to the Greeks, and subsequently to the Egyptians and Persians. After the victories of Alexander it declared for Macedon. It next became a portion of the Greco-Egyptian Kingdom of the Ptolemies; then of the Roman and Byzantine Empires. The Arabs conquered it, 648, A. D. In 1191 it was taken by Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who ceded it to the Templars. After several vicissitudes it came into the possession of the Venetians, from whom it was finally conquered by the Turks, in 1571. It is about 140 miles long, and about 60 miles broad. A bold and rugged mountain range runs through the whole length of the island,—attaining to an elevation of more than 7,000 feet above the sea. The soil is fertile. The land is beautified by fine forests of oak and other wood, and is rich in minerals. The chief towns of

Cyprus are Leikosia, Famagusta, Larnica, and Limassol. The population is about 135,000. Cyprus is now a possession of Great Britain—acquired [1878] by the wise, far-seeing, and brilliant diplomacy of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

V.—TIME OF THE ACTION OF OTHELLO.

The time occupied by the action of "Othello" is neither distinctly stated nor clearly indicated in the text and conduct of the tragedy. It can be only approximately ascertained. The incidents of Act First, as is perfectly obvious, are supposed to pass within one night. A sufficient time has then to be allowed for making the voyage from Venice to Cyprus. Venice is at the head of the Adriatic. Cyprus is in the Levant. The distance between them is about 1,200 miles. The expedition of Othello, we are told, was overtaken and retarded by a violent storm; so that the Moor, who had been the first to start, was the last to arrive. The trip must be considered to consume about fourteen days. When, at length, all the characters are arrived in Cyprus, the action proceeds with equal clearness and despatch. The incidents of Act Second—as the reader of it will instantly perceive—are supposed to pass within the night immediately succeeding the arrival of Othello. The dawn has already come when Iago and Roderigo separate. That very morning Cassio, who says—in a passage which is cut—that he has not been abed, comes to seek Desdemona, begging her intercession with her husband, that he may be re-instated in his place. A lapse of some time must here be supposed—since it would be monstrous to assume that Othello could be led to repudiate his wife on the very next day after their nuptial. A day comes, however, when the Moor at last changes with Iago's poison. That day, as may be gathered from Desdemona's supplicatory speech to Othello, in behalf of his disgraced lieutenant, is Sunday; and on that day occur the terrible scenes of the great Third Act. Othello, duped by the infernal speciousness of Iago's character, helped by something barbaric and blind in his own nature,—[for the schemes of his betrayer are, by themselves, absolutely preposterous and as transparent as glass],—then at once enjoins the slaughter of Cassio: "Within these three days let me hear thee say that Cassio's not alive!" The incidents of the Fourth and Fifth Acts, accordingly, can be viewed as occurring with great rapidity, and occupying but a brief time. Allowance, however, has to be made for another voyage from Venice to Cyprus,—that, namely, of Lodovico and Gratiano, who convey a mandate from the Senate, recalling Othello, and devolving his command on Cassio.

Allowance has also to be made for considerable shifting of the persons from scene to scene; for various deeds and colloquies; for the ripening of Iago's plots; and for the natural play of numerous and diversified emotions. Still, poetry has its license; and the tragedy of "Othello" is not a photograph. All things considered, though, it is, perhaps, best to suppose that affairs so momentous, and conduct and experience so fraught with agony, terror, and pathos, have "ample room and verge enough," and are not compressed into the narrow compass of a few hours.

W. W.

VI.—COSTUME FOR OTHELLO.

Venetian dresses, of the latter part of the Sixteenth Century, are the correct apparel for the persons in "Othello." A part—which is here set forth suggestively—will indicate the whole. *Othello*—*First dress*: A long gown of cashmere, wrought with gold and various colours. This is looped up to the hip, on the left side, with jewels. A Moorish burnoose, striped with purple and gold. Purple velvet shoes, embroidered with gold and pearl. A sash of green and gold. A jewelled chain. *Second dress*: Steel-plate armour. A white burnoose, made of African goat's hair. *Third dress*: A long, white gown, Moorish, with hood, and with scarlet trimmings. A white sash, made of goat's hair. Scarlet velvet shoes. Pearl ear-rings.—These dresses, it will be observed, although conformable to Christian ideas, are devised with a view to express the gorgeous barbaric taste of the Moor. Some of the old actors used to wear Turkish costume. This is magnificent in colour and effect, but it is incorrect, since Othello is described as a Christian convert.

A costume for Desdemona is as follows: *First dress*: White satin train, trimmed with illusion and pearls. High, pointed corsage, with ruff. Long, puffed sleeves: pearls between puffs. Stomacher, elaborately embroidered with pearls. Girdle of the same. Diamond ear-rings, cross and pin. Mary Stuart cap, made of white satin and pearls. *Second dress*: Drab satin train, embroidered with gold. Blue satin poncha, embroidered with gold. Blue satin Mary Stuart cap, trimmed with gold leaves. *Third dress*: Rose-coloured satin train; the front breadth of white satin trimmed with three point-lace flounces, headed by a pearl fringe. High, pointed corsage, with ruff. White pointed stomacher, embroidered with pearls. Pearl girdle. Sleeves puffed with white satin. Bands of rose and pearls between puffs. Mary Stuart cap, of rose satin, trimmed with pearls.

Reference may advantageously be made to Cæsar Vecellio's "Habiti Antichi e Moderni," for particulars as to costume. The general of the

Venetian forces, says Charles Knight, wore a peculiar habit, consisting of a full gown of crimson velvet, with loose sleeves, over which was worn a mantle of cloth of gold, buttoned upon the right shoulder with massive gold buttons. The cap was of crimson velvet. The baton of office was made of silver, and was ensigned with the winged lion of St. Mark. Soldiers wore the Venetian morion. The armour of the period of Othello was much the same throughout Europe. The student will not fail to remember that perfect accuracy of costume, in the dressing of "Othello,"—and, for that matter, in the dressing of "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," and many other plays that are associated with remote historic periods—would lead to ridiculous results. Poetical license and good taste are, at all times, equally desirable and allowable in the stage treatment of all plays. W. W.

VII.—THE COLOUR OF OTHELLO.

It used to be the practice of the stage to paint the Moor quite black—to present him, in fact, as a Negro. There are expressions in the text which, taken literally, and without allowance for the moods and attitude of the speakers, would afford a warrant for this practice. But,—since to make Othello a Negro is to unpoetize the character, and to deepen whatever grossness may already subsist in the subject of the tragedy,—it seems the better way to remember that poetry has a privilege to idealize all it touches, and that expressions of opinion are not statements of fact—and may therefore be disregarded. The persons who call the Moor "thick lips" and "the black Othello" are not his friends—to state it mildly. Besides, there is a clearly marked difference between a Moor and a Negro. The Moor should be painted a pale cinnamon colour, which is at once truthful and picturesque. Shakespeare has, in my opinion, Anglicized the whole affair, leaving nothing barbaric in Othello but his capacity of animal delirium. He gets his terrible catastrophe, however, by means of this—ending a frightful storm of frenzy with a dread calm which is extremely awful; and he gets a splendid effect of contrast in the elements of colour and nationality. W. W.

"Moors. Latin, *Mauri*, Dark: Spanish, *Moros*. A people who form the great majority of the population of Barbary. Their appearance indicates their origin, which is a mixture of the Mauri,—from whom they derive their name,—Numidians, Phœnicians, Romans, and Arabs, who have successively held possession of the country. In consequence, they

are found to vary considerably in appearance and character, in different parts of Barbary, but all show more or less strongly the symptoms of a considerable infusion of Arabian blood. They are a well-formed race, with fine Oriental features, and a mild and melancholy expression of countenance. * * * They are voluptuous and cruel."

CHAMBERS'S *ENCYCLOPÆDIA*, vol. vi., p. 561.

"It was the policy of the Venetian Republic to employ foreign mercenaries, and especially in offices of command, for the obvious purpose of lessening to the utmost the dangers of cabal and intrigue at home. The families of senators, or other chief citizens, were in the habit of seeing, in their dark-complexioned guests, those only who were distinguished by ability, and by the official rank thereby gained:—picked men, whose hue might be forgotten in their accomplishments."

QUOTED BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

"Even if we suppose this [the practice of painting Othello as a Negro], an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakespeare himself, from want of scenes, and from the experience that nothing could be made too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it, would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages?"

COLERIDGE.

VIII.—CHARACTERS IN OTHELLO.

"Othello is something far more than a blind and jealous husband urged to commit murder by his jealousy. This is only his position during the play; and his character goes far beyond his position. * * * Iago is not merely an irritated enemy, desirous of revenge, or an ordinary rascal, anxious to destroy a happiness which he cannot contemplate with satisfaction: he is a cynical and reasoning wretch, who has made for himself a philosophy of egotism and a science of crime; who looks upon men merely as instruments or obstacles to his personal interests; who despises virtue as an absurdity, and yet hates it as an injury; who preserves entire independence of thought, while engaged in the most servile conduct; and who, at the very moment when his crimes are about to cost him his life, still enjoys, with ferocious pride, the evil which he has done—as if it were a proof of his superiority. * * * Cassio is not introduced merely to become the object of Othello's jealousy, and as a necessity of the drama: he has his own character, inclinations, qualities and defects; and from what he is naturally flows the influence which he

exercises upon what occurs to him. Emilia is not merely an attendant employed by the poet as an instrument either of the entanglement or of the discovery of the perfidies which lead to the catastrophe: she is the wife of Iago, whom she does not love, and whom she obeys because she fears him; but, although she distrusts him, she has actually contracted, in the society of that man, somewhat of the immorality of his mind; * * * and yet she is kind-hearted and attached to her mistress, and detests evil and deeds of darkness. * * * Forget the events, set aside the drama, and all these personages will continue real, animated and distinct; they possess inherent vitality, and their existence will not disappear with their position. In them is displayed the creative power of the poet." *THE SOURCE OF THE PATHOS IN OTHELLO*. GUIZOT.

"The source of the pathos throughout — of that pathos which at once softens and deepens the tragic effect — lies in the character of Desdemona. No woman differently constituted could have excited the same intense and painful passion, without losing something of that exalted charm which invests her from beginning to end, which we are apt to impute to the interest of the situation and to the poetical colouring, but which lies, in fact, in the very essence of the character. Desdemona, with all her timid flexibility and soft acquiescence, is not weak; for the negative alone is weak; and the mere presence of goodness and affection implies in itself a species of power; power without consciousness, power without effort, power with repose — the soul of grace."

MRS. JAMESON.

IX.—THE SOUL AND SCOPE OF OTHELLO.

"* * * Wedlock, so far as it is the chief element and a leading motive in the social development of the human race, is the position of life from which the poet has surveyed the horizon of the tragic view of the world and Providence. On this account it is not love alone that is here presented to us. * * * In 'Othello' love stands in organic and indissoluble communion, both with conjugal fidelity and duty, and with *honour* — that indispensable attribute of man's life and activity.

"* * * Honour, in its true import, is the necessary condition of man's activity. He ought to act, and must act, in and for the world, in which his natural avocation and divine destination exist. * * * Honour is the indispensable bond between a man's enterprise and the sphere in which he exerts it. And this is the true justification of honour. In itself it has no validity: it derives its right from a higher principle of true morality, which is independent of the world, and stands in immediate

reference to God alone. If honour be torn from its true root and soil—that morality in comparison with which this world and all its pursuits are at best of relative importance—it becomes a mere spectral phantom: whatever there is in it of grandeur and might, once separated from its god-like origin, rebounds with demoniacal force upon its possessor. Thus it happens with Othello. * * * Othello in his inmost soul is by no means jealous. This low passion, whatever Iago may pretend, is altogether foreign to his nature. A man is not, properly speaking, jealous, who has good cause for jealousy. * * * The desire for revenge seizes his mind but transiently. * * * Revenge seeks but to heap misery and ruin on the hated head: but, how touchingly does Othello urge Desdemona, before her death, to confess and repent, that her soul may be saved from eternal damnation! Anger, jealousy and revenge are but the momentary phases under which love and honour—the ruling emotions of his soul—exhibit themselves, as deeply wounded and violated, and, consequently, as contending with each other in the annihilating struggle of conflicting passions. When the supposed infidelity of his wife, and the supposed treachery of his friend Cassio have robbed him of love, and whatever else in life is dear to him, and his mind, deprived of its sole stay, reels and totters and is near to shipwreck, then he clings convulsively, with all his might, to the other and only tie that still remains to him—honour. His honour, at least, he will preserve. But his soul, once out of tune, is unable to resume its self-possession. * * * Thus does he ruin what he wishes to save. * * * And so here we behold all the subordinate agents pervaded and impelled by an intrinsic necessity, revolving around one organic centre in mutual relationship and interaction. * * * ‘Othello’ must be regarded as a tragedy of intrigue. By such a view of it the tragic element first obtains its true significance. For then the soothing, calming element which is covertly contained in it, comes distinctly forward; then do Othello’s sufferings and death teach us that man’s wit and cunning may, no doubt, bring low a great and noble character, but cannot rob him of his intrinsic nobility, his greatness of soul, and his hope in God’s mercy and compassion—in which Othello, amidst tears of repentance and atonement, full of ‘soul soothing balsam,’ dies.”

ULRICI.

X.—THE MEANING OF OTHELLO.

In the pathos of its picture of human life, in the pity which it inspires, and in the consequent chastening influence which it exerts, “Othello” is only a little less than “Lear,” and thus only a little lower than the

highest. The difference is in degree of misery. Lear sacrifices himself before he is sacrificed by his children. Othello is simply despoiled and ruined by his enemy. The old king comes a little nearer to the heart, therefore, and the spectacle of his anguish is somewhat more pitifully desolate, for this reason. In the tears we weep over that venerable ruin, there is a sort of blind submission to fate; a dazed sense of the weakness of man, when at strife with nature; a tender emotion of infinite sorrow over the utter infirmity of the human race. Our grief is so great that it drowns our anger: and Regan and Goneril and Edmund are forgotten, with the rest of the lumber of the commonplace world. The spectacle of Othello's misery may be equally agonizing; but the emotion it inspires is not so ineffably piteous. In our tears for him, there is fire—the fire of a strong and active rage against the diabolical intellect that has destroyed him. He represents to us magnanimous virtue, simple and stalwart goodness, leonine port and power, commingled with the trustful candour of innocent childhood. He has not outlived his time nor the sunshine. He is not yet, in any sense, due to death. There may be autumnal tints in the foliage of his garden; but it is not amiss that he gathers the ripe fruits of life, love, and happiness; and we feel that he ought to possess them. When, therefore, his glorious manhood of nature is broken by the adverse will of a malignant genius,—against which he is utterly powerless and defenceless,—our rage strikes hands with our sorrow, and the tide of our hate rises equally with the tide of our love. But, though in the scale of emotion a little lower than the highest, these feelings are high, are grand, are sacred; and our hearts resent the least approach toward trifling with sensibilities so acute and experiences so vital and tragic. Just as no soul that really feels will brook a light mention of the names of the beloved dead, so no soul that really feels will brook a vain and casual meddling with those immortal ideals in which Shakespeare has expressed the sum of human greatness and human misery.

WILLIAM WINTER.

NEW-YORK, June 22, 1878.

RICHARD II

Preface.



ALTHOUGH the tragedy of "Richard the Second" is one of suffering more than of action, and although its subject—the dethronement of a king and his consequent anguish and lamentation—is not pathetic to the universal heart, the piece presents so many beauties that it ought, much oftener than it is, to be practically brought before the public attention. It illustrates a most picturesque period in English history, when feudalism was at its height in that stately and splendid land, and when Froissart was still living, to record its splendours. It is replete with sharp contrasts of natural character. It paints with equal brilliancy the divine right of kings and the wiliness and courteous duplicity of astute politicians. It is expressed with great and irresistible vigour of diction. It contains passages equal to the best that its marvellous author has written, in poetical imagery and philosophic truth. Its eloquence is wonderful and incomparable. And, in its exposition of the grief of a tortured soul,—struggling between pectulant resentment against misfortune and the divine desire to be resigned,—it discloses the most profound and instructive knowledge of human nature, and it attains to absolute sublimity of utterance. The effort to rescue this tragedy from long disuse, and to restore it to the stage, is based on appreciation of these precious merits; and, therefore, perhaps, it may not be regarded with indifference.

There are but few Stage Versions of "Richard the Second." This one, which is entirely new, presents Edwin Booth's choice of the text and arrangement of the scenes, together with his stage directions. A few passages of the original have been transposed, and many have been omitted. The original consists of nineteen scenes; this version consists of ten. The omitted passages are those that might be called episodical, and those that dilate on points of which the simple statement is, practically, sufficient. A thoughtful endeavour has thus been made to accelerate the movement of the tragedy, without marring its unity or its poetical grace.

The character of Richard the Second was adopted by Edwin Booth into his repertory, in the autumn of 1875. He acted it at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New-York, on November 8th, in that year. It was acted, in former times, by his father, the renowned Junius Booth. It was also acted by Edmund Kean—whose elocution in it was thought to be uncommonly noble, rich, and various—and by Macready, whose personation of it must have been correct and elegant, but whose published comments on the subject—"Reminiscences," Chapter III.—indicate but little sympathy with its spirit. The "Biographia Dramatica" makes mention of three adaptations of "Richard the Second": by L. Theobald, in 1720—acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields, London; by Francis Gentleman—acted at Bath, in 1754; and by James Goodhall—printed at Manchester, in 1772, and refused, for representation, by Garrick.

W. W.

New-York, February 12th, 1878.



"All the writers who have transmitted to us the history of Richard II. lived during the reigns of the Lancastrian princes; and candour requires that we should not give entire credit to the reproaches which they have thrown upon his memory."—HUME.

"Who comes from Luba's vale? from the skirts of the morning mist?
The drops of heaven are on his head. His steps are in the paths of the
sad."—OSSIAN.

"Know that I am a king! O, at that name,
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone! gone! and do I still remain alive?"—MARLOWE.

"Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis."—HORACE.

"Common natures reckon by that which they do; noble natures by that
which they are."—SCHILLER.

"Our life is carried with too strong a tide:
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years:
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride;
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust."—COWLEY.

"O, agony! deep agony,
For heart that's proud and high,
To learn of fate how desolate
It may be ere it die."—MOTHERWELL.

"Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend:
My God, my father, and my friend,
Do not forsake me in my end."—DIES IRÆ.





*"The bay-trees in our country are all withered,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change.*

*"Yet looks he like a king: behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty."*

*"I see thy glory, like a shooting-star,
Fall to the base earth, from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west."*

*"Must he lose
The name of King?—o' God's name, let it go!
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff;
And my large kingdom for a little grave."*

*"I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand;
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state.
All pomp and majesty I do forswear."*

*"O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!"*

*"In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds."*

*"And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king."*



Persons Represented.



KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

EDMUND OF LANGLEY, DUKE OF YORK. } *Uncles to the*
JOHN OF GAUNT, DUKE OF LANCASTER. } *King.*

HENRY, SURNAMED BOLINGBROKE, DUKE OF HEREFORD;
son to John of Gaunt ; afterwards King Henry IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, *son to the Duke of York.*

THOMAS MOWBRAY, DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.

LORD ROSS.

SIR JOHN BUSHY. }
SIR JOHN BAGOT. } *Servile creatures to King Richard.*
SIR HENRY GREEN. }

ISABEL, *Queen of England, wife to King Richard.*

ELEANOR, DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

LORDS ; LADIES ; HERALDS ; OFFICERS ; SOLDIERS ; A
PRISON-KEEPER ; A GROOM ; A SERVANT ; PAGES AND
ATTENDANTS.

Doubles.



*If necessary, in the representation of this tragedy, actors can
"double" in the following parts:*

NORFOLK and CARLISLE.

BUSHY and THE GROOM.

GREEN and THE PRISON-KEEPER.

Place and Time.



SCENE.—*In London and in Wales.*

PERIOD.—*End of the Fourteenth Century.*

TIME.—*About two years and two months,—in 1398, 1399
and 1400.*

RICHARD THE SECOND.



Act First.

Scene First. { LONDON. A ROOM IN THE ROYAL PAL-
ACE, ARCHED AND VAULTED.

[Enter Gaunt and Duchess of Gloster R. U. E.]

Gaunt.

[L.]

Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But, since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven—
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch.

[R.]

Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root.
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course;
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut:
But, Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is cracked, and all the precious liquid spilt;

Is hacked down, and his summer leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered,
 Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life;
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
 That which in mean men we entitle patience
 Is pale, cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to 'venge my Gloster's death!

Gaunt.

Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,
 His deputy, anointed in his sight,
 Hath caused his death; the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge: for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Duch.

Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt.

To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch.

Why then I will. Farewell!

O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!

[*Exit Duchess L. I. E. Gaunt goes to R. Enter
 King Richard, Bushy, Bagot, Green, Salisbury,
 Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle, pages, lords and
 guards.*]

King Richard.

Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
 Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,

Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son ;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Gaunt.

I have, my liege.

King Richard.

Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice ;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him ?

Gaunt.

As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aimed at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

King Richard.

Then call them to our presence ; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak.

[*King Richard takes his seat on throne. Exeunt
some attendants R. and L.*

High-stomached are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire !

[*Enter attendants, with Bolingbroke, through R.
arch, and attendants, with Norfolk, through L.
arch. Bolingbroke and Norfolk kneel C.*

Bolingbroke.

Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege !

Nor.

Each day still better other's happiness ;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown.

King Richard.

We thank you both : yet one but flatters us,
 As well appeareth by the cause you come ;
 Namely to appeal each other of high treason.—
 Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
 Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Bolingbroke.[*Rising.*]

First—heaven be the record to my speech—
 In the devotion of a subject's love,
 Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
 And free from other misbegotten hate,
 Come I appellant to this princely presence.
 Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee ;
 And mark my greeting well, for what I speak
 My body shall make good upon this earth,
 Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
 Thou art a traitor [*All start.*] and a miscreant
 Too good to be so, and too bad to live !
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength
 [*Throws down his gauntlet at feet of Norfolk.*]
 As to take up my honour's pawn, then stoop :
 By that, and all the rights of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worst devise.

Nor. [*Takes up the gauntlet.*]

I take it up : and by that sword I swear
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
 And when I mount, may I not light alive,
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight.

King Richard.

What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge ?
 It must be great, that can inherit us
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bolingbroke.

Look, what I said, my life shall prove it true :—
 That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles,
 In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers :
 The which he hath detained for lewd employments,
 Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
 Besides I say, and will in battle prove,
 That all the treasons for these eighteen years
 Complotted and contrivèd in this land,
 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
 Further I say,— and further will maintain,
 Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
 That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death ;
 Whose blood like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To me, for justice and rough chastisement.
 And by the glorious worth of my descent
 This arm shall do it or this life be spent.

King Richard.

How high a pitch his resolution soars !—
 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

Nor.

O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
 And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
 Till I have told this slander of his blood
 How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

King Richard.

Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears :
 Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,—
 As he is but my father's brother's son—
 Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
 Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
 The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :
 He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou ;
 Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor.

Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !
 Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
 Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers ;
 The other part reserved I by consent,
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
 Upon remainder of a dear account
 Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :
 Now swallow down that lie.— I'or Gloster's death,—
 I slew him not ; but to my own disgrace
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
 For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
 The honourable father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grievèd soul ;
 But ere I last received the sacrament
 I did confess it, and exactly begged
 Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault. As for the rest appealed,
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
 Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chambered in his bosom.
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

King Richard.

Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me ;
 Let 's purge this choler without letting blood :
 Forget, forgive : conclude and be agreed :
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt.

To be a make-peace shall become my age ;
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

King Richard.

And Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt.

When, Harry; when?

King Richard.

Norfolk throw down, we bid!

Nor.

Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame.

King Richard.

We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do, to make you friends,
And that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
Therefore we banish you our territories: [All start.
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enriched our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bolingbroke.

Your will be done.

King Richard.

Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I, with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeless word of—"never to return"
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life!

Nor.

A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlooked for from your highness' mouth.

King Richard.

Lay on our royal sword your banished hands:

[*Both kneel.*

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves),
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and heaven!
Embrace each other's love, in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never, by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Bolingbroke.

I swear.

Nor.

And I, to keep all this.

[*They rise.*

Bolingbroke.

Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,
Banished this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banished from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor.

No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banished as from hence!
But what thou art, Heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit L. I. E.*

King Richard.

Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
 I see thy grievèd heart; thy sad aspect
 Hath from the number of his banished years
 Plucked four away.—Six frozen winters spent,
 Return [*To Bolingbroke*] with welcome home from banish-
 ment. [*Music, march. Scene changes.*]

Scene Second. { [*FIRST GROOVES.*] ANTEROOM IN THE
 PALACE.

[*Enter Bolingbroke, Northumberland, Aumerle,*
and Salisbury R. 1. E.

Bolingbroke.

How long a time lies in one little word!
 Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
 End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

North.

Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
 What is six winters? they are quickly gone;
 Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.

Bolingbroke.

My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
 Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

North.

The sullen passage of thy weary steps
 Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
 The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Bolingbroke.

Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
 Will but remember me what a deal of world
 I wander from the jewels that I love.
 Must not I serve a long apprenticeship
 To foreign passages, and in the end,
 Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
 But that I was a journeyman to grief?

North.

All places that the eye of heaven visits
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
 There is no virtue like necessity.
 Think not the king did banish thee,
 But thou the king ; or suppose
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Bolingbroke.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

North.

Come, come, my lord !
 Had I thy cause I would not wish to stay.

Bolingbroke.

Then England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil, adieu ;
 My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
 Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt* L. I. E. *Change.*

Scene Third. { A ROOM IN ELY HOUSE. GAUNT, ON
A COUCH R. THE DUKE OF YORK
AND TWO ATTENDANTS STANDING BY
HIM. CHAIR R. C. TABLE AND TWO
CHAIRS L.

Gaunt.

Will the king come ? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaïd youth ?

York.

Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath ;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt.

O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony ;
Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain ;
Though Richard my life's counsel would not heed,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York.

No ; it is stopped with other, flattering sounds,
As praises of his state ;
Lascivious metres ; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen.

Gaunt.

Methinks I am a prophet new inspired ;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out—I die pronouncing it—
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death ! [March p.

York.

The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young, hot colts, being raged, do rage the more.

[*Crosses L.*
Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Bushy, Green,
Bagot and lords c.

King Richard.

What comfort, man? How is it with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt.

O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old;
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watched;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasures that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

King Richard.

Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt.

No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in thee,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

King Richard.

Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt.

No, no, men living flatter those that die;
Thou diest, though I the sicker be.

King Richard.

I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt.

Now he that made me knows I see thee ill ;
 Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
 Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;
 And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
 Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease :
 But for thy world enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king ;
 Thy state of law is bondsman to the law ;
 And ——

King Richard.

And thou a lunatic, lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
 With fury from his native residence.
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt.

O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son ;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapped out and drunkenly caroused :
 My brother Gloster, plain, well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befal in heaven, 'mongst happy souls !)
 May be a precedent and witness good
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be !—

Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :
Love they to live that love and honour have.

[*Gaunt is borne out by attendants, R. I. E.*]

King Richard.

And let them die that age and sullens have ;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York.

I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him :
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.

King Richard

Right ; you say true : as Hereford's love, so his ;
As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

[*Enter Northumberland R. I. E.*]

North.

My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

King Richard.

What says he ?

North.

Nay, nothing ; all is said :
His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

[*All express sorrow.*]

York. [Sits in chair R.]

Be York the next that must be bankrupt so !

King Richard.

The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars :

We must supplant those rough, rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they hath privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.

York. [Rising.

How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.

King Richard.

Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York.

O my liege,
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banished Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposèd hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

King Richard.

Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York.

I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell.

[Exit York, followed by Northumberland R. I. E.]

King Richard.

Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight ;
Bid him repair to us, to Ely House,
To see this business [*Exit Bushy*]. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland ; and 't is time, I trow :
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England ;
For he is just, and always loved us well.
Come, gentlemen, away, we soon must part ;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish. Excunt.*]

CURTAIN.

Act Second.

Scene First. { LONDON. A ROOM IN THE ROYAL PAL-
ACE.

[Enter Queen and two ladies ; also Bushy, Bagot,
and lords.

Bushy.

Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen.

To please the king, I did ; to please myself
I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles : at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord, the king.

Bushy.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so :
Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not :
More's not seen ;
Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen.

It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise ; howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad
As, though in thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint.

[*Enter Green* L. I. E.

Green.

Heaven save your majesty ! And well met, gentlemen :
I hope the king is not yet shipped for Ireland.

Queen.

Why hop'st thou so ? 'Tis better hope he is ;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope :
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipped ?

Green.

That he, our hope, might have retired his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land :
The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspur.

Queen.

Now God in heaven forbid !

Green.

O, madam, 't is too true ; and what is worse,—
The Lord Northumberland, his young son, Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy.

Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland,
And the revolting faction traitors ?

Green.

We have : whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resigned his stewardship,

And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen.

O, full of careful business are his looks.

[*Enter York R. I. E.*

Uncle, for heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York.

Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

If I know

How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;
The one my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wronged,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.

Gentlemen, go, muster up your men
And meet me presently at Berkley Castle.

[*Exeunt R. I. E. Bushy, Bagot, Green and lords.*

York.

Despair not, madam.

Queen.

Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
 Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
 Which false hope lingers in extremity.

[*Exeunt Queen, York and ladies.*]

Scene Second. { FULL STAGE. THE COAST OF WALES.
 A CASTLE IN VIEW. FLOURISH OF
 DRUMS AND TRUMPETS IS HEARD.

[*Enter King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle,
 Aumerle, lords and soldiers.*]

Aum.

[*L.*]

How brooks your grace the air,
 After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

King Richard.

[*C.*]

Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy
 To stand upon my kingdom once again.
 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
 As a long parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
 And do thee favor with my royal hand.
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
 Which, with usurping steps, do trample thee:
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
 And, when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armèd soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop of Carlisle. [R.

Fear not, my lord ; that power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected : else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffered means of succour and redress.

Aum.

He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.

King Richard.

Discomfortable cousin !
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king ;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

[*Enter Salisbury and lords* L. I. Z.

Welcome, my lord : how far off lies your power ?

Sal.

Nor near nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm : discomfort guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

O'erthrows thy joys
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are fled to Bolingbroke.

Aum.

Comfort, my liege ; why looks your grace so pale ?

King Richard.

But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum.

Comfort, my liege ; remember who you are.

King Richard.

I had forgot myself : am I not king ?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty ! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names ?
Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king : are we not high ?
High be our thoughts : I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But speak—
My ear is open and my heart prepared ;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost ? Why, 't was my care ;
And what loss is it to be rid of care ?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?
Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,
We 'll serve him too, and be his fellow so :
Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;
They break their faith to God as well as us :
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Sal.

Glad am I that your highness is so armed
To bear the tidings of calamity.
But—all goes worse than I have power to tell.

King Richard.

Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Sal.

Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

King Richard.

O, villains, vipers, damned without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warmed, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Sal.

My lord,
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands.

King Richard.

Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Sal.

Yea, all of them, my liege.

Aum.

Where is the duke, my father, with his power?

King Richard.

No matter where: of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
 Save our deposèd bodies to the ground ?
 Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :
 How some have been deposed ; some slain in war ;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed ;
 Some poisoned by their wives ; some sleeping killed ;
 All murdered : for within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable, and humoured thus,
 Comes at the last and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king !
 Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence : throw away respect,
 Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends : subjected thus,
 How can you say to me, I am a king ?

Bishop of Carlisle.

My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.

Aum.

My father hath a power ; inquire of him,
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

King Richard.

Thou chid'st me well: proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.
Where lies our uncle with his power?

Sal.

I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your uncle York hath joined with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

King Richard.

Thou hast said enough.

[*To Aumerle.*

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none: let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum.

My liege, one word.

King Richard.

He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*March: exeunt omnes; and while they are going out —*

CURTAIN.

Act Third.

Scene First. { FLINT CASTLE. FULL STAGE. STEPS L. H.
BOLINGBROKE'S PARTY DISCOVERED.

[Enter Bolingbroke, Northumberland, Ross and
other lords R. 3. E.

North.

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

Bolingbroke.

Of much less value is my company
Than your good words.
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.

Ross.

Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord,
And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Bolingbroke.

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But, who comes here?

My noble uncle!

[Enter York and gentlemen L. 1. E.
[Bolingbroke kneels.

York.

Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Bolingbroke.

My gracious uncle—

York.

Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word " grace "
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banished and forbidden feet
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground,
In gross rebellion and detested treason ?
Thou art a banished man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Bolingbroke.

As I was banished, I was banished Hereford ;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemned
A wandering vagabond ; my rights and royalties
Plucked from my arms perforce and given away
To upstart unthrifs ? Wherefore was I born ?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin ;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave :
My father's goods are all distrained and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employed.
What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
And challenge law : attorneys are denied me ;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North.

The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross.

It stands your grace upon to do him right;
Base men by his endowments are made great

York.

My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs
And laboured all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North.

The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

Bolingbroke.

King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone;

[*Points to Flint Castle.*

And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

Noble lord,

[*To Northumberland.*

Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle,
And thus deliver:

Harry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart

To his most royal person: hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,

Provided that my banishment repealed

And lands restored again be freely granted:

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood

Rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
 Go, signify as much, while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[Exeunt all but Northumberland and a herald. A parley sounded. Then a long flourish. Enter Richard and lords, from Castle.]

King Richard. [To Northumberland.]

We are amazed ; and thus long have we stood
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
 If we be not, show us the hand of God
 That hath dismissed us from our stewardship ;
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
 And we are barren and bereft of friends ;
 Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
 Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
 Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke — for yond' methinks, he is —
 That every stride he makes upon my land
 Is dangerous treason : he is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war ;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation and bedew
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North.

The King of heaven forbid our lord the king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rushed upon ! Thy thrice noble cousin
 Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones,
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 His coming hither hath no further scope
 Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbèd steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

King Richard.

Northumberland, say thus the king returns :
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplished without contradiction :
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.

[*Exit Northumberland R. U. E.*

[*To Aumerle.*

We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
 To look so poorly and to speak so fair ?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum.

No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words
 Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.

King Richard.

O God, O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On yon proud man, should take it off again

With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum.

Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

King Richard.

What must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king?—o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints
And my large kingdom for a little grave:
A little, little grave—an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?

[*Enter Northumberland.*

Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says *King* Bolingbroke? will his *majesty*
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?

North.

My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come down?

King Richard.

Down, down I come, like glistering Phæton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*The King descends. Exit Northumberland.*

In the base court? *base* court, where kings grow base,
 To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
 In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down
 king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.
[Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, York, North-
umberland and forces.

Bolingbroke.

[Kneeling.

My gracious lord—

King Richard.

Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
 Me rather had my heart might feel your love
 Than my displeased eye see your courtesy.
 Up, cousin, up: Your heart is up, I know,
 Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
[Touching his own head.

Bolingbroke.

My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

King Richard.

Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bolingbroke. *[Rising.*

So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
 As my true service shall deserve your love.

King Richard.

Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,
 That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
[To York.

Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
 Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
[To Bolingbroke.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
 Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—cousin, is it so?

Bolingbroke.

Yea, my good lord.

King Richard.

Then must I not say no.

[*Exeunt. March, p.*

SLOW CURTAIN.

Cas.

She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago.

Well, happiness be theirs! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas.

Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago.

O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas.

I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified, too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago.

What, man! 't is a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas.

I'll do 't; but it dislikes me.

[*Exit.*

Iago.

If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,
Roderigo,

Whom love has turned almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble, swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,

The very elements of this warlike isle,—
 Have I to-night flustered with flowing cups,
 And they watch, too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
 drunkards, *[Laughter within.]*
 Am I to put our Cassio in some action
 That may offend the isle:— *[Laughter within.]*
 But here they come:
 If consequence do but approve my dream,
 My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

[Re-enter Cassio; with him Montano and Gentlemen.]

Cas.

'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon.

Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago.

Some wine, ho!

[Enter Servant, with wine.]
[Iago sings.]

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
 And let me the canakin clink:
 A soldier's a man;
 A life's but a span;
 Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas.

'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago.

I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas.

Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago.

Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk ;
he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your
Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas.

To the health of our general !

[Iago empties his own glass on the ground.]

Mon.

I am for it, lieutenant ; and I'll do you justice.

Iago.

O, sweet England !

[Singing.]

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.

Some wine, ho !

Cas.

Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago.

Will you hear 't again ?

Cas.

No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that
does those things. Well,—heaven's above all ; and there
be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be
saved.

Iago.

It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas.

For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any
man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago.

And so do I, too, lieutenant.

Cas.

Ay, but by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this ; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins !—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my ancient ;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand :—I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All.

Excellent well.

Cas.

Why, very well, then ; you must not think, then, that I am drunk.

[Exit Cassio. All except Iago and Montano laugh and follow Cassio.]

Iago.

You see this fellow that is gone before ;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction : and do but see his vice.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon.

But is he often thus ?

Iago.

'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep :

Mon.

It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not ; or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

[*Noise within.—Enter Roderigo R. I. E.*

Iago. [Aside to him.

How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant, go.

[*Exit Roderigo.*

Mon.

And 't is great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so
To the Moor.

Iago.

Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil.—But, hark! what noise?

[*Cry within, by Roderigo,*

Rod.

Help! help!

[*The scene is darkened.*

[*Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.*

Cas.

You rogue! you rascal!

Mon.

What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas.

A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod.

Beat me!

Cas.

Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mon.[*Staying him.*

Nay, good lieutenant ;
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas.

Let me go, sir,
Or I 'll knock you o'er the mazard.

Mon.

Come, come, you 're drunk.

Cas.

Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago.[*Aside to Roderigo.*

Away, I say ;
Go out and cry a mutiny !

[*Exeunt Roderigo and Iago R. They then shout, outside :*

Rod. and Iago.

Mutiny! Mutiny!

[*Then Iago immediately returns.**Iago.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas! gentlemen ;—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir ;—
Help, masters!—Here 's a goodly watch, indeed!

[*Bell rings.*

Who 's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: heaven's will, lieutenant, hold!
You will be shamed for ever.

[*Enter Othello and Attendants, from castle, and also the populace, at back. Gentlemen also re-enter L.*

Oth. [*Bell continues to ring.*

What is the matter here?
Hold, for your lives!
Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?
 For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :
 He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
 Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.—
 Silence that dreadful bell ! it frights the isle
 From her propriety. *[Exit an officer R.*
 Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
 Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.
[Bell stops ringing.]

Iago.

I do not know :—friends all but now, even now,
 In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
 Divesting them for bed ; and then but now
 (As if some planet had unwitted men),
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
 Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
 And would in action glorious I had lost
 These legs that brought me to a part of it !

Oth.

[To Cassio.]

How comes it, Michael, *you* are thus forgot ?

Cas.

I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

Oth.

Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;
 The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted, and your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure ; what's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion for the name
 Of a night brawler ? give me answer to it.

Mon.

Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger :
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—

While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know : nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night ;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth.

Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way :—if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on ;
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety !
'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began it ?

Mon.

If partially affined or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago.

Touch me not so near :
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help ;
And Cassio following him with determined sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause :
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,

Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
 The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose; and I returned, the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back
 (For this was brief), I found them close together,
 At blow and thrust; even as again they were
 When you yourself did part them.
 More of this matter can I not report:—
 But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
 Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth.

I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio.—
 Cassio, I love thee;
 But never more be officer of mine.—

[*To Montano.*

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:
 Lead him off.

[*Montano is led off*

Iago, look with care about the town,
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—

Michael, I'll make thee an example.

[*To Cassio.*

[*Exeunt all except Iago and Cassio.*

Iago.

What! are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas.

Ay, past all surgery.

Iago.

Marry, Heaven forbid!

Cas.

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago.

As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas.

I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago.

What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas.

I know not.

Iago.

Is't possible?

Cas.

I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!

Iago.

Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas.

It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath : one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago.

I could heartily wish this had not befallen ; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas.

I will ask him for my place again,—he shall tell me I am a drunkard ! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast ! O, strange ! — Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago.

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used : exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas.

I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk !

Iago.

You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general : confess yourself freely to her ; importune her ; she'll help to put you in your place again : she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested.

Cas.

You advise me well.

Iago.

I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas.

I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago.

You are in the right. Good-night, lieutenant.

Cas.

Good-night, honest Iago.

[*Exit L.*

Iago.

And what's he, then, that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,

Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course

To win the Moor again?

How am I, then, a villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,

Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!

When devils will the blackest sins put on,

They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,

As I do now: for while this honest fool

Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,

And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,

I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—

That she repeals him for her wantonness;

And by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moor.

So will I turn her virtue into pitch;

And out of her own goodness make the net

That shall enmesh them all.

[*The scene gradually grows lighter.—Enter Roderigo.*

How now, Roderigo!

Rod.

I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago.

How poor are they that have not patience !
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft ;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashiered Cassio :
Content thyself awhile.— By the mass, 't is morning ;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :
Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :
Nay, get thee gone.

[Exit Roderigo.]

Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;
I'll set her on ;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—ay, that's the way ;
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[Exit.]

CURTAIN.



Act Third.

Scene First. { BEFORE THE CASTLE, AS IN ACT SECOND.
DESDEMONA, SEATED, AND CASSIO AND
EMILIA DISCOVERED.

Des.

Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil.

Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des.

O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas.

Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

Des.

I know't,—I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assured
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas.

Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des.

Do not doubt that ; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place : assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience ;
I'll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio's suit : therefore be merry, Cassio ;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Emil.

Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas.

Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des.

Why, stay and hear me speak.

Cas.

Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des.

Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit Cassio* L. *Enter Othello and Iago, at back.*

Iago.

Ha ! I like not that.

Oth.

What dost thou say ?

Iago.

Nothing, my lord : or if — I know not what.

Oth.

Was not that Cassio parted from my wife ?

Iago.

Cassio, my lord ! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like, \
Seeing you coming.

Oth.

I do believe 't was he. [*Exeunt Iago and Emilia.*]

Des.

How now, my lord !
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth.

Who is 't you mean ?

Des.

Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take ;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face :
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth.

Went he hence now ?

Des.

Ay, sooth ; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth.

Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

Des.

But shall 't be shortly ?

Oth.

The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des.

Shall 't be to-night at supper ?

Oth.

No, not to-night.

Des.

To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth.

I shall not dine at home ;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des.

Why, then, to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn ;
On Tuesday noon, or night ; on Wednesday morn :—
I pr'ythee, name the time ; but let it not
Exceed three days : in faith, he's penitent ;
When shall he come ?
Tell me, Othello : I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you ; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do
To bring him in. Trust me, I could do much —

Oth.

Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he will ;
I will deny thee nothing. [*Re-enter Iago and Emilia.*]
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des.

Shall I deny you ? no : farewell, my lord.

Oth.

Farewell, my Desdemona : I'll come to thee straight.

Des.

Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you.
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Oth.

Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again. [Sits.]

Iago.

My noble lord ——

Oth.

What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago.

Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,
Know of your love ?

Oth.

He did, from first to last : why dost thou ask ?

Iago.

But for a satisfaction of my thought ;
No further harm.

Oth.

Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Iago.

I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth.

O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

Iago.

Indeed !

Oth.

Indeed ! ay, indeed :—discern'st thou aught in that ?
Is he not honest ?

Iago.

Honest, my lord !

Oth.

Honest ! ay, honest.

Iago.

My lord, for aught I know.

Oth.

What dost thou think ?

Iago.

Think, my lord !

Oth.

Think, my lord !

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:
[*Rises.*]

I heard thee say but now,—thou lik'dst not that,

When Cassio left my wife : what didst not like ?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst “ Indeed ! ”

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit : if thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

Iago.

My lord, you know I love you.

Oth.

I think thou dost ;

And,—for I know, thou 'rt full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—

Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more :

For such things in a false, disloyal knave

Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that's just

They're close delations, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago.

For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth.

I think so, too.

Iago.

Men should be what they seem ;

Or, those that be not, would they might seem none !

Oth.

Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago.

Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth.

Nay, yet there's more in this :
I pr'ythee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago.

Good my lord, pardon me :
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ?

Oth.

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago.

I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
[As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and of my jealousy
Shape faults that are not], that your wisdom
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice ; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth.

What dost thou mean ?

Iago.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 't is something, nothing ;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth.

By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago.

You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

Oth.

Ha !

Iago.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on :
He lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But O ! what damnèd minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth.

O, misery !

[*Spoken without reference to himself.*

Iago.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough ;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—
Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

[*A pause.*

[*Spoken slowly, and with significance. Othello now, for the first time, begins to be conscious of a doubt—which, however, he immediately shakes off, and he turns to Iago with a clear front.*

Oth.

Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved.

'T is not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy!

Iago.

I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth.

Dost thou say so?

Iago.

She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

Oth.

And so she did.

Iago.

Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up close as oak,—
He thought 't was witchcraft :—but I am much to blame ;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth.

I am bound to thee forever.

Iago.

I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

Oth.

Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago.

Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love;—but I do see you're moved:—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth.

I will not.

Iago.

Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you're moved.

Oth.

No, not much moved:—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago.

Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

Oth.

And yet, how nature erring from itself ——

Iago.

Ay, there's the point:—as,—to be bold with you,—
 Not to affect many proposèd matches
 Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
 Whereto we see in all things nature tends,—
 Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural:—
 But pardon me: I do not in position
 Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear
 Her will recoiling to her better judgment,
 May fall to match you with her country forms,
 And happily repent.

Oth.

Farewell, farewell:
 If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
 Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.

*[Falls on seat.**Iago.*

My lord, I take my leave.

*[Exit Iago L.**Oth.*

Why did I marry?—This honest creature doubtless
 Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*[Re-enter Iago L.**Iago.*

My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
 To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
 Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,—
 For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—
 Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
 You shall by that perceive him and his means:
 Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
 With any strong or vehement importunity;
 Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—
 As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth.

Fear not my government.

Iago.

I once more take my leave.

[*Exit* L. I. E.]

Oth.

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learnèd spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declined
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abused; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O, curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Desdemona comes:
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

[*Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia from the Castle.*
Emilia retires a little way, during the ensuing
dialogue, and then advances—when Othello
and Desdemona go out.

Des.

How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth.

I am to blame.

Des.

Why is your speech so faint?
Are you not well?

Oth.

I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des.

Faith, that's with watching ; 't will away again :
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth.

Your napkin is too little ;
Let it alone.

[*He puts the handkerchief from him and she drops it.*
Come, I'll go in with you.

Des.

I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona, into Castle.—*
Emilia by chance sees the handkerchief and
picks it up.

Emil.

I am glad I have found this napkin :
This was her first remembrance from the Moor :
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woody me to steal it ; but she so loves the token,—
For he conjured her she should ever keep it,—
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago :
What he will do with it heaven knows, not I ;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

[*Re-enter Iago L.*

Iago.

How now ! what do you here alone ?

Emil.

Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

Iago.

It is a common thing——

Emil.

Ha!

Iago.

To have a foolish wife.

Emil.

O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago.

What handkerchief?

Emil.

What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago.

Hast stolen it from her?

Emil.

No—but she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago.

A good wench; give it me.

Emil.

What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. [Snatching it.]

Why, what's that to you?

Emil.

If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again: poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago.

Be not acknown on't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me.

[Exit Emilia into Castle.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
 And let him find it. Trifles light as air
 Are to the jealous confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
 The Moor already changes with my poison:—
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
 But, with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
 Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

[*Re-enter Othello.*

Oth.

Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago.

Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth.

Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
 I swear 't is better to be much abused
 Than but to know 't a little.

Iago.

How now, my lord!

Oth.

What sense had I of her stolen hours?
 I saw 't not, thought it not, it harmed not me:
 He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know 't, and he's not robbed at all.

Iago.

I am sorry to hear this.

Oth.

O, now, for ever
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewell the plum'd troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

[Falls on seat. Iago kneels to him.]

Iago.

Is't possible, my lord?

Oth.

Villain, be sure thou prove my love a bawd,—
 Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[Seizing him by the throat.]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
 Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago.

Is 't come to this?

Oth.

Make me to see 't, or, at the least, so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
 To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life.

Iago.

My noble lord ——

Oth.

If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate;
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add
 Greater than that.

Iago.

O, grace, O, heaven, defend me!
 Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?

God be wi' you; take mine office.—O, wretched fool,
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
 O, monstrous world! Take note, take note, O! world,
 To be direct and honest is not safe.—
 I thank you for this profit; and from hence
 I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth.

Nay, stay;—thou shouldst be honest.

Iago.

I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
 And loses that it works for.

Oth.

By the world,
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
 I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
 As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago.

I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
 I do repent me that I put it to you.
 You would be satisfied?

Oth.

Would! nay, I will.

Iago.

And may: but, how?
 If imputation and strong circumstances,—
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have't.

Oth.

Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago.

I do not like the office :

But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,—

Pricked to 't by foolish honesty and love,—

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs :

One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet Desdemona,

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves ;"

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,

Cry, "O, sweet creature!"—and then,

"Cursèd fate that gave thee to the Moor!"

Oth.

O, monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago.

Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth.

But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

Iago.

'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream ;

And this may help to thicken other proofs

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth.

I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago.

Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done ;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,

Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

Oth.

I gave her such a one : 't was my first gift.

Iago.

I know not that; but such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth.

If it be that —

Iago.

If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth.

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,—
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 't is true.— Look here, Iago!
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven;
'T is gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O! love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues!

Iago.

Pray, be content.

Oth.

O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago.

Patience, I say; your mind may change.

Oth.

Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—
Now, by yond' marble heaven,

[Kneels.

In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago. [Kneels.

Do not rise yet.—

Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,—
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wronged Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

Oth.

I greet thy love, [Rises.
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio 's not alive.

Iago. [Rises.

My friend is dead ; 't is done at your request.
But let her live.

Oth.

Damn her !—lewd minx ! damn her ! damn her !
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago.

I am your own for ever.

CURTAIN.



Act Fourth.

Scene First.—THE SAME AS IN ACTS SECOND AND THIRD.

[*Enter Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Des.

Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil.

I know not, madam.

Des.

Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes : and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil.

Is he not jealous?

Des.

Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil.

Look, where he comes.

Des.

I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be called to him.

[*Enter Othello.—Exit Emilia.*]

How is 't with you, my lord?

Oth.

Well, my good lady.—
O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

[*Aside.*]

Des.

Well, my good lord.

Oth.

Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

Des.

It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth.

This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:—
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout.
'T is a good hand, a frank one.

Des.

You may, indeed, say so;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth.

A liberal hand; the hearts of old gave hands.
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des.

I cannot speak of this. Come, now, your promise.

Oth.

What promise, chuck?

Des.

I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth.

I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des.

Here, my lord.

Oth.

That which I gave you.

Des.

I have it not about me.

Oth.

Not ?

Des.

No, indeed, my lord.

Oth.

That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,

'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathèd, and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't;

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose or give 't away were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

Des.

Is 't possible ?

Oth.

'T is true: there's magic in the web of it:

A sibyl, that had numbered in the world

The sun to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sewed the work;

The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk;

And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful

Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des.

Indeed! is 't true ?

Oth.

Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Des.

Then would to heaven that I had never seen it!

Oth.

Ha! wherefore?

Des.

Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth.

Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

Des.

Heaven bless us!

Oth.

Say you?

Des.

It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth.

How!

Des.

I say, it is not lost.

Oth.

Fetch 't, let me see 't.

Des.

Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

Oth.

Fetch me the handkerchief:

My mind misgives.

*[Aside.**Des.*

Come, come;

You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth.

The handkerchief!

Des.

I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth.

The handkerchief!

Des.

A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shared dangers with you ——

Oth.

The handkerchief!

Des.

In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth.

Away!

[*Exit Othello* L.— *Re-enter Emilia.*

Emil.

Is not this man jealous?

Des.

I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

[*Sits.*

Emil.

'T is not a year or two shows us a man:

Look you—Cassio and my husband!

[*Enter Cassio and Iago, at back.*

Iago.

There is no other way; 't is she must do 't:

And, lo, the happiness! go, and impòrtune her.

Des.

How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

Cas.

Madam, my former suit.

[*Advances R.*

Des.

Alas! thrice gentle Cassio!
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, altered.
You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago.

Is my lord angry?

Emil.

He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago.

Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puffed his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him.

Des.

I pr'ythee do so.

Iago.

There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

[*Exit Iago* L.]

Des.

Something, sure, of state
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.
Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.
I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout—
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas.

I humbly thank your ladyship. [*Exit Cassio R.*]

Emil.

Pray Heaven it be state matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des.

Alas! the day, I never gave him cause!

Emil.

But jealous souls will not be answered so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 't is a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des.

Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind! [*Kneels.*]

Emil.

Lady, Amen! [*Scene changes.*]

Scene Second.—A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

[*Enter Othello and Emilia.*]

Oth.

You have seen nothing, then?

Emil.

Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth.

Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

Emil.

But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth.

What ! did they never whisper ?

Emil.

Never, my lord.

Oth.

Nor send you out o' the way ?

Emil.

Never.

Oth.

To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing ?

Emil.

Never, my lord.

Oth.

That 's strange.

Emil.

I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,
Remove your thought,—it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
For, if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth.

Bid her come hither :—go. [*Exit Emilia* R.]
She says enough ;—yet she's a simple one
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle jade,
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets ;
And yet she 'll kneel and pray ; I have seen her do 't.
[*Enter Desdemona and Emilia* R.]

Des.

My lord, what is your will ?

Oth.

Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des.

What is your pleasure ?

Oth.

Let me see your eyes ;
Look in my face.

Des.

What horrible fancy 's this ?

Oth. [*To Emilia.*

Some of your function, mistress ; shut the door ;
Cough, or cry hem, if anybody come :
Your mystery, your mystery ;— nay, despatch.

[*Exit Emilia R.*

Des.

Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth.

Why, what art thou ?

Des.

Your wife, my lord ; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth.

Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee : swear thou art honest.

Des.

Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth.

Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des.

To whom, my lord ? with whom ? how am I false ?

Oth.

O, Desdemona ! — away ! away ! away !

Des.

Alas, the heavy day ! — Why do you weep ?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord ?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me : if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him, too.

Oth.

Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction ; had he rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head ;
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips ;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience : but, alas ! to make me
A fixèd figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at ! —
Yet could I bear that, too ; well, very well :
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in ! — turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim, —
Ay, there, look grim as hell !

Des.

I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth.

O, ay ! as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O, thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee,—would thou hadst ne'er
been born.

Des.

Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth.

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write bawd upon? What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The wanton wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it.—What committed?—
Impudent wanton!

Des.

By Heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth.

Are not you a drab?

Des.

No, as I am a Christian.

Oth.

What!

Des.

No, as I shall be saved.

Oth.

I cry you mercy, then:

I took you for that cunning trash of Venice

That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

[Addressed to Emilia at side, off.]

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

And keep the gate of hell!

[Desdemona sinks to the floor.]

[Re-enter Emilia R. I. E.]

You, you, ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your pains:

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[Exit R. I. E.]

Emil.

Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord?

Des.

With whom?

Emil.

Why, with my lord, madam.

Des.

Who is thy lord?

Emil.

He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des.

I have none; do not talk to me, Emilia;
Pr'ythee, call thy husband hither.

Emil.

Here 's a change indeed!

[*Exit Emilia* L. I. E.]

Des.

'T is meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

[*Re-enter Emilia with Iago* L. I. E.]

Iago.

What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?
What 's the matter, lady?

Emil.

Alas! Iago, my lord hath so abused her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des.

Am I that name, Iago?

Iago.

What name, fair lady ?

Des.

Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil.

A beggar in his drink could not have laid
Such terms upon his callat.

Iago.

Why did he so ?

Des.

I do not know ; I am sure I am none such.

Iago.

Do not weep, do not weep :—alas, the day !

Emil.

Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be so called ? would it not make one weep ?

Iago.

Beshrew him for 't !
How comes this trick upon him ?

Des.

Nay, Heaven doth know.

Emil.

I will be hanged, if some eternal villain,

[*This is spoken without intended reference to Iago.*

Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander ; I 'll be hanged, else.

Iago.

Fie, there is no such man ; it is impossible.

Des.

If any such there be, Heaven pardon him !

Emil.

A halter pardon him ! Who keeps her company ?
What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?
The Moor 's abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow :—
O Heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world !

Iago.

Speak within door.

Emil.

O, fie upon them ! Some such squire he was
That turned your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago.

You are a fool ; go to.

Des.

O, good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :— [*Kneels.*
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed ;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

Iago.

I pray you, be content ; 't is but his humour :
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des.

If 't were no other——

Iago.

'T is but so, I warrant.

Weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exit Iago L.*

[*This scene sometimes ends here, with—Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia R. and Iago L.,—and then the change is made to dark street for Iago and Roderigo. Otherwise the scene continues as follows:*

Des.

Good Father! how foolish are our minds!—

Emilia—lay on my bed, to-night, my wedding sheets.—

If I do die before thee, prithee shroud me

In one of them.

Emil.

[*Soothingly.*

Come, come, you talk.

Des.

My mother had a maid called Barbara;
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,
An old thing 't was, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind. I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.

[*Sings.*

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow!

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow!

The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her moans,

Sing willow, willow, willow!

Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones,

Sing willow, willow, willow!

Sing all a green willow must be my garland!

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve——

Nay, that 's not next.—Hark! who is 't that knocks?

Emil.

It 's the wind.

Des.

[*Singing again.*

I called my love, false love ; — but what said he then ?
Sing all a green willow !
Sing willow, willow —

[*Desdemona falters in her song, breaks down completely, and bursts into a flood of tears ; then, presently, in imploring accents, she speaks :*

Heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend !

[*Desdemona is supported and led off by Emilia.—
The scene changes.*

Scene Third.—A DARK STREET. IAGO'S HOUSE, R. U. E.

[*Enter Iago from his house. Enter Roderigo, meeting Iago.*

Iago.

How now, Roderigo !

Rod.

I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago.

What in the contrary ?

Rod.

Every day thou daff'st me with some device, Iago ; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it ; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago.

Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod.

'Faith, I have heard too much ; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago.

You charge me most unjustly.

Rod.

With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist : you have told me she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance ; but I find none.

Iago.

Well ; go to ; very well.

Rod.

Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man ; nor 't is not very well : by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago.

Very well.

Rod.

I tell you 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona : if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago.

You have said now.

Rod.

Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago.

Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod.

It hath not appeared.

Iago.

I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following win not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod.

Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago.

Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod.

Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago.

O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod.

How do you mean removing of him?

Iago.

Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place,—
knocking out his brains.

Rod.

And that you would have me to do ?

Iago.

Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He
sup's to-night with his mistress, and this way he will come :
—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. You may
take him at your pleasure : I will be near to second your
attempt, and he shall fall between us.

Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight will he come ;
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod.

Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago.

Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy stand.

[Retires to a little distance ; then into his house.]

Rod.

I have no great devotion to the deed ;
And yet :—

'T is but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.

[Goes to his stand.]

Iago. *[Appearing at door.]*

Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain : live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I fobbed from him,
As gifts to Desdemona ;
It must not be : if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril :
No, he must die :—I hear him coming.

[*Enter Cassio c.*

Rod.

I know his gait ; 't is he.—Villain, thou diest !

[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at Cassio.*

Cas.

That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou knowest :
I will make proof of thine.

[*They fight, and Cassio wounds Roderigo.*

Rod.

[*Falls.*

O, I am slain !

[*Iago starts from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and rushes out.*

Cas.

I am maimed for ever.—Help, ho ! murder ! murder !

[*Falls.*

What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ? murder ! murder !

Rod.

O, wretched villain !

Nobody come ? then shall I bleed to death.

[*Re-enter Iago, half dressed, and with a light.*

Iago.

What are you here that cry so grievously ?

Cas.

Iago ? O, I am spoiled, undone by villains !
Give me some help.

Iago.

O, me, lieutenant ! what villains have done this ?

Cas.

I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Rod.

O, help me here!

Cas.

That 's one of them.

Iago.

O, murderous slave! O, villain!

[Stabs Roderigo.—Cassio takes Desdemona's handkerchief—the gift of Othello—from his pocket, and binds his leg.]

Rod.

O, damned Iago! O, inhuman dog! *[Faints.]*

Iago.

Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!—

[As he is about to stab Cassio, he sees Lodovico and Gratiano approaching.]

Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod.

As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago.

Signior Lodovico?

Lod.

He, sir.

Iago.

I cry you mercy.—Here 's Cassio hurt by villains.

Grat.

Cassio!

Iago. [*To Cassio.*
How is 't, brother?

Cas.
My leg is cut in two.

Iago.
Marry, Heaven forbid!—
Know we this face or no? [*Looking closely upon Roderigo.*
Alas! my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo? no: — yes, sure; O, heaven! Roderigo.
[*Emilia at window.*

Emil.
Alas! what 's the matter? what 's the matter, husband?

Iago.
Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped;
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil.
Alas! good gentleman; alas! good Cassio!

Iago.
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happened.—
Will you go on, I pray? [*To the others.*
[*Exeunt all but Iago.*

This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

CURTAIN.



Act Fifth.

Scene First.

A BEDCHAMBER IN THE CASTLE. RAISED BED L., OPPOSITE TO LARGE WINDOW R. MOONLIGHT STREAMS THROUGH WINDOW AND FALLS UPON BED. DOOR C. OTTOMAN C. A LIGHT BURNING ON TABLE. DESDEMONA IN BED, ASLEEP, DISCOVERED. OTHELLO ALSO DISCOVERED.

Oth.

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[*Kissing Desdemona.*

O, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—one more, and that's the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

Des.

Who 's there ? Othello ?

Oth.

Ay, Desdemona.

Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona ?

Des.

Ay, my lord.

Oth.

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des.

Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

Oth.

Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;
No,— Heaven fend !— I would not kill thy soul.

Des.

Talk you of killing ?

Oth.

Ay, I do.

Des.

Then Heaven have mercy on me !

Oth.

Amen, with all my heart !

Des.

If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth.

H'm !

Des.

And yet I fear you : for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so : why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet I feel I fear.

Oth.

Think on thy sins.

Des.

They are loves I bear to you.

Oth.

Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des.

That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.—
Alas ! why gnaw you so your nether lip ?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.

Oth.

Peace and be still !

Des.

I will so. What 's the matter ?

Oth.

That handkerchief which I so loved, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des.

No, by my life and soul !
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth.

Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury ; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des.

Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth.

Yes, presently :
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin :

For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des.

Then Lord have mercy on me!

Oth.

I say, Amen!

Des.

And have you mercy, too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of Heaven
As I might love; I never gave him token.

Oth.

By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O, perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des.

He found it then;
I never gave it him:—send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth.

His mouth is stopped;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Des.

O, my fear interprets!—what! is he dead?

Oth.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des.

Alas! he is betrayed, and I undone!

Oth.

Out, wanton ! weep'st thou for him to my face ?

Des.

O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not !

Oth.

Down, wanton !

Des.

Kill me to-morrow ; let me live to-night !

Oth.

Nay, if you strive ——

Des.

But half an hour !

Oth.

Being done, there is no pause.

Des.

But while I say one prayer !

Oth.

It is too late.

[*Smothers her.*—*Long pause.*

[*Knocking is heard at door. This to be made by Emilia.*

What noise is this ? — Not dead ? not yet quite dead ?

I that am cruel am yet merciful ;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain : —

So, so.

[*Stabs Desdemona.*

[*Another pause.*—*More knocking.*

Emil.

(*Within.*

What, ho ! my lord ! my lord !

Oth.

Who 's there ?

Emil.[*Within.*]

O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

Oth.

Yes:—'t is Emilia:—by and by.—She 's dead.—
 'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
 The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
 Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? were 't good?—
 I think she stirs again:—no.—What 's best to do?
 If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife:
 My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife.
 O, insupportable! O, heavy hour!
 Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration.

[*Knocking.*]*Emil.*[*Within.*]

I do beseech you
 That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth.

I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
 Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—

[*Draws curtains of bed:—then opens the door.*]

Where art thou?

[*Enter Emilia c., with a light.*]

What 's the matter with thee now?

Emil.

O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murder done.

Oth.

What, now?

Emil.

But now, my lord.

Oth.

It is the very error of the moon;
 She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
 And makes men mad.

Emil.

Cassio, my lord, has killed a young Venetian
Called Roderigo.

Oth.

Roderigo killed !
And Cassio killed !

Emil.

No, Cassio is not killed.

Oth.

Not Cassio killed ! then murder 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des.

O, falsely, falsely murdered !

Emil.

Alas ! what cry is that ?

Oth.

That ! what ?

Emil.

Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice.—

[Rushes to Desdemona.]

Help ! help ! ho ! help ! — O, lady, speak again !
Sweet Desdemona ! O, sweet mistress, speak !

Des.

A guiltless death I die.

Emil.

O, who hath done this deed ?

Des.

Nobody ; I myself. Farewell :
Commend me to my kind lord : O, farewell !

[Dies.]

Oth.

Why, how should she be murdered ?

Emil.

Alas ! who knows ?

Oth.

You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil.

She said so : I must needs report the truth.

Oth.

She 's, like a liar, gone to burning hell :
'T was I that killed her.

Emil.

O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil !

Oth.

She turned to folly, and she was a drab.

Emil.

Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil !

Oth.

She was false as water.

Emil.

Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false : O, she was heavenly true !

Oth.

O, I were damned beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil.

My husband ?

Oth.

Thy husband.

Emil.

That she was false to wedlock ?

Oth.

Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
 If Heaven would make me such another world
 Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
 I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil.

My husband!

Oth.

What needs this iteration, woman?
 I say thy husband: dost understand the word?—
 My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil.

If he say so, may his pernicious soul
 Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
 She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth.

Ha!

Emil.

Do thy worst:
 This deed of thine is no more worthy Heaven
 Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth.

Peace! you were best.

Emil.

Thou hast not half the power to do me harm
 As I have to be hurt. O, gull! O, dolt!
 As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed——

[Othello offers at her with sword.]

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
 Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help! ho! help!

[Rushes out c., and re-enters, followed by Montano, Gratiano, and Iago, c., with attendants.]

The Moor has killed my mistress! Murder! murder!

All.

What is the matter?

Emil.

My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.
 O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
 That men must lay their murders on your neck.
 Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :
 He says thou toldst him that his wife was false :
 I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain :
 Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago.

I told him what I thought ; and told no more
 Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil.

But did you ever tell him she was false ?

Iago.

I did.

Emil.

You told a lie ; an odious, damnèd lie ;
 Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie : —
 She false with Cassio ! — did you say with Cassio ?

Iago.

With Cassio, mistress.
 What ! are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

Emil.

Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak :
 'T is proper I obey him, but not now.—
 Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. [At the bed.

O ! O ! O !

Emil.

Nay, lay thee down and roar ;
 For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent
 That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. [Rising.

O, she was false !

I scarce did know you, uncle :

[To Gratiano.

There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped:
I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Grat.

Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain.

Oth.

'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confessed it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognisance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil.

O, Heaven! O, heavenly powers!
That handkerchief thou speakest of
I found, by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,—
More than, indeed, belonged to such a trifle,—
He begged of me to steal it.

Iago.

Filth, thou liest!

Emil.

By Heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.—

Oth.

Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

[*Iago stabs Emilia.—Othello assaults Iago, and is disarmed by Montano.—Iago runs out c.—Emilia is supported by an attendant, who assists her to a couch in front of window.*]

*Mon.**[To Gratiano.*

Take you this weapon, *[Gives Othello's sword to Gratiano.*
 And guard the door without ; let him not pass,
 But kill him rather. I 'll after that same villain.

[Exeunt Montano and Gratiano c., with attendants.

Oth.

I am not valiant neither,
 But every puny whipster gets my sword :—
 But why should honour outlive honesty ?
 Let it go all.

Emil.

Moor, she was chaste ; she loved thee, cruel Moor ;
 So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;
 So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. *[Dies.*

Oth.

I have another weapon in this chamber ;
 It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper :—
 O, here it is : *[Takes a sword from recess near the bed.*
 Uncle, I must come forth.

*Grat.**[Within.*

If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear :
 Thou hast no weapon and perforce must suffer.

Oth.

Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
 Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*[Re-enter Gratiano.**Oth.*

Behold, I have a weapon ;
 A better never did itself sustain
 Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,
 That, with this little arm and this good sword,
 I have made my way through more impediments
 Than twenty times your stop :—but, O, vain boast !
 Who can control his fate ? 't is not so now.—
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed ;
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back dismayed ? 't is a lost fear ;
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
 And he retires :— where should Othello go ?—
 Now, how dost thou look now ? O, ill-starred wench !
 Pale as thy sheets ! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl !
 Even like thy chastity.—
 O, cursèd, cursèd slave !— Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight !
 Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !—
 O, Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ! O, O, O !

[*Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio, and Officers c.*
Cassio sits R.

Lod.

Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

Oth.

That 's he that was Othello ;—here I am.

Lod.

Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

[*Iago is brought in.*

Oth.

I look down towards his feet,—but that 's a fable.—
 If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Wounds Iago.*

Iago.

I bleed, sir ; but not killed.

Oth.

I am not sorry neither : I 'd have thee live ;
 For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

Lod.

O, thou Othello, that wert once so good,
 Fallen in the practice of a cursèd slave,
 What shall be said to thee ?

Oth.

Why, anything :
An honourable murderer, if you will ;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod.

This wretch hath part confessed his villainy :
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth.

Ay.

Cas.

Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth.

I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.—
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body ?

Iago.

Demand me nothing : what you know, you know :
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Oth.

[*After a pause.*]

Well, thou dost best.
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's ?

Cas.

I found it in my chamber :
And he himself confessed but even now
That there he dropped it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth.

O, fool ! fool ! fool !

Lod.

[*To Othello.*]

You must forsake this room, and go with us :
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—

If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his.

*[An officer removes Iago, from where he stands, to
the body of his wife, at the window.]*

You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.— Come, bring away.

Oth.

Soft you ; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it ;—
No more of that.— I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this ;
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog
And smote him—thus. *[Stabs himself.]*
O, Desdemona ! *[Dies.]*

*[Iago starts forward in wicked triumph. He is
seized by an officer, who forces him to his knee.]*

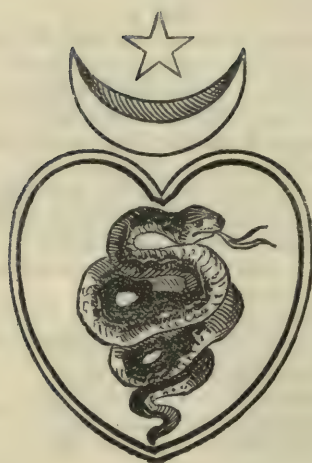
Lod.

O, bloody period !

Grat.

All that 's spoke is marred.

CURTAIN.



OTHELLO.

APPENDIX.

I.—THE ORIGINAL STORY OF OTHELLO.

“**W**HEN Shakespeare first became acquainted with the Moor of Venice of Giraldi Cinthio [whether in the original Italian, or the French translation, or in one of the little story-books that familiarized the people with the romance and the poetry of the South], he saw in that novel the scaffolding of ‘Othello.’ There was formerly in Venice a valiant Moor, says the story. It came to pass that a virtuous lady, of wonderful beauty, named Desdemona, became enamoured of his great qualities and noble virtues. The Moor loved her in return, and they were married—in spite of the opposition of the lady’s friends. It happened too, says the story, that the Senate of Venice appointed the Moor to the command of Cyprus, and that his wife determined to accompany him thither. Amongst the officers who attended upon the General was an ensign, of the most agreeable person but of the most depraved nature. The wife of this man was the friend of Desdemona, and they spent much time together. The wicked ensign became violently enamoured of Desdemona; but she, whose thoughts were wholly engrossed by the Moor, was utterly regardless of the ensign’s attentions. His love then became terrible hate, and he resolved to accuse Desdemona, to her husband, of infidelity, and to connect with the accusation a captain, of Cyprus. That officer, having struck a sentinel, was discharged from his command by the Moor; and Desdemona, interested in his favour, endeavoured to re-instate him in her husband’s good opinion. The Moor said, one day, to the ensign, that his wife was so importunate for the restoration of the officer that he must take him back. ‘If you would open your eyes, you would see plainer,’ said the ensign. The romance-writer continues to display the perfidious intrigues of the ensign against Desdemona. He steals a handkerchief which the Moor had given her—employing the agency of his own child. He contrives with the Moor to murder the captain, of Cyprus, after he

has made the credulous husband listen to a conversation to which he gives a false colour and direction ; and finally, the Moor and the guilty officer destroy Desdemona together, under circumstances of great brutality. The crime is, however, concealed, and the Moor is finally betrayed by his accomplice."

CHARLES KNIGHT.

"There is not," says Guizot, "a single detail in Shakespeare's tragedy which does not occur in Cinthio's novel." The student will find Cinthio's narrative in Payne-Collier's Shakespeare Library, Vol. ii. "The denouement alone," proceeds Guizot, "is different. In the novel, the Moor and the ensign together murder Desdemona during the night, pull down the ceiling on the bed in which she slept, and say she has been crushed by this accident. The true cause of her death long remains unknown. Ere long the Moor conceives a dislike to the ensign, and dismisses him from his army. Another adventure leads the ensign, on his return to Venice, to accuse the Moor of the murder of his wife. The Moor is recalled to Venice and put to the torture, but he denies the charge ; he is banished, and the relatives of Desdemona have him assassinated in his exile. A new crime leads to the arrest of the ensign, and he dies, racked with torture. 'The ensign's wife, who had been informed of the whole affair,' says Giraldi Cinthio, 'after his death, thus circumstantially related this story.'" Mr. Dunlap, in his "History of Fiction," concurrently adds: "In all important variations Shakespeare has improved on his original. In a few other particulars he has deviated from it, with less judgment. In most respects he has adhered with close imitation. The characters of Iago, Desdemona, and Cassio are taken from Cinthio, with scarcely a shade of difference. The obscure hints and various artifices of the villain, to raise suspicion in the Moor, are the same in the novel and the drama."

II.—THE POET'S TRANSFIGURATION OF THE STORY OF OTHELLO.

"The narrative of Giraldi Cinthio is complete. Situations, incidents, progressive development of the principal event, external and material construction of a pathetic and singular adventure—all these things are contained in it, ready for use ; and some of the conversations, even, are not wanting in a natural and touching simplicity. But the genius which supplies the actors to such a scene, which creates individuals, imparts to each his peculiar figure and character, and enables us to witness their actions, to hear their words, to anticipate their thoughts, and to enter

into their feelings ; that vivifying power which commands facts to rise, to go onward, to display themselves and to effect their accomplishment ; that creative breath, which, diffusing itself over the past, resuscitates it, and fills it, in some sort, with a present and imperishable vitality ; this is what Shakespeare alone possessed, and by means of this, from a forgotten novel, he made 'Othello.' All subsists, in fact, and yet all is changed. We no longer hear of a Moor, a lieutenant, an ensign, and a woman—the victim of jealousy and treason. We behold Othello, Cassio, Iago, and Desdemona, real and living beings, who resemble no other, who present themselves before the spectator—all entwined by the bonds of a common position, all carried away by the same event, yet each having personal nature and distinct physiognomy, and each co-operating to produce the general effect, by ideas, feelings, passions, and acts which are peculiar to each, and result, in each case, from specific individuality. It was not the fact, it was not the position, which struck the poet, and from which he sought to obtain all his means of awakening interest and emotion. The positions appeared to him to possess the conditions of a great dramatic scene ; the fact struck him as a suitable frame-work into which life might be appropriately introduced. Suddenly he gave birth to beings complete in themselves, animated and tragic, independently of every particular position and every determinate fact ; he brought them forth capable of feeling, and of displaying beneath our eyes, all that the special event in which they were about to take part could make human nature experience and produce ; and he launched them forth into this event, feeling very sure that, whatever circumstances might be furnished him by the narrative, he would find in them, as he had made them, a fruitful source of pathetic effects and of truth. Thus the poet creates, and such is poetical genius. Events, and even positions, are not what he deems most important, or what he takes delight in inventing ; his power aims at exercising itself otherwise than in searching after incidents of a more or less singular character, and adventures of a more or less touching nature ; it manifests itself by the creation of man himself ; and when it creates man, it creates him complete, armed at all points, as he should be, to suffice for all the vicissitudes of life, and to present the aspect of reality in every sense of the word."

GUIZOT.

III.—THE SCHEME AND SUBSTANCE OF OTHELLO.

"Coleridge has justly said that the agonized doubt which lays hold of the Moor is not the jealousy of a man of naturally jealous temper, and he contrasts Othello with Leontes, in 'The Winter's Tale,' and

Leonatus in 'Cymbeline.' A mean watchfulness or prying suspicion is the last thing that Othello could be guilty of. He is of a free and noble nature, naturally trustful, with a kind of grand innocence, retaining some of his barbaric simpleness of soul in midst of the subtle and astute politicians of Venice. He is great in simple, heroic action, but unversed in the complex affairs of life, and a stranger to the malignant deceits of the debased Italian character. Nothing is more chivalrous, more romantic, than the love of Othello and Desdemona. The beautiful Italian girl is fascinated by the regal strength and grandeur, and tender protectiveness of the Moor. He is charmed by the sweetness, the sympathy, the gentle disposition, the gracious womanliness of Desdemona. But neither quite rightly knows the other; there is none of that perfect equality and perfect knowledge between them which unites so flawlessly Brutus and Portia.

"Desdemona and Othello are parted on their voyage to Cyprus, and at meeting their happiness touches a height which is almost too rare and exquisite. From the moment of rapture and reunion to the moment when Othello slays himself by the body of his murdered wife, there is an unalleviated intensity of tragic pain. Othello cannot hate Desdemona; his misery is that he must love her, although he strives to hate, and must slay her, although he would die that she might be pure and live. There is no character in Shakespeare's plays so full of serpentine power and serpentine poison as Iago. The Iachimo, of 'Cymbeline,' is a faint sketch in water-colours of the absolute villain Iago. He is envious of Cassio, and suspects that the Moor may have wronged his honour; but his malignancy is out of all proportion to even its alleged motives. Cassio, notwithstanding his moral weakness, is a chivalrous nature, possessed by enthusiastic admiration of his great general and the beautiful lady who is his wife. But Iago can see neither human virtue nor greatness. All things to him are common and unclean, and he is content that they should be so. He is not the sly, sneaking, and too manifest villain of some of the actors of his part. He is 'Honest Iago,' and passes for a rough yet shrewd critic of life, who is himself frank and candid. To ensnare the nobly guileless Othello was, therefore, no impossible task. Shakespeare does not allow Iago to triumph; his end is wretched as his life had been. And Othello, restored to love through such tragic calamity, dies, once more reunited to his wife, and loyal, in spite of all his wrongs, to the city of his adoption. It is he who has sinned, and not she who was dearer to him than himself, and of his own wrongs and griefs he can make a sudden end."

EDWARD DOWDEN.

IV.—PLACE OF THE ACTION OF OTHELLO.

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
 A palace and a prison on each hand;
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land
 Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!"

LORD BYRON.

"O, beautiful, beneath the magic moon
 To walk the watery way of palaces!
 O, beautiful, o'er-vaulted with gemmed blue,
 This spacious court! with colour and with gold,
 With cupolas and pinnacles and points,
 And crosses multiplex, and tips and balls
 [Wherewith the bright stars unreprieving mix,
 Nor scorn by hasty eyes to be confused];
 Fantastically perfect this lone pile
 Of Oriental glory; these long ranges
 Of classic chiselling; this gay, flickering crowd,
 And the calm Campanile,—beautiful!
 O, beautiful!

"My mind is in her rest; my heart at home
 In all around; my soul secure in place,
 And the vext needle perfect to her poles.
 Aimless and hopeless in my life, I seemed
 To thread the winding by-ways of the town,
 Bewildered, baffled, hurried hence and thence,
 All at cross purpose ever with myself,
 Unknowing whence or whither. Then, at once,
 At a step, I crown the Campanile's top,
 And view all mapped below: Islands, lagoon,
 An hundred steeples, and a myriad roofs,
 The fruitful champaign, and the cloud-capt Alps,
 And the broad Adriatic!"

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

"The Republic of Venice became the virtual sovereign of Cyprus in 1471; when the State assumed the guardianship of Catharine Cornaro, who had married the illegitimate son of John III., of Lusignan, and, being left a widow, wanted the protection of the State, to maintain the power which her husband had usurped. The island was then first garrisoned by Venetian troops. Catharine, in 1489, abdicated the sovereignty in favour of the Republic. Cyprus was retained by the Venetians till 1570, when it was invaded by a powerful Turkish force, and was finally subjected to the dominion of Selim II., in 1571. From that period it has formed a part of the Turkish Empire. Leikosia, the island capital of the island, was taken by storm; and Famagusta, the principal sea-port, capitulated after a long and gallant defence. It is evident, therefore, that we must refer the action of 'Othello' to a period before the subjugation of Cyprus by the Turks. The locality of the scene after the First Act must be placed at Famagusta, which was strongly fortified—a fact which Shakespeare must have known: Othello, in the Second Scene of the Third Act, says; 'I will be walking on the works.'"

CHARLES KNIGHT.

"We learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first came sailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts, which happened when Mustapha, Solyman's General, attacked Cyprus, in May, 1570."

ISAAC REED.

The island of Cyprus is situated south of Asia Minor, in that portion of the Mediterranean called the Levant. It was anciently divided into many small kingdoms. It was originally possessed by the Phœnicians, from whom it passed to the Greeks, and subsequently to the Egyptians and Persians. After the victories of Alexander it declared for Macedon. It next became a portion of the Greco-Egyptian Kingdom of the Ptolemies; then of the Roman and Byzantine Empires. The Arabs conquered it, 648, A. D. In 1191 it was taken by Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who ceded it to the Templars. After several vicissitudes it came into the possession of the Venetians, from whom it was finally conquered by the Turks, in 1571. It is about 140 miles long, and about 60 miles broad. A bold and rugged mountain range runs through the whole length of the island,—attaining to an elevation of more than 7,000 feet above the sea. The soil is fertile. The land is beautified by fine forests of oak and other wood, and is rich in minerals. The chief towns of

Cyprus are Leikosia, Famagusta, Larnica, and Limassol. The population is about 135,000. Cyprus is now a possession of Great Britain—acquired [1878] by the wise, far-seeing, and brilliant diplomacy of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

V.—TIME OF THE ACTION OF OTHELLO.

The time occupied by the action of "Othello" is neither distinctly stated nor clearly indicated in the text and conduct of the tragedy. It can be only approximately ascertained. The incidents of Act First, as is perfectly obvious, are supposed to pass within one night. A sufficient time has then to be allowed for making the voyage from Venice to Cyprus. Venice is at the head of the Adriatic. Cyprus is in the Levant. The distance between them is about 1,200 miles. The expedition of Othello, we are told, was overtaken and retarded by a violent storm; so that the Moor, who had been the first to start, was the last to arrive. The trip must be considered to consume about fourteen days. When, at length, all the characters are arrived in Cyprus, the action proceeds with equal clearness and despatch. The incidents of Act Second—as the reader of it will instantly perceive—are supposed to pass within the night immediately succeeding the arrival of Othello. The dawn has already come when Iago and Roderigo separate. That very morning Cassio, who says—in a passage which is cut—that he has not been abed, comes to seek Desdemona, begging her intercession with her husband, that he may be re-instated in his place. A lapse of some time must here be supposed—since it would be monstrous to assume that Othello could be led to repudiate his wife on the very next day after their nuptial. A day comes, however, when the Moor at last changes with Iago's poison. That day, as may be gathered from Desdemona's supplicatory speech to Othello, in behalf of his disgraced lieutenant, is Sunday; and on that day occur the terrible scenes of the great Third Act. Othello, duped by the infernal speciousness of Iago's character, helped by something barbaric and blind in his own nature,—[for the schemes of his betrayer are, by themselves, absolutely preposterous and as transparent as glass],—then at once enjoins the slaughter of Cassio: "Within these three days let me hear thee say that Cassio's not alive!" The incidents of the Fourth and Fifth Acts, accordingly, can be viewed as occurring with great rapidity, and occupying but a brief time. Allowance, however, has to be made for another voyage from Venice to Cyprus,—that, namely, of Lodovico and Gratiano, who convey a mandate from the Senate, recalling Othello, and devolving his command on Cassio.

Allowance has also to be made for considerable shifting of the persons from scene to scene; for various deeds and colloquies; for the ripening of Iago's plots; and for the natural play of numerous and diversified emotions. Still, poetry has its license; and the tragedy of "Othello" is not a photograph. All things considered, though, it is, perhaps, best to suppose that affairs so momentous, and conduct and experience so fraught with agony, terror, and pathos, have "ample room and verge enough," and are not compressed into the narrow compass of a few hours.

W. W.

VI.—COSTUME FOR OTHELLO.

Venetian dresses, of the latter part of the Sixteenth Century, are the correct apparel for the persons in "Othello." A part—which is here set forth suggestively—will indicate the whole. *Othello*—*First dress*: A long gown of cashmere, wrought with gold and various colours. This is looped up to the hip, on the left side, with jewels. A Moorish burnoose, striped with purple and gold. Purple velvet shoes, embroidered with gold and pearl. A sash of green and gold. A jewelled chain. *Second dress*: Steel-plate armour. A white burnoose, made of African goat's hair. *Third dress*: A long, white gown, Moorish, with hood, and with scarlet trimmings. A white sash, made of goat's hair. Scarlet velvet shoes. Pearl ear-rings.—These dresses, it will be observed, although conformable to Christian ideas, are devised with a view to express the gorgeous barbaric taste of the Moor. Some of the old actors used to wear Turkish costume. This is magnificent in colour and effect, but it is incorrect, since Othello is described as a Christian convert.

A costume for Desdemona is as follows: *First dress*: White satin train, trimmed with illusion and pearls. High, pointed corsage, with ruff. Long, puffed sleeves: pearls between puffs. Stomacher, elaborately embroidered with pearls. Girdle of the same. Diamond ear-rings, cross and pin. Mary Stuart cap, made of white satin and pearls. *Second dress*: Drab satin train, embroidered with gold. Blue satin poncha, embroidered with gold. Blue satin Mary Stuart cap, trimmed with gold leaves. *Third dress*: Rose-coloured satin train; the front breadth of white satin trimmed with three point-lace flounces, headed by a pearl fringe. High, pointed corsage, with ruff. White pointed stomacher, embroidered with pearls. Pearl girdle. Sleeves puffed with white satin. Bands of rose and pearls between puffs. Mary Stuart cap, of rose satin, trimmed with pearls.

Reference may advantageously be made to Cæsar Vecellio's "Habiti Antichi e Moderni," for particulars as to costume. The general of the

Venetian forces, says Charles Knight, wore a peculiar habit, consisting of a full gown of crimson velvet, with loose sleeves, over which was worn a mantle of cloth of gold, buttoned upon the right shoulder with massive gold buttons. The cap was of crimson velvet. The baton of office was made of silver, and was ensigned with the winged lion of St. Mark. Soldiers wore the Venetian morion. The armour of the period of Othello was much the same throughout Europe. The student will not fail to remember that perfect accuracy of costume, in the dressing of "Othello,"—and, for that matter, in the dressing of "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," and many other plays that are associated with remote historic periods—would lead to ridiculous results. Poetical license and good taste are, at all times, equally desirable and allowable in the stage treatment of all plays. W. W.

VII.—THE COLOUR OF OTHELLO.

It used to be the practice of the stage to paint the Moor quite black—to present him, in fact, as a Negro. There are expressions in the text which, taken literally, and without allowance for the moods and attitude of the speakers, would afford a warrant for this practice. But,—since to make Othello a Negro is to unpoetize the character, and to deepen whatever grossness may already subsist in the subject of the tragedy,—it seems the better way to remember that poetry has a privilege to idealize all it touches, and that expressions of opinion are not statements of fact—and may therefore be disregarded. The persons who call the Moor "thick lips" and "the black Othello" are not his friends—to state it mildly. Besides, there is a clearly marked difference between a Moor and a Negro. The Moor should be painted a pale cinnamon colour, which is at once truthful and picturesque. Shakespeare has, in my opinion, Anglicized the whole affair, leaving nothing barbaric in Othello but his capacity of animal delirium. He gets his terrible catastrophe, however, by means of this—ending a frightful storm of frenzy with a dread calm which is extremely awful; and he gets a splendid effect of contrast in the elements of colour and nationality. W. W.

"Moors. Latin, *Mauri*, Dark : Spanish, *Moros*. A people who form the great majority of the population of Barbary. Their appearance indicates their origin, which is a mixture of the Mauri,—from whom they derive their name,—Numidians, Phœnicians, Romans, and Arabs, who have successively held possession of the country. In consequence, they

are found to vary considerably in appearance and character, in different parts of Barbary, but all show more or less strongly the symptoms of a considerable infusion of Arabian blood. They are a well-formed race, with fine Oriental features, and a mild and melancholy expression of countenance. * * * They are voluptuous and cruel."

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA, vol. vi., p. 561.

"It was the policy of the Venetian Republic to employ foreign mercenaries, and especially in offices of command, for the obvious purpose of lessening to the utmost the dangers of cabal and intrigue at home. The families of senators, or other chief citizens, were in the habit of seeing, in their dark-complexioned guests, those only who were distinguished by ability, and by the official rank thereby gained:—picked men, whose hue might be forgotten in their accomplishments."

QUOTED BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

"Even if we suppose this [the practice of painting Othello as a Negro], an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakespeare himself, from want of scenes, and from the experience that nothing could be made too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it, would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages?"

COLERIDGE.

VIII.—CHARACTERS IN OTHELLO.

"Othello is something far more than a blind and jealous husband urged to commit murder by his jealousy. This is only his position during the play; and his character goes far beyond his position. * * * Iago is not merely an irritated enemy, desirous of revenge, or an ordinary rascal, anxious to destroy a happiness which he cannot contemplate with satisfaction: he is a cynical and reasoning wretch, who has made for himself a philosophy of egotism and a science of crime; who looks upon men merely as instruments or obstacles to his personal interests; who despises virtue as an absurdity, and yet hates it as an injury; who preserves entire independence of thought, while engaged in the most servile conduct; and who, at the very moment when his crimes are about to cost him his life, still enjoys, with ferocious pride, the evil which he has done—as if it were a proof of his superiority. * * * Cassio is not introduced merely to become the object of Othello's jealousy, and as a necessity of the drama: he has his own character, inclinations, qualities and defects; and from what he is naturally flows the influence which he

exercises upon what occurs to him. Emilia is not merely an attendant employed by the poet as an instrument either of the entanglement or of the discovery of the perfidies which lead to the catastrophe: she is the wife of Iago, whom she does not love, and whom she obeys because she fears him; but, although she distrusts him, she has actually contracted, in the society of that man, somewhat of the immorality of his mind; * * * and yet she is kind-hearted and attached to her mistress, and detests evil and deeds of darkness. * * * Forget the events, set aside the drama, and all these personages will continue real, animated and distinct; they possess inherent vitality, and their existence will not disappear with their position. In them is displayed the creative power of the poet." *Essai sur le drame, traduit de l'anglais de Guizot.* GUIZOT.

"The source of the pathos throughout — of that pathos which at once softens and deepens the tragic effect — lies in the character of Desdemona. No woman differently constituted could have excited the same intense and painful passion, without losing something of that exalted charm which invests her from beginning to end, which we are apt to impute to the interest of the situation and to the poetical colouring, but which lies, in fact, in the very essence of the character. Desdemona, with all her timid flexibility and soft acquiescence, is not weak; for the negative alone is weak; and the mere presence of goodness and affection implies in itself a species of power; power without consciousness, power without effort, power with repose — the soul of grace."

MRS. JAMESON.

IX.—THE SOUL AND SCOPE OF OTHELLO.

"* * * Wedlock, so far as it is the chief element and a leading motive in the social development of the human race, is the position of life from which the poet has surveyed the horizon of the tragic view of the world and Providence. On this account it is not love alone that is here presented to us. * * * In 'Othello' love stands in organic and indissoluble communion, both with conjugal fidelity and duty, and with *honour* — that indispensable attribute of man's life and activity.

"* * * Honour, in its true import, is the necessary condition of man's activity. He ought to act, and must act, in and for the world, in which his natural avocation and divine destination exist. * * * Honour is the indispensable bond between a man's enterprise and the sphere in which he exerts it. And this is the true justification of honour. In itself it has no validity: it derives its right from a higher principle of true morality, which is independent of the world, and stands in immediate

reference to God alone. If honour be torn from its true root and soil—that morality in comparison with which this world and all its pursuits are at best of relative importance—it becomes a mere spectral phantom: whatever there is in it of grandeur and might, once separated from its god-like origin, rebounds with demoniacal force upon its possessor. Thus it happens with Othello. * * * Othello in his inmost soul is by no means jealous. This low passion, whatever Iago may pretend, is altogether foreign to his nature. A man is not, properly speaking, jealous, who has good cause for jealousy. * * * The desire for revenge seizes his mind but transiently. * * * Revenge seeks but to heap misery and ruin on the hated head: but, how touchingly does Othello urge Desdemona, before her death, to confess and repent, that her soul may be saved from eternal damnation! Anger, jealousy and revenge are but the momentary phases under which love and honour—the ruling emotions of his soul—exhibit themselves, as deeply wounded and violated, and, consequently, as contending with each other in the annihilating struggle of conflicting passions. When the supposed infidelity of his wife, and the supposed treachery of his friend Cassio have robbed him of love, and whatever else in life is dear to him, and his mind, deprived of its sole stay, reels and totters and is near to shipwreck, then he clings convulsively, with all his might, to the other and only tie that still remains to him—honour. His honour, at least, he will preserve. But his soul, once out of tune, is unable to resume its self-possession. * * * Thus does he ruin what he wishes to save. * * * And so here we behold all the subordinate agents pervaded and impelled by an intrinsic necessity, revolving around one organic centre in mutual relationship and interaction. * * * ‘Othello’ must be regarded as a tragedy of intrigue. By such a view of it the tragic element first obtains its true significancy. For then the soothing, calming element which is covertly contained in it, comes distinctly forward; then do Othello’s sufferings and death teach us that man’s wit and cunning may, no doubt, bring low a great and noble character, but cannot rob him of his intrinsic nobility, his greatness of soul, and his hope in God’s mercy and compassion—in which Othello, amidst tears of repentance and atonement, full of ‘soul soothing balsam,’ dies.”

ULRICI.

X.—THE MEANING OF OTHELLO.

In the pathos of its picture of human life, in the pity which it inspires, and in the consequent chastening influence which it exerts, “Othello” is only a little less than “Lear,” and thus only a little lower than the

highest. The difference is in degree of misery. Lear sacrifices himself before he is sacrificed by his children. Othello is simply despoiled and ruined by his enemy. The old king comes a little nearer to the heart, therefore, and the spectacle of his anguish is somewhat more pitifully desolate, for this reason. In the tears we weep over that venerable ruin, there is a sort of blind submission to fate; a dazed sense of the weakness of man, when at strife with nature; a tender emotion of infinite sorrow over the utter infirmity of the human race. Our grief is so great that it drowns our anger: and Regan and Goneril and Edmund are forgotten, with the rest of the lumber of the commonplace world. The spectacle of Othello's misery may be equally agonizing; but the emotion it inspires is not so ineffably piteous. In our tears for him, there is fire—the fire of a strong and active rage against the diabolical intellect that has destroyed him. He represents to us magnanimous virtue, simple and stalwart goodness, leonine port and power, commingled with the trustful candour of innocent childhood. He has not outlived his time nor the sunshine. He is not yet, in any sense, due to death. There may be autumnal tints in the foliage of his garden; but it is not amiss that he gathers the ripe fruits of life, love, and happiness; and we feel that he ought to possess them. When, therefore, his glorious manhood of nature is broken by the adverse will of a malignant genius,—against which he is utterly powerless and defenceless,—our rage strikes hands with our sorrow, and the tide of our hate rises equally with the tide of our love. But, though in the scale of emotion a little lower than the highest, these feelings are high, are grand, are sacred; and our hearts resent the least approach toward trifling with sensibilities so acute and experiences so vital and tragic. Just as no soul that really feels will brook a light mention of the names of the beloved dead, so no soul that really feels will brook a vain and casual meddling with those immortal ideals in which Shakespeare has expressed the sum of human greatness and human misery.

WILLIAM WINTER.

NEW-YORK, June 22, 1878.

RICHARD II

Preface.



ALTHOUGH the tragedy of "Richard the Second" is one of suffering more than of action, and although its subject—the dethronement of a king and his consequent anguish and lamentation—is not pathetic to the universal heart, the piece presents so many beauties that it ought, much oftener than it is, to be practically brought before the public attention. It illustrates a most picturesque period in English history, when feudalism was at its height in that stately and splendid land, and when Froissart was still living, to record its splendours. It is replete with sharp contrasts of natural character. It paints with equal brilliancy the divine right of kings and the wiliness and courteous duplicity of astute politicians. It is expressed with great and irresistible vigour of diction. It contains passages equal to the best that its marvellous author has written, in poetical imagery and philosophic truth. Its eloquence is wonderful and incomparable. And, in its exposition of the grief of a tortured soul,—struggling between petulant resentment against misfortune and the divine desire to be resigned,—it discloses the most profound and instructive knowledge of human nature, and it attains to absolute sublimity of utterance. The effort to rescue this tragedy from long disuse, and to restore it to the stage, is based on appreciation of these precious merits; and, therefore, perhaps, it may not be regarded with indifference.

There are but few Stage Versions of "Richard the Second." This one, which is entirely new, presents Edwin Booth's choice of the text and arrangement of the scenes, together with his stage directions. A few passages of the original have been transposed, and many have been omitted. The original consists of nineteen scenes; this version consists of ten. The omitted passages are those that might be called episodical, and those that dilate on points of which the simple statement is, practically, sufficient. A thoughtful endeavour has thus been made to accelerate the movement of the tragedy, without marring its unity or its poetical grace.

The character of Richard the Second was adopted by Edwin Booth into his repertory, in the autumn of 1875. He acted it at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New-York, on November 8th, in that year. It was acted, in former times, by his father, the renowned Junius Booth. It was also acted by Edmund Kean—whose elocution in it was thought to be uncommonly noble, rich, and various—and by Macready, whose personation of it must have been correct and elegant, but whose published comments on the subject—"Reminiscences," Chapter III.—indicate but little sympathy with its spirit. The "Biographia Dramatica" makes mention of three adaptations of "Richard the Second": by L. Theobald, in 1720—acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields, London; by Francis Gentleman—acted at Bath, in 1754; and by James Goodhall—printed at Manchester, in 1772, and refused, for representation, by Garrick.

W. W.

New-York, February 12th, 1878.



"All the writers who have transmitted to us the history of Richard II. lived during the reigns of the Lancastrian princes; and candour requires that we should not give entire credit to the reproaches which they have thrown upon his memory."—HUME.

"Who comes from Luba's vale? from the skirts of the morning mist? The drops of heaven are on his head. His steps are in the paths of the sad."—OSSIAN.

*"Know that I am a king! O, at that name,
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone! gone! and do I still remain alive?"*—MARLOWE.

"Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis."—HORACE.

"Common natures reckon by that which they do; noble natures by that which they are."—SCHILLER.

*"Our life is carried with too strong a tide:
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years:
Each day doth on a wingèd whirlwind ride:
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust."*—COWLEY.

*"O, agony! deep agony,
For heart that's proud and high,
To learn of fate how desolate
It may be ere it die."*—MOTHERWELL.

*"Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend:
My God, my father, and my friend,
Do not forsake me in my end."*—DIES IRÆ.





*"The bay-trees in our country are all withered,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change.*

*"Yet looks he like a king: behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty."*

*"I see thy glory, like a shooting-star,
Fall to the base earth, from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west."*

*"Must he lose
The name of King?—o' God's name, let it go!
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff;
And my large kingdom for a little grave."*

*"I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand;
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state.
All pomp and majesty I do forswear."*

*"O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!"*

*"In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds."*

*"And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king."*



Persons Represented.



KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

EDMUND OF LANGLEY, DUKE OF YORK. } *Uncles to the*
JOHN OF GAUNT, DUKE OF LANCASTER. } *King.*

HENRY, SURNAMED BOLINGBROKE, DUKE OF HEREFORD;
son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, *son to the Duke of York.*

THOMAS MOWBRAY, DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.

LORD ROSS.

SIR JOHN BUSHY. }
SIR JOHN BAGOT. } *Servile creatures to King Richard.*
SIR HENRY GREEN. }

ISABEL, *Queen of England, wife to King Richard.*

ELEANOR, DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

LORDS; LADIES; HERALDS; OFFICERS; SOLDIERS; A
PRISON-KEEPER; A GROOM; A SERVANT; PAGES AND
ATTENDANTS.

Doubles.



*If necessary, in the representation of this tragedy, actors can
"double" in the following parts:*

NORFOLK and CARLISLE.

BUSHY and THE GROOM.

GREEN and THE PRISON-KEEPER.

Place and Time.



SCENE.—*In London and in Wales.*

PERIOD.—*End of the Fourteenth Century.*

TIME.—*About two years and two months,—in 1398, 1399
and 1400.*

RICHARD THE SECOND.



Act First.

Scene First. { LONDON. A ROOM IN THE ROYAL PAL-
ACE, ARCHED AND VAULTED.

[*Enter Gaunt and Duchess of Gloster* R. U. E.

Gaunt.

[L.

Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But, since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven—
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch.

[R.

Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root.
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course;
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut:
But, Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is cracked, and all the precious liquid spilt;

Is hacked down, and his summer leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered,
 Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life;
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
 That which in mean men we entitle patience
 Is pale, cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to 'venge my Gloster's death!

Gaunt.

Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,
 His deputy, anointed in his sight,
 Hath caused his death; the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge: for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Duch.

Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt.

To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch.

Why then I will. Farewell!

O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!

[*Exit Duchess L. I. E. Gaunt goes to R. Enter
 King Richard, Bushy, Bagot, Green, Salisbury,
 Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle, pages, lords and
 guards.*

King Richard.

Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
 Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,

Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt.

I have, my liege.

King Richard.

Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt.

As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aimed at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

King Richard.

Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak.

[*King Richard takes his seat on throne. Exeunt
some attendants R. and L.*]

High-stomached are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire!

[*Enter attendants, with Bolingbroke, through R.
arch, and attendants, with Norfolk, through L.
arch. Bolingbroke and Norfolk kneel C.*]

Bolingbroke.

Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor.

Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown.

King Richard.

We thank you both : yet one but flatters us,
 As well appeareth by the cause you come ;
 Namely to appeal each other of high treason.—
 Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
 Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Bolingbroke.[*Rising.*]

First—heaven be the record to my speech—
 In the devotion of a subject's love,
 Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
 And free from other misbegotten hate,
 Come I appellant to this princely presence.
 Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee ;
 And mark my greeting well, for what I speak
 My body shall make good upon this earth,
 Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
 Thou art a traitor [*All start.*] and a miscreant
 Too good to be so, and too bad to live !
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength
 [*Throws down his gauntlet at feet of Norfolk.*]
 As to take up my honour's pawn, then stoop :
 By that, and all the rights of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worst devise.

Nor. [*Takes up the gauntlet.*]

I take it up : and by that sword I swear
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
 And when I mount, may I not light alive,
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight.

King Richard.

What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge ?
 It must be great, that can inherit us
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bolingbroke.

Look, what I said, my life shall prove it true :—
 That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles,
 In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers :
 The which he hath detained for lewd employments,
 Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
 Besides I say, and will in battle prove,
 That all the treasons for these eighteen years
 Complotted and contrivèd in this land,
 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
 Further I say,— and further will maintain,
 Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
 That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death ;
 Whose blood like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To me, for justice and rough chastisement.
 And by the glorious worth of my descent
 This arm shall do it or this life be spent.

King Richard.

How high a pitch his resolution soars !—
 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

Nor.

O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
 And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
 Till I have told this slander of his blood
 How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

King Richard.

Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears :
 Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,—
 As he is but my father's brother's son—
 Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
 Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
 The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :
 He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou ;
 Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor.

Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
 Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
 Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;
 The other part reserved I by consent,
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
 Upon remainder of a dear account
 Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
 Now swallow down that lie.— For Gloster's death,—
 I slew him not; but to my own disgrace
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
 For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
 The honourable father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grievèd soul;
 But ere I last received the sacrament
 I did confess it, and exactly begged
 Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault. As for the rest appealed,
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
 Which in myself I boldly will defend;
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chambered in his bosom.
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

King Richard.

Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me;
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
 Forget, forgive: conclude and be agreed:
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt.

To be a make-peace shall become my age;
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

King Richard.

And Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt.

When, Harry; when?

King Richard.

Norfolk throw down, we bid!

Nor.

Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame.

King Richard.

We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do, to make you friends,
And that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled
With that dear blood which it hath fosterèd;
Therefore we banish you our territories: [All start.
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enriched our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bolingbroke.

Your will be done.

King Richard.

Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I, with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeless word of—"never to return!"
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life!

Nor.

A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlooked for from your highness' mouth.

King Richard.

Lay on our royal sword your banished hands:

[*Both kneel.*

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves),
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and heaven!
Embrace each other's love, in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never, by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Bolingbroke.

I swear.

Nor.

And I, to keep all this.

[*They rise.*

Bolingbroke.

Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,
Banished this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banished from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor.

No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banished as from hence!
But what thou art, Heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit L. I. E.*

King Richard.

Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
 I see thy grievèd heart; thy sad aspect
 Hath from the number of his banished years
 Plucked four away.—Six frozen winters spent,
 Return [*To Bolingbroke*] with welcome home from banish-
 ment. [*Music, march. Scene changes.*]

Scene Second. { [*FIRST GROOVES.*] **ANTEROOM IN THE**
PALACE.

[*Enter Bolingbroke, Northumberland, Aumerle,*
and Salisbury R. I. E.]

Bolingbroke.

How long a time lies in one little word!
 Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
 End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

North.

Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
 What is six winters? they are quickly gone;
 Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.

Bolingbroke.

My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
 Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

North.

The sullen passage of thy weary steps
 Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
 The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Bolingbroke.

Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must not I serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

North.

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king ; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Bolingbroke.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
O, no ! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

North.

Come, come, my lord !
Had I thy cause I would not wish to stay.

Bolingbroke.

Then England's ground, farewell ; sweet soil, adieu ;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt* L. I. E. *Change.*

Scene Third. { A ROOM IN ELY HOUSE. GAUNT, ON
A COUCH R. THE DUKE OF YORK
AND TWO ATTENDANTS STANDING BY
HIM. CHAIR R. C. TABLE AND TWO
CHAIRS L.

Gaunt.

Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

York.

Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt.

O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain;
Though Richard my life's counsel would not heed,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York.

No; it is stopped with other, flattering sounds,
As praises of his state;
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen.

Gaunt.

Methinks I am a prophet new inspired;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out—I die pronouncing it—
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death! [March *p.*

York.

The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young, hot colts, being raged, do rage the more.

[Crosses L.

[Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Bushy, Green,
Bagot and lords C.

King Richard.

What comfort, man? How is it with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt.

O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old;
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watched;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasures that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

King Richard.

Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt.

No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in thee,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

King Richard.

Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt.

No, no, men living flatter those that die;
Thou diest, though I the sicker be.

King Richard.

I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt.

Now he that made me knows I see thee ill ;
 Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
 Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;
 And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
 Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease :
 But for thy world enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king ;
 Thy state of law is bonds slave to the law ;
 And ——

King Richard.

And thou a lunatic, lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
 With fury from his native residence.
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt.

O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son ;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapped out and drunkenly caroused :
 My brother Gloster, plain, well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven, 'mongst happy souls !)
 May be a precedent and witness good
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be !——

Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have.

[*Gaunt is borne out by attendants, R. I. E.*]

King Richard.

And let them die that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York.

I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.

King Richard

Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

[*Enter Northumberland R. I. E.*]

North.

My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

King Richard.

What says he?

North.

Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

[*All express sorrow.*]

York. [Sits in chair R.]

Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!

King Richard.

The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:

We must supplant those rough, rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they hath privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.

York.

[*Rising.*

How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.

King Richard.

Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York.

O my liege,
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banished Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

King Richard.

Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York.

I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell.

[*Exit York, followed by Northumberland* R. I. E.]

King Richard.

Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us, to Ely House,
To see this business [*Exit Bushy*]. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 't is time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just, and always loved us well.
Come, gentlemen, away, we soon must part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

CURTAIN.

Act Second.

Scene First. { LONDON. A ROOM IN THE ROYAL PAL-
ACE.

[Enter Queen and two ladies ; also Bushy, Bagot,
and lords.

Bushy.

Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen.

To please the king, I did ; to please myself
I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles : at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord, the king.

Bushy.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so :
Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not :
More's not seen ;
Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen.

It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise ; howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad
As, though in thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint.

[*Enter Green* L. I. E.]

Green.

Heaven save your majesty ! And well met, gentlemen :
I hope the king is not yet shipped for Ireland.

Queen.

Why hop'st thou so ? 'Tis better hope he is ;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope :
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipped ?

Green.

That he, our hope, might have retired his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land :
The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurg.

Queen.

Now God in heaven forbid !

Green.

O, madam, 't is too true ; and what is worse,—
The Lord Northumberland, his young son, Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy.

Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland,
And the revolting faction traitors ?

Green.

We have : whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resigned his stewardship,

And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen.

O, full of careful business are his looks.
[*Enter York* R. I. E.
Uncle, for heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York.

Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :
Comfort 's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men ?

If I know

How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen ;
The one my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend ; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wronged,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.

Gentlemen, go, muster up your men
And meet me presently at Berkley Castle.

[*Exeunt* R. I. E. *Bushy, Bagot, Green and lords.*

York.

Despair not, madam.

Queen.

Who shall hinder me ?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
 Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
 Which false hope lingers in extremity.

[*Exeunt Queen, York and ladies.*]

Scene Second. { FULL STAGE. THE COAST OF WALES.
 A CASTLE IN VIEW. FLOURISH OF
 DRUMS AND TRUMPETS IS HEARD.

[*Enter King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle,
 Aumerle, lords and soldiers.*]

Aum.

[*L.*]

How brooks your grace the air,
 After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

King Richard.

[*C.*]

Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy
 To stand upon my kingdom once again.
 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :
 As a long parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
 And do thee favor with my royal hand.
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense ;
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
 Which, with usurping steps, do trample thee :
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;
 And, when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armèd soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop of Carlisle. [R.

Fear not, my lord ; that power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected : else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffered means of succour and redress.

Aum.

He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.

King Richard.

Discomfortable cousin !
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king ;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

[*Enter Salisbury and lords* L. I. E.

Welcome, my lord : how far off lies your power ?

Sal.

Nor near nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm : discomfort guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

O'erthrows thy joys
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are fled to Bolingbroke.

Aum.

Comfort, my liege ; why looks your grace so pale ?

King Richard.

But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum.

Comfort, my liege ; remember who you are.

King Richard.

I had forgot myself : am I not king ?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty ! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names ?
Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king : are we not high ?
High be our thoughts : I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But speak—
My ear is open and my heart prepared ;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost ? Why, 't was my care ;
And what loss is it to be rid of care ?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?
Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,
We 'll serve him too, and be his fellow so :
Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;
They break their faith to God as well as us :
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Sal.

Glad am I that your highness is so armed
To bear the tidings of calamity.
But—all goes worse than I have power to tell.

King Richard.

Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Sal.

Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

King Richard.

O, villains, vipers, damned without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warmed, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Sal.

My lord,
Again uncure their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands.

King Richard.

Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Sal.

Yea, all of them, my liege.

Aum.

Where is the duke, my father, with his power?

King Richard.

No matter where: of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
 Save our deposèd bodies to the ground ?
 Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :
 How some have been deposèd ; some slain in war ;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposèd ;
 Some poisoned by their wives ; some sleeping killed ;
 All murdered : for within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable, and humoured thus,
 Comes at the last and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king !
 Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence : throw away respect,
 Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends : subjected thus,
 How can you say to me, I am a king ?

Bishop of Carlisle.

My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail.

Aum.

My father hath a power ; inquire of him,
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

King Richard.

Thou chid'st me well: proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.
Where lies our uncle with his power?

Sal.

I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your uncle York hath joined with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

King Richard.

Thou hast said enough.

[*To Aumerle.*

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none: let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum.

My liege, one word.

King Richard.

He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*March: exeunt omnes; and while they are going out —*

CURTAIN.

Act Third.

Scene First. { FLINT CASTLE. FULL STAGE. STEPS L. H.
BOLINGBROKE'S PARTY DISCOVERED.

[Enter Bolingbroke, Northumberland, Ross and
other lords R. 3. E.

North.

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

Bolingbroke.

Of much less value is my company
Than your good words.
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.

Ross.

Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord,
And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Bolingbroke.

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But, who comes here?

[Enter York and gentlemen L. I. E.
My noble uncle! [Bolingbroke kneels.

York.

Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Bolingbroke.

My gracious uncle—

York.

Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word " grace "
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banished and forbidden feet
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground,
In gross rebellion and detested treason ?
Thou art a banished man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Bolingbroke.

As I was banished, I was banished Hereford ;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemned
A wandering vagabond ; my rights and royalties
Plucked from my arms perforce and given away
To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin ;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave :
My father's goods are all distrained and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employed.
What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
And challenge law : attorneys are denied me ;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North.

The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross.

It stands your grace upon to do him right;
Base men by his endowments are made great

York.

My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs
And laboured all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North.

The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

Bolingbroke.

King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone;
[*Points to Flint Castle.*

And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

Noble lord, [*To Northumberland.*
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle,
And thus deliver:

Harry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repealed
And lands restored again be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
 Go, signify as much, while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[*Exeunt all but Northumberland and a herald. A
 parley sounded. Then a long flourish. Enter
 Richard and lords, from Castle.*

King Richard. [To Northumberland.

We are amazed ; and thus long have we stood
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
 If we be not, show us the hand of God
 That hath dismissed us from our stewardship ;
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
 And we are barren and bereft of friends ;
 Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
 Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
 Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke—for yond' methinks, he is—
 That every stride he makes upon my land
 Is dangerous treason : he is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war ;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation and bedew
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North.

The King of heaven forbid our lord the king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rushed upon ! Thy thrice noble cousin
 Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones,
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 His coming hither hath no further scope
 Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbèd steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

King Richard.

Northumberland, say thus the king returns :
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplished without contradiction :
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.

[*Exit Northumberland* R. U. E.

[*To Aumerle.*

We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
 To look so poorly and to speak so fair ?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum.

No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words
 Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.

King Richard.

O God, O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On yon proud man, should take it off again

With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum.

Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

King Richard.

What must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king?—o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints
And my large kingdom for a little grave:
A little, little grave—an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?

[*Enter Northumberland.*

Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says *King* Bolingbroke? will his *majesty*
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?

North.

My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come down?

King Richard.

Down, down I come, like glistening Phæton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*The King descends. Exit Northumberland.*

In the base court? *base* court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down
king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.

[*Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, York, North-
umberland and forces.*]

Bolingbroke. [Kneeling.

My gracious lord—

King Richard.

Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:

Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my displeased eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up: Your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

[*Touching his own head.*]

Bolingbroke.

My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

King Richard.

Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bolingbroke. [Rising.

So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

King Richard.

Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

[*To York.*]

Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.

[*To Bolingbroke.*]

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—cousin, is it so?

Bolingbroke.

Yea, my good lord.

King Richard.

Then must I not say no.

[*Exeunt. March, p.*

SLOW CURTAIN.

Act Fourth.

Scene First. { LONDON. WESTMINSTER HALL. BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, LORDS, ATTENDANTS, AND OFFICERS DISCOVERED. FLOURISH AT RISE OF CURTAIN.

York.

[R. C.]

Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-plucked Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Bolingbroke.

[C.]

In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

[*Bolingbroke is about to ascend.*

Bishop of Carlisle. [R. C. near throne.

God forbid!

[*Bolingbroke stops.*

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,
Anointed, crownèd, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present?
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirred up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophecy:
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.

North.

Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.

[*Bolingbroke ascends the throne.*]

May 't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Bolingbroke.

Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York.

I will be his conduct.

[*Exit York c.*]

Bolingbroke.

Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.

[*To Carlisle.*]

Little are we beholden to your love,
And little looked for at your helping hands.

[*Re-enter York with King Richard, and a lord bearing the crown and sceptre on cushion. Bolingbroke rises from throne as Richard enters.*]

King Richard.

Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, "all hail!" to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,

Found truth in all but one ; I, in twelve thousand, none !
God save the king ! Will no man say amen ?
Am I both priest and clerk ? well, then, amen !
God save the king ! although I be not he ;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither ?

York.

To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

[Lord, with the crown, advances. Bolingbroke descends.]

King Richard.

Give me the crown. Here, cousin, *seize* the crown ;
On this side my hand, and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water :
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

[Bolingbroke takes the crown from Richard and places it on cushion.]

Bolingbroke.

I thought you had been willing to resign.

King Richard.

My crown, I am ; but still my griefs are mine :
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

Bolingbroke. [Returns to throne R.]

Are you contented to resign the crown ?

King Richard.

Ay, no ; no, ay ; for I must nothing be ;
 Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.
 Now mark me, how I will undo myself :
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,
 And this unwieldly sceptre from my hand ;
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.
 With my own tears I wash away my balm,
 With my own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths :
 All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
 My manors, rents, revèues I forego ;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
 God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee !
 Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
 God save King Henry, unkinged Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days !

Omnes.

Amen !

King Richard.

What more remains ?

North.

No more, but that you read [*Offering to him a paper.*]
 These accusations and these grievous crimes
 Committed by your person and your followers
 Against the state and profit of this land ;
 That, by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily deposed.

King Richard.

Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
 My weaved-up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,
 If thy offences were upon recòrd,
 Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop

To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article
Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven :
Nay, all of you that look upon me now,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands
Showing an outward pity ; yet, you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North.

[*Giving paper.*

My lord, despatch ; read o'er these articles.

King Richard.

Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest ;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king ;
Make glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state, a peasant.

North.

My lord—

King Richard.

No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 't is usurped : alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself !
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water drops !
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,

An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Bolingbroke.

Go you and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an attendant* R. I. E.]

North.

Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

King Richard.

Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

Bolingbroke.

Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North.

The commons will not then be satisfied.

King Richard.

They shall be satisfied : I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins art writ, and that 's myself.

[*Re-enter attendant, with a mirror.*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.

[*Takes mirror.*

No deeper wrinkles yet ? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds ? O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men ? was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink ?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke ?
A brittle glory shineth in this face :

As brittle as the glory is the face ;
[*Dashes the glass to the ground.*
For there it is, cracked in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

Bolingbroke.

The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.

King Richard.

Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow ? ha ! let 's see :
'T is very true, my grief lies all within ;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul ;
There lies the substance : and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it ?

Bolingbroke.

Name it, fair cousin.

King Richard.

" Fair cousin ? " why, I am greater than a king :
For when I was a king my flatterers
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Bolingbroke.

Yet ask.

King Richard.

And shall I have ?

Bolingbroke.

You shall.

King Richard.

Then give me leave to go.

Bolingbroke.

Whither?

King Richard.

Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bolingbroke.

Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

[*Bolingbroke rises.*

King Richard.

O, good! convey? conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Picture.*

CURTAIN.

Act Fifth.

Scene First. { STREET WITH DISTANT VIEW OF OLD LONDON. PLATFORM ACROSS STAGE, STEPS C. BACK OF 3.

[*Enter Queen and ladies.*

Queen.

This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemnèd lord
Is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

[*Muffled drum.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

[*Enter King Richard and guards.*

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favoured grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

King Richard.

Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden; learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen.

What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transformed and weakened ? hath Bolingbroke
Deposed thy intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?
The lion dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpowered ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly ? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts ?

King Richard.

A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :
Think I am dead and even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks ; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid :
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds :
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue
And, in compassion, weep the fire out ;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

[*Enter Northumberland and lords* R. I. E.

North.

My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed ;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

King Richard.

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age

More than it is ere foul sin gathering head
 Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
 Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
 It is too little, helping him to all;
 And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
 Being ne'er so little urged, another way
 To pluck him headlong from the usurpèd throne.
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
 That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
 To worthy danger and deservèd death.

North.

My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
 Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.
[Northumberland retires up.]

King Richard.

Doubly divorced?—Bad men, ye violate
 A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
 And then betwixt me and my married wife.
[To the Queen.]
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.
[To Northumberland.]

Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
 My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,
 She came adornèd hither like sweet May,
 Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

Queen.

And must we be divided? must we part?

King Richard.

Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen.

Banish us both and send the king with me.

King Richard.

So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I here for thee;
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans,
And piece the way out with our heavy hearts.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

[*They kiss. Queen falls into the arms of her attendants. Richard rushes up c. to steps.*

Queen.

Give me mine own again;
Let me not keep, and kill thy heart.

[*They kiss again.*

King Richard.

We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Muffled drum. The scene slowly closes in.*

Scene Second. { LONDON. A ROOM IN THE ROYAL PAL-
ACE. [KEY IN THE DOOR, L. I. E.]

[*Enter servant and Exton L. I. E.*

Exton.

Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"
Was it not so?

Servant.

Those were his very words.

Exton.

"Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urged it twice together, did he not?

Servant.

He did.

Exton.

And speaking it, he wistly looked on me ;
As who should say, "I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart ;"
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Go,
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exit Servant R. I. E. Enter Bolingbroke, as king, and lords L. I. E.*

Bolingbroke.

Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?
'T is full three months since I did see him last :
If any plague hang over us, 't is he.
I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found :
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrainèd, loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;
Which he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Exton.

My lord, some two days since I saw the prince
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Bolingbroke.

And what said the gallant ?

Exton.

His answer was, he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour ; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Bolingbroke.

As dissolute as desperate ; yet through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope

Which elder days may happily bring forth.

[*Noise outside* L.

But who comes here ?

[*Enter Aumerle hastily* L. I. E.

Aum.

Where is the king ?

Bolingbroke.

What means

Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly ?

Aum.

God save your grace ! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Bolingbroke.

Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Exton and lords* R. I. E.

What is the matter with our cousin now ?

Aum.

[*Kneels.*

Forever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Bolingbroke.

Intended or committed was this fault ?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum.

Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Bolingbroke.

Have thy desire.

[*Aumerle locks the door.*

York. [*Within* L. I. E.

My liege, beware : look to thyself ;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Bolingbroke. [To Aumerle.

Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing sword.

Aum.

Stay thy revengeful hand ;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [Within.

Open the door, secure, foolhardy king !
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face ?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*Bolingbroke opens door.*

[*Enter York L. I. E. with paper.*

Bolingbroke.

What is the matter, uncle ? speak ;
Recover breath ; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York.

Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Aum.

Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise passed :
I do repent me ; read not my name there ;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York.

'T was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king ;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.

Bolingbroke.

O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy !
O loyal father of a treacherous son !
Thy most abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York.

So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;
 And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
 As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
 Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
 Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies :
 Giving him life
 The traitor lives, the true man 's put to death.

Bolingbroke.

Nay, I have pardoned him.

[*Aumerle kneels and kisses Bolingbroke's hand.*

But for the rest of that consorted crew,
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
 Good uncle, help to order several powers
 To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,
 But I will have them.

Cousin, adieu !

Well have you prayed, and prove you true !

[*Exeunt Bolingbroke and York L. I. E. Aumerle*

R. I. E. *Change.*

Scene Third.

{ POMFRET. THE DUNGEON OF THE
 CASTLE. DARK STAGE. SMALL
 GRATED WINDOW—MOONLIGHT SHIN-
 ING THROUGH IT. ROUGH TABLE AND
 STOOL R. KING RICHARD DISCOVERED.
 PLAINITIVE MUSIC AS THE SCENE OPENS.

King Richard.

I have been studying how I may compare
 This prison where I live unto the world :
 And for because the world is populous
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it ; yet I'll hammer it out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,

My soul the father ; and these two beget
A generation of still breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermixed
With scruples and do set the word itself
Against the word :
As thus, " Come, little ones," and then again,
" It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye."
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders ; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there ;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented : sometimes am I king ;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am : then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king ;
Then I am kinged again : and by and by
Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing : but whate'er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased
With being nothing. [*Music pp.*] Music do I hear ?
Ha, ha ! keep time : how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept !
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disordered string ;

But for the concord of my state and time
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me ;
 For now hath time made me his numbering clock :
 My thoughts are minutes ; and with sighs they jar
 Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is
 Are clamourous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell : so sighs and tears and groans
 Show minutes, times and hours : but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack-o'-the-clock.
 This music mads me ; let it sound no more ;

[Music slowly dies away.]

For, though it hath help madmen to their wits,
 In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !
 For 't is a sign of love ; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

[Enter Groom L. I. E.]

Groom.

Hail, royal prince !

[Groom kneels.]

King Richard.

Thanks, noble peer ;
 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
 What art thou ? and how comest thou hither,
 Where no man never comes but that sad dog
 That brings me food to make misfortune live ?

Groom.

I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
 When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards York,
 With much ado at length have gotten leave
 To look upon my sometime master's face.
 O, how it yearned my heart when I beheld

In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dressed.

King Richard.

Rode he on Barbary? Tell 'me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom.

So proudly as if he had disdained the ground.

King Richard.

So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! Why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-galled and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

[*Enter Keeper, with a dish.*

Keeper.

Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay.

King Richard.

If thou dost love me, go.

Groom.

[*Kneels and kisses his hand.*

What my tongue dares not,
That my heart shall say.

[*Exit Groom L. 2. E.*

Keeper. [At table R.

My lord, wilt please you to fall to?

King Richard.

Taste of it first, as thou art wont.

Keeper.

My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary

King Richard.

The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
Patience is stale and I am weary of it.

[*Richard seizes a stool and beats Keeper. During struggle, he seizes sword from Keeper, who runs, L. 2. E., crying "help!" "help!" "help!" Enter two servants, armed L. 2. E.*

How now! What means death in this rude assault?

[*Richard is attacked by the servants, whom he fights. Exton enters and stabs Richard, who staggers and falls against table R. H.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire

That staggers thus my person.

[*Exton advances.*

Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stained the king's own land.

[*Dies. Slow music*

CURTAIN.





RICHARD THE SECOND.

APPENDIX.

THE incomparable felicity of art with which Shakespeare could infuse a poetical soul into an historical body is brilliantly shown in his treatment of the story of "King Richard the Second." As told in the Chronicle of Holinshed,—which the poet followed,—that story presents but little to inspire the imagination; but, as told in this tragedy, the persons and the facts that are concerned in it become transfigured, from dead names and cold statements, into breathing realities of feeling and action. There were two dramatic passages in the life of Richard the Second,—the Rebellion of Wat Tyler, in 1381, and the banishment of Bolingbroke, in 1398. The one was an episode; and, moreover, it had, there is reason to think, been portrayed in a play upon the subject of this king's reign, earlier than that written by Shakespeare. The other was attended by consequences that were steadily interwoven in the skein of the monarch's fate; and this, therefore, was naturally preferred by Shakespeare, since it presented the largest and most fruitful field of interpretation for the exercise of his art. He has exhibited this passage in such a way as to illustrate the entire historic period through which King Richard lived, and, while presenting that sovereign's character in the colors of actual life, to make Richard's experience typical and representative of a great moral truth. This tragedy is not alone the resplendent and pathetic picture of a king's ruin; it is also the impressive assertion that there is no permanent power and everlasting royalty but the power and royalty of virtue and justice.

The movement of this piece is two-fold. It proceeds in visible acts and events; and it proceeds in the mental condition of its chief character. The line of dramatic incident follows quite closely the line of historical fact. Act First—as herein arranged—is devoted to the banishment of Hereford and Mowbray, the death of Lancaster, King Richard's seizure of his uncle's estate,—which was his banished cousin's inheritance,—and his departure to the wars in Ireland. Act Second displays the return of Bolingbroke—by which name Hereford is called—and King Richard's arrival from Ireland and reception of the news of the revolt against his squandered authority. Act Third depicts his piteous submission to his

powerful, determined and crafty foe. Act Fourth portrays his lamentable resignation of the crown, and all the anguish of his broken yet still imperial spirit. Act Fifth presents him in captivity, and exhibits the manner of his death. This was the order of events in history; this is the order of events in Shakespeare; and this acting version of "King Richard the Second" varies but little from the structure of the original. The interior movement of the piece—the fluctuation of spiritual state that is caused by circumstance—brings on continually changing moods of the king's mind and heart; and these make known his quality, illuminate his reign, and explain his fate. Two magnificent gems of Shakespeare's invention are encountered on the way: the death-scene of Lancaster and the mirror-scene of Richard: and the diction, all the way, is beautiful: but the predominant power and charm of the work are felt to be the development and exposition of the monarch's character.

Comment on the chief persons who are involved in the action of this tragedy may here advantageously play along the line of its story, and help to make clear its motive, drift, and adjuncts.

Richard the Second was the son of the Black Prince, and grandson of the great and renowned Edward III. He was born at Bordeaux, in 1366. He succeeded to the throne of England in 1377, when but eleven years old. He was twice married; first, in 1382, to Anne, daughter of Charles IV., Emperor of Germany, and next, October 31st, 1396, to Isabel, daughter of Charles VI., King of France. His first wife possessed such amiable qualities of character that she was, in the popular voice, styled "the good Queen Anne." This princess died at Richmond, June 7, 1394. His second wife was a child, only eight years old. She survived him and was sent back to France, where she became the wife of the eldest son of the Duke of Orleans—a bridegroom aged nine. It is notable that her younger sister, Katharine, was married to Henry V. [1420]. Richard's marriages were not blessed with children, and he left no issue, lawful or otherwise. During the first twelve years of his reign he was himself governed by a sort of regency, of which the leading spirit was his renowned uncle, John of Gaunt; but, in 1389, he assumed the sovereign sway of his realm, and thereafter he gave a free course to his resentment against the princes and nobles who had hitherto controlled him. It is said that he treacherously caused the arrest of his uncle, the Duke of Gloster, who was imprisoned at Calais, and there [September 8th, 1397], was secretly murdered. This hideous crime is laid to the charge of Richard. It cannot be doubted, however, that the Duke of Gloster was Richard's enemy; and Richard lived in an age when, if a king did not dispose of his enemies, they were exceedingly apt to dispose of him.

His banishment of his cousin Henry, who afterward deposed him, was a much more politic and justifiable act. This inconvenient relative had generally been in alliance with his opponents, and was too popular by half to please the eyes of jealous royalty. When, therefore [1398], Hereford and Norfolk accused each other of treason,—both being distasteful to Richard,—and had met, at Coventry, to settle their grievances by public combat, the king seized the fair occasion and banished them both out of England. The trouble between these two noblemen began in January, 1398. Their war-like encounter, at Coventry, occurred “upon St. Lambert’s Day,” September 17th, in the same year. Their exile was at once accomplished. Hereford’s father, John of Gaunt, was so stricken with grief at the banishment of his son, that he presently sickened and died [spring of 1399], and Richard thereupon made the chief blunder of his life, in seizing the estates of Lancaster, which he had agreed that the banished Henry should peaceably inherit. This done, he departed into Ireland, to quell a rebellion there, leaving his kingdom to the care of his uncle, the Duke of York. His absence, of course, was Henry’s opportunity; and this the resentful Hereford was not slow to improve. The usurper’s expedition sailed from Port Blanc, in Lower Brittany, and landed at Ravenspur, on the coast of Yorkshire; and by the time Richard had arrived home from Ireland, Henry had gained the virtual control of the kingdom. Richard was betrayed by the Earl of Northumberland, and at Flint Castle, which is not a great way off from the City of Chester, was delivered into the hands of his foe, who conveyed him to London, and imprisoned him, first at Westminster and afterwards at the Tower. Their entry into London was attended with a great ebullition of respect for Henry and of disdain for Richard—a circumstance recorded by Shakespeare with impressive beauty and pathos of language, in the fifth act of this tragedy. Richard was immediately deposed [September 30th, 1399], and, constrained by the fear of death, he abdicated the throne, and delivered his crown and sceptre to his cousin Henry. “The steps,” says Hume, “have always been so few between the prisons of princes and their graves that we need not wonder that Richard’s fate was no exception to the general rule.” The dishonoured and despised king was immured in Pomfret Castle, and there, on the 14th of February, 1400, he expired. The manner of his death is not certainly known. It was long believed—and this account of the catastrophe has been followed by Shakespeare—that he was slain in prison by Sir Piers Exton and others of his guards. Another and more probable tradition is that he was starved to death. The Percys, who revolted against Henry IV. [1403], issued a manifesto, just before the

battle of Shrewsbury, in which they charged that Henry caused Richard to perish of hunger, thirst, and cold, after "fifteen days and nights of suffering unheard of among Christians." The corpse of Richard was brought from Pomfret to London, and was exposed in public at the Tower. No marks of violence were observed upon it. From the Tower it was conveyed to Langley, and there buried; but, in 1413, the first year of his reign, Henry V. removed it to Westminster Abbey, with funeral obsequies of a most solemn and pompous description. Richard's tomb is in the chapel of Edward the Confessor. It is an imposing, venerable structure, surmounted by a canopy of wood, on which is still visible an ancient, singular, glimmering fresco of Christ and the Virgin Mary. This tomb also contains the ashes of Richard's first wife, Queen Anne. Within the present century the tomb has been opened: the skull of the king was found to be uninjured.

Hume says that "this prince lived in a more magnificent manner than, perhaps, any of his predecessors or successors. His household consisted of ten thousand persons; he had three hundred in his kitchen; and all the other offices were furnished in proportion." The same historian observes that: "Indolent, profuse, addicted to low pleasures, he spent his whole time in feasting and jollity, and dissipated in idle show or in bounties to favourites of no reputation that revenue which the people expected to see him employ in enterprizes directed to public honour and advantage. He forgot his rank by admitting all men to his familiarity; and he was not sensible that their acquaintance with the qualities of his mind was not able to impress them with the respect which he neglected to preserve from his birth and station."

Richard was remarkable for his personal beauty. Portraits of him exhibit a man of slender person, large head, large eyes, regular features, a small mouth, a sensitive chin, long, bushy hair, a grave, sweet aspect, and a feminine contour of countenance. The livery colours of this king were white and red. His heraldic device, or emblem, was a white hart couched under a tree, having a crown around its neck and a chain around its body. A fanciful emblem, typical of Richard's experience and of the meaning of that experience, has been preferred for the embellishment of this volume.

Henry of Lancaster was the son of John of Gaunt (Ghent), and cousin to King Richard. He was born [1366] at Bolingbroke Castle, in Lincolnshire, and from that place he derived the name of Bolingbroke, or Bullingbroke. This name, however, in fact, was not given to him until after, as Henry IV., he had ascended the throne of England. It is recorded that the last remains of the old castle in which he was born

crumbled over their base in May, 1815. Henry's titles were, Earl of Derby and Duke of Hereford. When banished by King Richard he withdrew to Paris, from which capital he carefully watched the course of English affairs. This was in the early Fall of 1398. The death of John of Gaunt and King Richard's seizure of that nobleman's estates occurred in the next year; whereupon Henry promptly came back [July 4th] to England, to claim his inheritance—and something more. King Richard was deposed on September 30th, 1399, and within six months from that time he was dead, and Bolingbroke, now secure, was reigning in his place. The portrait of Henry presents a countenance remarkable for astute composure and almost ferocious determination. The eyes are severe; the nose is long, large and aquiline; the jaw is large and heavy. Henry seems to have been, by nature, a ruler and a politician. He was twice married. His first wife, Mary de Bohun, bore him four sons, the eldest of whom afterward ruled England as Henry V., making a great name both for history and poetry. His second wife, whom he married after he became King, was Joan, daughter of the King of Navarre and widow of the Duke of Brittany. It is said that Henry, in his last days, endured the pangs of remorse for his treatment of Richard and his usurpation of the English crown. Hume says that his popularity was lost many years before the end of his reign, and that he governed his people more by terror than by affection. This same state of things was repeated, long afterward, in the case of the later usurper, Henry VII. The death of Henry IV. occurred in the Jerusalem Chamber, in Westminster Abbey, in 1413. He was in his 46th year. He was buried in Canterbury Cathedral. His queen is buried beside him.

The estimate of himself, and of Richard, that Shakespeare makes Henry express ["Henry IV.," Part I., Act iii., Scene 2d] is harmonious with the view here taken of the historical facts that are recorded concerning them:

"Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession;
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wondered at:
 That men would tell their children, 'This is he;'"

Others would say, "Where? Which is Bolingbroke?"
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dressed myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crownèd king.
 Thus I did keep my person fresh and new;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wondered at; and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down,
 With shallow jesters and rash, bavin wits,
 Soon kindled and soon burned: carded his state;
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools,
 Had his great name profanèd with their scorns,
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative:
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoffed himself to popularity;
 That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey, and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded."

The Duke of Norfolk, when banished, travelled into the south of Europe, and there died. His fate is chronicled, in Shakespeare's own language, in a passage — not included in this Acting Version — from the fourth act of this tragedy:

"Carlisle.

Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought
 For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field,
 Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
 Against black Pagans, Turks and Saracens:
 And, toiled with works of war, retired himself
 To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,

And his pure soul unto his Captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Bolingbroke.

Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

Carlisle.

As sure as I live, my lord.

Bolingbroke.

Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham !"

There is a certain mild strain of humour in the amiable incompetence and distracted fussiness of the Duke of York. This personage seems to be one of the men who fondly imagine that they are accomplishing something, and displaying quite a talent for practical affairs, whenever they snort and stamp and fume and work themselves into a fever of capers and prattle. Shakespeare has put several most characteristic speeches into the mouth of this worthy and useless old man :

" If I know

How or which way to order these affairs
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me."

" Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle !
I am no traitor's uncle."

" Well, well, I see the issue of these arms :

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left :—
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop,
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king :
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well. * * *
Things past redress are now with me past cure."

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was the fourth son of Edward III. and Queen Philippa. He was born at Ghent, whence he derived his designation, in 1340. He seems to have been a nobleman of strong character, sagacious mind and frugal habits ; but he was extremely unpopular. He possessed much wealth, which he had acquired by

marriage with Blanche, daughter of the first Duke of Lancaster. His device was the word "Souveraine," and that was adopted by his son Henry, whose heraldic signs were swans and antelopes. The tomb of John of Gaunt is in St. Paul's Cathedral, in London.

The Earl of Northumberland was Henry Percy, father of the Sir Henry Percy who lives in history and fiction as Hotspur. He revolted against Henry IV., and was defeated by that king, at Shrewsbury, in 1403; and he was killed while leading a later rebellion against him, in a battle on Branham Moor, near Tadcaster, in 1408.

Eleanor Bohun, Duchess of Gloster, was the daughter of Sir Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hertford, Essex and Northampton, and wife to Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster; and she was, in her day, the greatest heiress in England. The capture, imprisonment, and assassination of her husband [1397] broke her heart. She retired into a nunnery—Barking Abbey—and there died, October 3, 1399. Her tomb is in the chapel of St. Edmund, in Westminster Abbey, marked by the effigy, cut in brass, of a lady in a widow's dress, with a barb [chin cloth] and veil; the inscription is in old French. The grave of her husband, whose murder as above noted was accomplished at Calais, is also in the Abbey, under the pavement of the Chapel of Edward the Confessor. The stone that covers it was once finely plated with brass, but it is now much defaced. Shakespeare has put into the mouth of this miserable woman a pitiful, broken, ejaculatory speech of grief, very remarkable for its fidelity to nature.

Sir John Bushy and Sir Henry Green were made prisoners by Bolingbroke, shortly after he landed from France, and by his command they were put to death, at Bristol. These knights, together with William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, and Sir John Bagot, had made themselves obnoxious by aiding King Richard in those exactions which actually pillaged the revenues of the English people.

"Aumerle," says Macready, "is a courtier and conspirator, unmarked by any peculiarity of concerted plan or urgent motive." The studious reader of the tragedy, however, will find that he is possessed of distinct character. He is volatile, impulsive, flippant and sarcastic. Two lines that he speaks are broadly indicative of his quality:

"I brought high Hereford, since you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him."

Aumerle was the eldest son of the Duke of York, and, therefore, cousin to both Richard and Bolingbroke. He derived his appellation from

Aumerle, or Albemarle, a town in Normandy. He was also the Earl of Rutland.

The uncles of Richard the Second—sons to the great and famous Edward III.—were the following: William, of Hatfield; Lionel, Duke of Clarence; John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; Edward of Langley, Duke of York; William of Windsor; and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster.

The ages of some of the chief characters in this tragedy are exactly stated as follows: Richard, 33; Bolingbroke, 33; John of Gaunt, 59; Duke of Norfolk, 40, and Queen Isabel, 11. The ages of others can only be approximately stated. York is about 56; Aumerle, about 30; Northumberland, about 54; Salisbury, about 45; Carlisle, about 60; the Duchess of Gloster, about 48. Exton, Bushy, Bagot, and Green are men of the middle age. Queen Isabel, though she was in fact a child, is, of course, represented by a grown woman. "Richard the Second," though closely harmonious with history, is, in stage practice, entitled to be interpreted with due consideration of its ideal, poetic atmosphere.

The testimony of Froissart makes it evident that the people of England were badly governed in the reign of Richard the Second, and that they laid their troubles at the king's door. Rulers are not judged by their motives, or with consideration of the circumstances that surround them and constrain their actions, but by the results of government, for which they are held responsible. The English people, as recorded by Froissart, said: "We have a king now that will do nothing; he intendeth but to idleness and to accomplish his pleasure, and by that he sheweth he careth not how everything goeth, so he may have his will." There was almost universal desire for change; and Bolingbroke found it comparatively an easy matter to depose the sovereign who was thought to stand in the way of better times. Shakespeare has wisely diverted attention from Richard's incompetence or culpability as a ruler, and has directed regard upon his principles, emotions, character and sorrows as a man; and in this way he has beguiled the world of its pity and sympathy. Richard, in the pages of the poet, becomes, after the first tumults of petulant capriciousness, a majestic, sad-minded, royal person, philosophical, pathetic, and as gentle in soul as he is fervent in dolour. "In his prosperity," says Dr. Johnson, "we saw him imperious and oppressive, but in his distress he is wise, patient and pious." These attributes, though, are not in him invariable. Knight justly specifies passionate weakness as his pervasive characteristic; and Macready as justly ascribes to him persuasions of kingly inviolability and of heavenly interposition in his behalf which are extravagant. He exhibits an irresolu-

tion of purpose, a mutability of mood, and an unfitness for action which are kindred, as to motive or fundamental cause, with the same attributes in Hamlet. Life, for him, drifts into chaos, and his soul is overwhelmed and shattered by vast disorder. He is the embodiment of afflicted majesty; of a kind, weak nature, saturated with the conviction of its own royalty, and distracted, in agonized tumult, by sorrow at the indignities it must suffer, and by fitful resentment against its fate. There is about him, almost from the first, a quality of forlorn wistfulness such as seems to denote that destiny has already marked him off for misfortune's minion, and doomed him to failure and ruin. This quality—this sympathetic strangeness—this piteous, singular humanity, which transforms a weak, dull king into a rare human being—is the fascination of Richard; and this his memory owes to the amazing genius of Shakespeare.

WILLIAM WINTER.



RICHARD III

VOL. II

Preface.



THIS is intended as an Acting Version of the tragedy of Richard III. It differs from all others. Changes of the original have been made, in both the arrangement of the scenes and the distribution of the text. Portions of the original have been omitted. The portions retained, however, have been taken from that original, and from no other source. The text has been but slightly altered, and that in only a few places. No new material has been introduced. The spectator of "Richard III.," therefore, who sees the tragedy acted according to this version, will see—not, indeed, the whole piece, as it stands in the authentic library editions—but Shakespeare's work substantially as Shakespeare wrote it.

The innovations made by Colley Cibber—whose acting version of "Richard III." has hitherto, for a long time, been generally in use—have been discarded. The objections to Cibber's version are, that it contains cheap, theatrical language, unworthy of association with that of Shakespeare, and that it lowers Shakespeare's ideal of GLOSTER—making him a coarse monster of cruelty, devoid of the finer strain of innate royalty, devoid of subtle, sardonic, bitter, and piteous self-mockery, and destitute of human feeling. This is as false to Shakespeare as it is to nature. In the rejection of Cibber's piece—a result which it is hoped the usage of the stage may ultimately accomplish—the prosy and common-

place soliloquy on conscience will disappear, together with the ugly and low scene in which the king is made to berate his wife, and advise her to kill herself; and also our theatres will cease to resound with the clamorous vociferation of "Richard 's himself again!" and "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!" In the restoration, as far as is practically possible, of Shakespeare's original tragedy, a subtle, complex, and brilliant character, and a terrible and piteous image of crime and retribution, will be re-instated upon the stage—without, it is believed, being freighted with tediousness.

This Acting Version of "Richard III." aims to help toward the attainment of that end. It is constructed, on the Prompt-Book plan, for practical use in the theatre. It contains the text—neither more nor less—exactly as it is spoken in Edwin Booth's presentation of the tragedy, together with the arrangement of scenes and the stage-directions made and followed by him. The Editor's notes and remarks, in the Appendix, are designed as hints and helps to theatrical students; and especially to such as may not have immediate access to the various and scattered authorities upon which the tragedy is reared, and by which it is illustrated.

W. W.

New-York, Dec. 25th, 1877.





*"The bristled bore in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade."*—GRAY.

*" 'So let him die,' Duke Richard said,
'And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows!'"*—CHATTERTON.

*"The place about was ever in a splash
Of streaming blood; and o'er the insulting door
Hung pallid human heads, defaced with dreary gore."*—VIRGIL.

*"There was a laughing devil in his sneer
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell."*—BYRON.

*"Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!"*—CAMPBELL.

*"Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mix'd
On wild or hateful objects fix'd.
Fantastic passions! mad'ning brawl!
And shame and terror over all."*—COLERIDGE.

*"See ye yon wood? There Richard lay
With his whole army: look the other way,
And to where Richmond in a bed of gorse
Encamped himself ere night, and all his force.
Upon this hill they met."*—RICHARD CORBETT.

*"The weapons overtook his words, and blows they bravely change,
When, like a lion, thirsting blood, did moody Richard range,
And made large slaughters where he went till Richmond he espied,
Whom singling, after doubtful swords, the valourous tyrant died."*
WARNER.



Persons Represented.



KING EDWARD IV.

RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOSTER, *afterwards King Richard III.*

GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE.

HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND, *afterwards King Henry VII.*

HENRY BOHUN, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

JOHN HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK.

ANTHONY WOODEVILLE, EARL RIVERS.

MARQUIS OF DORSET.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY.

JOHN MORTON, BISHOP OF ELY.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, *Wife to King Edward.*

QUEEN MARGARET, *Widow of Henry VI.*

DUCHESS OF YORK, *Mother to Edward, Gloster & Clarence.*

LADY ANNE, *afterwards Queen.*

LADIES OF THE COURT.

LORDS AND OFFICERS.

FIRST AND SECOND MURDERERS.

GHOSTS of *Edward, Prince of Wales, Richard, Duke of York,*
the young Sons of Edward IV.; Lady Anne; Clarence;
Hastings; and Buckingham.

CITIZENS, PAGES, etc.

Place and Time.



SCENE.—*London and vicinity of Tamworth, England.*

PERIOD.—*The Fifteenth Century: 1471-1485.*

TIME OF ACTION.—*Conjectural. [See Appendix.]*

Doubles.



*If necessary, in the representation of this tragedy, actors
 can "double" in the following parts:*

HASTINGS and NORFOLK,

DORSET and ELY,

RIVERS and BLOUNT,

CLARENCE and RICHMOND,

MAYOR and FIRST MURDERER,

TYRRELL and SECOND MURDERER.

RICHARD III.



Act First.

Scene First.—LONDON. A STREET, WITH ARCH L. 2. E.

[*Enter Gloster* R. U. E.

Glos.

Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds, that lowered upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front ;
And now—instead of mounting barbèd steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want Love's majesty :
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
The dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;
Why I, in this weak, piping time of peace,

Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity;
 And therefore — since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,—
 I am determinèd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other:
 And if King Edward be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mewed up,
 About a prophecy, which says — that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! Here Clarence comes.
[Enter Clarence, guarded, and Ratcliff.]

Glos.

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard
 That waits upon your grace?

Clar.

His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the tower.

Glos.

Upon what cause?

Clar.

Because my name is — George!

Glos.

Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
 He should, for that, commit your godfathers.

Clar.

He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,

And says — a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be ;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he :
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glos.

Why, this it is when men are ruled by women : —
'T is not the king that sends you to the tower ;
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 't is she,
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower ;
From whence this present day he is delivered ?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe !

Clar.

By heaven, I think there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore !

Rat.

[*Comes down R.*

I beseech your graces both to pardon me :
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glos.

We speak no treason, man : — we say the king
Is wise, and virtuous ; and his noble queen
Well struck in years ; fair and not jealous : —
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue,
And the queen's kindred are made gentle folks :
How say you, sir ? Can you deny all this ?

Clar.

We know thy charge, Ratcliff, and will obey.

Glos.

We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
 Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;
 And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—
 Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,—
 I will perform it to enfranchise you.
 Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar.

I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glos.

Well, your imprisonment shall not be long ;
 I will deliver you, or else lie for you :
 Meantime, have patience !

Clar.

I must perforce ; farewell !

[*Exeunt Clarence, Guards, and Ratcliff* R. 2. E.]

Glos.

Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
 Simple, plain Clarence ! I do love thee so,
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
 If heaven will take the present at our hands.
 The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
 And his physicians fear him mightily.
 He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die
 Till George be packed with posthorse up to heaven.
 I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
 With lies well steeled with weighty arguments ;
 And, if I fail not in my deep intent
 Clarence hath not another day to live :
 Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
 And leave the world for me to bustle in !
 For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
 What though I killed her husband, and his father ?
 The readiest way to make the wench amends
 Is—to become her husband and her father :

The which will I : not all so much for love
 As for another secret, close intent,
 By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market :
 Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and reigns.
 When they are gone, then must I count my gains !

[*Exit Gloster. Dead march, p.p. : procession enters through arch L. 2. E., going up R. C. Bearers enter with the corse of King Henry the VI. on a bier. Gentlemen, bearing halberds, to guard it ; and Lady Anne, as mourner.*

Anne.

Set down, set down, your honourable load,—
 If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
 Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
 O, cursèd be the hand that made these wounds ;
 Cursèd the heart that had the heart to do it !
 Cursèd the blood that let this blood from hence !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable, by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee !—
 Come now ; toward Chertsey with your holy load !

[X. TO R. *The bearers take up the bier. Enter Gloster.*

Glos.

Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down !

[*All start and look towards Gloster.*

Anne.

What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glos.

Villains, set down the corse, or by Saint Paul
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys !

Officer.

My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass !

Glos.

Unmannered dog ! Stand thou when I command :
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne.

What, do you tremble ? Are you all afraid ?
Alas, I blame you not : for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body ;
His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, begone !

Glos.

Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne.

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence and trouble us not !

Glos.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne.

Vouchsafe, diffused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self.

Glos.

Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne.

Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glos.

By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne.

And by despairing, shalt thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself.
Dids't thou not kill this king ?

Glos.

I grant ye.

Anne.

Dost grant me, hedgehog ? Then, God grant me too,
Thou mayest be damnèd for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glos.

The fitter for the King of Heaven that hath him.

Anne.

He *is* in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glos.

Let him thank me, that helped to send him thither ;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne.

And thou unfit for any place, but hell !

Glos.

Yes, one place else. If you will hear me name it.

Anne.

Some dungeon ?

Glos.

Your bed-chamber.

Anne.

Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Glos.

So will it, madam, till I lie in yours.

Anne.

I hope so.

Glos.

I know so. But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method ;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne.

Thou wast the cause ; and most accursed effect.

Glos.

Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet love.

Anne.

If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glos.

These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck ;
You should not blemish it if I stood by :
As all the world is cheerèd by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

Anne.

Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life !

Glos.

Curse not thyself, fair creature, thou art both.

Anne.

I would I were, to be revenged on thee !

Glos.

It is a quarrel most unnatural
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

Anne.

It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that killed my husband.

Glos.

He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne.

His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glos.

He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne.

Name him.

Glos.

Plantagenet.

Anne.

Why, that was he.

Glos.

The self same name, but one of better nature.

Anne.

Where is he ?

Glos.

Here !

Anne.

Out of my sight ! Thou dost infect mine eyes.

Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry ;

[She again attempts to stab him.]

But 't was thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch : 't was I that stabbed young Edward ;

[She again offers at his breast.]

But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.

[Here she lets fall the sword and weeps.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne.

Arise, dissembler ; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glos.

Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it !

[He offers to do so.]

Anne.

I have already.

Glos.

That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love :

[She is about to speak.]

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne.

I would I knew thy heart.

Glos.

'T is figured in my tongue.

Anne.

I fear me both are false.

Glos.

Then never man was true.

Anne.

Put up your sword.

Glos.

Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne.

That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glos.

But shall I live in hope ?

Anne.

All men, I hope, live so.

Glos.

Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

[*He puts ring on her finger and kisses her hand.*

Glos.

Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger ;
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart :
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor, devoted servant may
But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness forever.

Anne.

What is it ?

Glos.

That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby House ;
Where,— after I have solemnly interred,
At Chertsey Monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boon.

Anne.

With all my heart ; and much it joys me too.
To see you are become so penitent.

[*Crosses L.*

Glos.

Bid me farewell.

Anne.

'T is more than you deserve :
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt, Lady Anne, and a few attendants* L. I. E.

Officer.

[*After a pause.*

Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glos.

No, to Whitefriars—there attend my coming.

[*Exit Gloster* R. I. E. *Dead March.* *Exeunt the
rest with coffin* R. U. E.

Scene Second.—LONDON. ANOTHER STREET,—IN I.

[*Enter Gloster* R. I. E.

Glos.

Was ever woman in this humour wooed ?
Was ever woman in this humour won ?
I 'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What ? I, that killed her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by ;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing !
Ha !
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
 The spacious world cannot again afford:
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
 That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince
 And made her widow to a woeful bed?
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
 On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
 I do mistake my person all this while:
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain a score or two of tailors
 To study fashions to adorn my body:
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[*Exit.*

Scene Third. { A ROOM IN THE PALACE. GALLERY ACROSS
 STAGE, WITH STEPS, C. FURNITURE R. & L.

[*Queen Elizabeth enters, and sits at Table R.; Lord
 Rivers extreme R. Other lords and courtiers
 R. AND L.*

Rivers.

Have patience, madam, there's no doubt his majesty
 Will soon recover his accustomed health.
 In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
 Therefore, I pray you, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz.

If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Rivers.

No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz.

The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Rivers.

The heavens have blessed you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Q. Eliz.

Ah, he is young, and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Rivers.

Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

[*Enter Buckingham and Stanley.*

Buck.

Good time of day unto your royal grace!

[*Queen rises. Buckingham and Stanley* L. H.

Q. Eliz.

Saw you the king, to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan.

But now, the Duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz.

What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck.

Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz.

God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck.

Ay, madam ; he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain ;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz.

Would all were well ! But that will never be ;—
I fear our happiness is at the height.

[*Queen sits. Enter Gloster and Hastings.*

Glos.

They do me wrong, and I will not endure it :—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not ?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours !
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks ?

Rivers.

To whom in all this presence speaks your grace ?

Glos.

To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injured thee ? When done thee wrong ?
Or thee ? or thee ? or any of your faction ?
A plague upon you all ! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish,—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz.

Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter :
The king, of his own royal disposition,—
And not provoked by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers and myself,—
Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glos.

I cannot tell :—the world has grown so bad
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch.
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz.

Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster.
You envy my advancement, and my friends.
God grant we never may have need of you !

Glos.

Meantime, God grants that we have need of you :
Our brother is imprisoned by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz.

[*Rises*

By him that raised me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoyed,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

[*She crosses to L. slowly and goes up.*

Glos.

You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Rivers.

She may, my lord ;— for —

Glos.

She may, Lord Rivers ? — why, who knows not so ?
She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not ? She may, — ay, marry, may she, —

Rivers.

What, marry, may she ?

Glos.

What, marry may she ? Why — marry with a king,
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too ;
I' faith, your grandam had a worser match.

[As Gloster crosses to L., Elizabeth speaks from C., and at end of speech sinks into the chair at table, R.]

Q. Eliz.

My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs ;
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endured.
I had rather be a country serving-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorned and stormed at !
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

[Enter Queen Margaret at back. She is unseen by all on the stage, who stand in groups, with backs towards her. Her next five speeches are spoken aside.]

Glos.

What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king!
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.
E'er you were queen, yea, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends!
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar.

Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glos.

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been—and what I am!

Q. Mar.

A murderous villain, and so still thou art!

Glos.

Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;
Yea, and forswore himself, which Heaven pardon!

Q. Mar.

Which God revenge!

Glos.

To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lad, he is mewed up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar.

Hie thee to hell, for shame, and leave the world,
Thou cacodemon! There thy kingdom is!

Rivers.

My lord of Gloster, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We followed then our lord, our lawful king :
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glos.

If I should be ! I had rather be a pedlar :
Far be it from my heart the thought of it.

Q. Eliz.

As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar.

As little joy enjoys the queen thereof ;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.

[*Advancing. All start.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me !
Which of you trembles not that looks on me ?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels ?
O, gentle villain, do not turn away ! [Gloster is retiring.

Glos.

Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my sight ?
Wert thou not banishèd on pain of death ?

Q. Mar.

I was ; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me ;
And thou a kingdom ; all of you allegiance :
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glos.

The curse my noble father laid on thee,
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
 And with thy scorn drew'st rivers from his eyes,
 And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout
 Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
 His curses, then from bitterness of soul
 Denounced against thee, are now fallen upon thee,
 And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz.

So just is He, to right the innocent.

Buck.

O, 't was the foulest deed to slay that babe,
 And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Rivers.

Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Hast.

No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Q. Mar.

What! were you snarling all before I came,
 Ready to catch each other by the throat,
 And turn you all your hatred now on me?
 Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
 That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
 Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
 Could all not answer for that peevish brat?
 Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
 Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
 If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
 As ours by murder, to make him a king!
 Edward, thy son, which is now Prince of Wales,
 For Edward, my son, which was Prince of Wales,
 Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long mayest thou live to wail thy children's loss ;
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Decked in thy rights, as thou art stalled in mine !
 Long die thy happy days, before thy death ;
 And after many lengthened hours of grief,
 Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !
[As she goes R., all on that side turn from her.

Glos.

Have done thy charms, thou hateful withered hag !

Q. Mar.

And leave out thee ? Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me !
 If God have any grievous plague in store
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let Him keep it till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down His indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !
 The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
 Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog !
 Thou that wast sealed in thy nativity
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell !
 Thou rag of honour ! Thou detested ——

Glos.

Margaret !

[All laugh. Gloster goes to L. H., and sits.

Q. Eliz.

Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar.

Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune !
 Why strewest thou sugar on that bottled spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?

Fool! Fool! Thou whetest a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-backed toad.

Hast.

False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Dor.

Dispute not with her ; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar.

Peace, master marquis, you are malapert ;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable !
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces !

Glos.

Good counsel, marry ; learn it, marquis, learn it.

Dor.

It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

Glos.

Yea, and much more : but I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar.

And turns the sun to shade, alas ! Alas !
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest.
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it !
As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck.

Have done, have done !

Q. Mar.

O, princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee!
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
O, Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glos.

What does she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck.

Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar.

What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[*Exit Queen Margaret.*

Hast.

My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Buck.

And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty.

Glos. [Rises.

I cannot blame her. Now, by holy Paul,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz.

[Rises.

I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glos.

Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is franked up to fattening for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause of it.

Hast.

A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glos.

So do I ever. *[Aside.]* Being well advised:
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

[Enter a page L. U. E.]

Page.

Madam, his majesty doth call for you.

[Exeunt Queen Elizabeth and courtiers.]

Glos.

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—
I do bewEEP to many simple gulls;
Namely—to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'t is the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it,—and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them,—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

[Exit.]

CURTAIN.

Act Second.

Scene First. { ROOM IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.—CLARENCE SEATED R. C., AND RATCLIFF STANDING L.—DISCOVERED.

Rat.

Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar.

O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time !

Rat.

What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you tell me.

Clar.

Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown !

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks:
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls, and, in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Rat.

Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar.

Methought I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
 But smothered it within my panting bulk
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea!

Rat.

Awaked you not, with this sore agony?

Clar.

O, no: my dream was lengthened after life;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul!
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman, which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
 Who cried aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
 And so he vanished: then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud,
Clarence is come ; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury !
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me about, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I trembling waked, and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made the dream !

Rat.

No marvel, sir, that it affrighted you ;
 I am afraid even to hear you tell it.

Clar.

O, Ratcliff, I have done those dreadful things,
 Which now bear evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me.
 O, God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone ;
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Rat.

I will, my lord. God give your grace good rest !

[Clarence sleeps, on couch c.]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil ;
 And, for unfelt imagination,
 They often feel a world of restless cares :
 So, that, between their titles and low name
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

[Enter two Murderers R. 2. E.]

1st Murd.

Ho ! who's here ?

Rat.

What are you, and how came you hither?

1st Murd.

I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Rat.

Yea, are you so brief?

2nd Murd.

O, sir, it is better to be brief than tedious.

Show him our commission; and talk no more.

[*1st Murderer gives a paper to Ratcliff, who reads it.*

Rat.

I am in this commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:

I will not reason what is meant hereby

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.

Here are the keys; there lies the duke, asleep:

I'll to the king; and signify to him

That thus I have resigned my charge to you.

2nd Murd.

Do so, it is a point of wisdom; fare you well.

[*Exit Ratcliff* R. 2. E.]

2nd Murd.

What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1st Murd.

No, then he will say 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

2nd Murd.

When he wakes! Why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment day.

1st Murd.

Why, *then*, he'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

2nd Murd.

The urging of that word *judgment* hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1st Murd.

What, art thou afraid?

2nd Murd.

Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

1st Murd.

I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2nd Murd.

So I am—to let him live.

1st Murd.

I'll back to the Duke of Gloster and tell him so.

[*Crosses to R.*

2nd Murd.

I pray thee stay awhile; I hope my holy humour will change; 't was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1st Murd.

[*After a pause.*] How dost thou feel now?

2nd Murd.

Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1st Murd.

Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

2nd Murd.

Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1st Murd.

Where is thy conscience now?

2nd Murd.

In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

1st Murd.

Hark! He stirs: shall I strike?

2nd Murd.

No, first let's reason with him.

Clar.

Where art thou, keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

2nd Murd.

You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar.

In God's name! What art thou?

2nd Murd.

A man, as you are.

Clar.

But not, as I am, royal.

2nd Murd.

Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar.

Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

2nd Murd.

My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar.

How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both.

To, to, to——

Clar.

To murder me?

Both.

Ay, ay!

Clar.

You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

1st Murd.

What we will do, we do upon command.

2nd Murd.

And he that hath commanded is the king.

Clar.

Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of His law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: and will you then
Spurn at His edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed, for He holds vengeance in His hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break His law.

2nd Murd.

Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar.

Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2nd Murd.

What shall we do?

Clar.

Relent and save your souls.

1st Murd.

Relent! 't is cowardly and womanish.

Clar.

Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish,
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

[*Low music heard.*

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress;
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

1st Murd.

Look behind you, my lord — [*Clarence turns away*] — take
that — [*Stabs him.*

2nd Murd.

And that [*stabs him*]. If all this will not do
I 'll drown you in the malnsey-butt within.

[*As Clarence falls, the 2nd Murderer kneels as if
to raise and carry him.—The 1st Murderer
throws down his dagger and turns in horror
as he speaks.*

1st Murd.

A bloody deed, and desperately despatched!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

CURTAIN.

Act Third.

Scene First. { LONDON.—THE PALACE. [SECOND GROOVES.] KING EDWARD IV. DISCOVERED IN LARGE CHAIR, SICK. QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, AND OTHERS DISCOVERED.

King Edward.

Why, so ; now have I done a good day's work ;—
You peers, continue this united league.
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence :
And now in peace, my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand ;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Rivers.

By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate :
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast.

So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

Q. Eliz.

[*Offers hand, which Hastings takes.*

And Hastings ; I will never more remember
Our former hatred ; so thrive I and mine.

Buck.

[*To Queen.*

Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
On you or yours, but with all duteous love,
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love!
 When I have most need to employ a friend
 And most assured that he is a friend,
 Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile,
 Be he unto me! This do I beg of heaven,
 When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

K. Edward.

A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
 Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
 There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
 To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck.

And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

[*Enter Gloster.*

Glos.

Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen.
 And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edward.

Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
 Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
 Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
 Between these swelling, wrong-incensèd peers.

Glos.

A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:
 Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
 By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
 Hold me a foe;
 If I, unwittingly, or in my rage,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire,
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
 'T is death to me to be at enmity:
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
 I do not know that Englishman alive
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the infant that is born to-night.
 And I thank heaven for my humility.

Q. Eliz.

A holy day shall this be kept hereafter.
I would to heaven all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glos.

Why, madam, have I offered love for this
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead? [*All start.*]
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

Q. Eliz.

All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

K. Edward.

Is Clarence dead? The order was reversed.

Glos.

But he, poor soul, by your first order died.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

[*Enter Stanley l. Kneels.*]

Stan.

A boon, my sovereign, for my service done.

K. Edward.

I pray thee, peace, my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan.

I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

K. Edward.

Then speak at once, what is it thou demandest?

Stan.

The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life,
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edward.

[The king, very feeble, begins now to rally — breaking down and sinking exhausted into chair at the end of speech.]

Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?
My brother slew no man ; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for him ? Who, in my rage,
Kneeled at my feet and bade me be advised ?
Who spake of brotherhood ? Who spake of love ?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down he rescued me,
And said, dear brother, live, and be a king ?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb, cold night ?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully plucked, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I unjustly too, must grant it you :
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life ;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O, God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this :
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet —
O, poor Clarence !

[Exeunt all but Gloster and Buckingham.]

Glos.

This is the fruit of rashness! Marked you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Looked pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it!
Hark! What noise is this?

*[Re-enter Queen Elizabeth, distractedly, Hastings,
Catesby, Ratcliff and Duchess of York, Rivers,
and Dorset following.]*

Q. Eliz.

O! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul.
And to myself become an enemy.
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.

[Gloster and Buckingham exeunt.]

Duch.

O, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are cracked in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee.

[Duchess sits.]

Rivers.

Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince, your son; send straight for him,
Let him be crowned; in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

[Re-enter Gloster and Buckingham.]

Glos.

Madam, have comfort ; all of us have cause
 To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
 But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
 Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ;
 I did not see your grace ; humbly on my knee
 I crave your blessing !

Duch.

God bless thee, and put meekness in thy mind,
 Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

*Glos.**[Aside.*

Amen ! And make me die a good old man :
 That is the butt end of a mother's blessing :
 I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

Buck.

You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
 That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
 Now cheer each other in each other's love :
 Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
 We are to reap the harvest of his son.
 Meseemeth good, that, now
 Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetched,
 Hither, to London, to be crowned our king.

Glos.

Be it so :
 Madam, and you, my mother — will you go
 To give your censures in this weighty business ?

*[Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster.**Buck.*

My lord, whoever journeys to the prince
 For heaven's sake, let not us two stay behind :
 For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
 As index to the story we late talked of,
 To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glos.

My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet ! My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

[*Re-enter Catesby.*

Buck.

Come hither, gentle Catesby ; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart ;
What think'st thou ? Is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke,
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Catesby.

He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Glos.

What think'st thou then of Stanley ? Will not he ?

Catesby.

He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck.

Well, then, no more, but this : go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose :
And summon him to come unto the tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons.
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination.

[*Catesby is going.*

Glos.

Commend me to Lord William ; tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries,
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle ;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck.

Good Catesby, go ; effect this business soundly.

Catesby.

My good lords both, with all the heed I may.

Glos.

Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep ?

Catesby.

You shall, my lord.

Glos.

At Crosby place ; there shall you find us both.

[*Exit Catesby.*

Cousin, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables.
Whereof the king, my brother, stood possessed.

Buck.

I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

Glos.

And look to have it yielded with all willingness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards,
We may digest our complots in some form.

Buck.

Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots.

Glos.

Chop off his head, man ; somewhat we will do.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene Second.—ROOM IN HASTINGS' HOUSE.

[*Enter Hastings with open letter—a servant following him—R.*

Hast.

Go, fellow, go, return unto Lord Stanley,
Bid him not fear the separated councils!
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance,
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond,
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go now, and bid Lord Stanley come to me;
And we will both together to the tower,
Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.

[*Exit servant as Catesby enters.*

Catesby.

Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast.

Good morrow, Catesby: you are early stirring!
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Catesby.

It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And I believe 't will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast.

How! Wear the garland! Dost thou mean the crown?

Catesby.

Ay, my good lord.

Hast.

I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced,
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Catesby.

Ay, on my life; and looks to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die, at Pomfret.

Hast.

Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still mine enemies;
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Catesby.

Heaven keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast.

But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
I tell thee, Catesby—

Catesby.

What, my lord?

Hast.

Ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

Catesby.

'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

Hast.

O, monstrous, monstrous, and so falls it out,
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey! And so 't will do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who as thou knowest are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Catesby.

The princes both make high account of you;
[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast.

I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

[*Enter Lord Stanley* L. H.]

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan.

My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby.
You may jest on, but by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast.

My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours,
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 't is now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan.

The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and supposed their state was sure;
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the tower?

Hast.

At once have with you! Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan.

They for their truth might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

[*Exeunt* L. H.]

Scene Third. { COUNCIL HALL IN THE TOWER OF LON-
DON.—BUCKINGHAM, ELY, RATCLIFF
AND OTHERS DISCOVERED.

Buck.

My lords, at once: the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation.

Ely.

Are all things fitting for that royal time?

Buck.

They are, and wants but nomination.

Ely.

To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

[*Enter Stanley and Hastings.*]

Buck.

Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely.

Your grace, methinks should soonest know his mind.

Buck.

Who, I, my lord? We know each other's faces,
But, for our hearts, he knows no more of mine
Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast.

I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ;
 But for his purpose in the coronation,
 I have not sounded him, nor he delivered
 His gracious pleasure any way therein ;
 But you, my noble lords, may name the time,
 And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
 Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

*[Enter Gloster and Catesby.]**Glos.*

My noble lords, I hope
 My absence doth neglect no great designs,
 Which by my presence might have been concluded ?

Buck.

Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
 William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,
 I mean your voice, for crowning of the king.

Glos.

Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder ;
 His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Hast.

I thank your grace !

Glos.

My lord of Ely !

Ely.

My lord ?

Glos.

When I was last in Holborn,
 I saw good strawberries in your garden there :
 I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely.

Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart. *[Exit c.]*

Glos.

Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[Drawing him aside.]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck.

Withdraw you hence, my lord.

[*Gloster and Buckingham go out.*]

Stan.

We have not yet set down this day of triumph,
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolonged.

[*Re-enter Bishop of Ely.*]

Ely.

Where is my lord protector?
I have sent for those strawberries.

Hast.

His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;
There's some conceit or other likes him well
When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit.
I think there's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan.

What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he showed to-day?

Hast.

Marry, that with no man here is he offended:
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Stan.

Pray heaven he be not, say I.

[*Re-enter Gloster and Buckingham.*]

[*Page enters with berries. Ely about to rise, Catesby goes quickly to prevent him — takes the dish and gives it to Gloster. The council busy with papers, &c., at table.*

Glos.

Go, cousin.

[*Aside.*

The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.

Buck.

Fear not, my lord ! I 'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself : and, so, my lord, adieu.

Glos.

If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle ;
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

[*Exit Buckingham.*

Go, Catesby, with all speed, to Doctor Shaw,
Then to Friar Penker ; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.

[*Exit Catesby.*

Glos.

I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damnèd witchcraft, and that have prevailed
Upon my body, with their hellish charms ?

Hast.

The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward, in this noble presence,
To doom the offenders : whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deservèd death.

Glos.

Then be your eyes the witness of this ill :
See how I am bewitched — behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling, withered up :
And this is Edward's wife — that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that wanton Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. *[Rises.*

If they have done this, my gracious lord —

Glos.

If! thou protector of this damnèd bawd.

[All start and look at Gloster in terror. Hastings rises, but sinks into his seat at "Off with his head."

Tellest thou me of "ifs?" Thou art a traitor!

[Stamps. Guards rush in.

Off with his head! By holy Paul I swear

I will not dine until I see the same.

Ratcliff, look to 't!

[Ratcliff comes quickly to the side of Hastings.

The rest that love me, rise and follow me!

[All but Hastings rise quickly, as if to go with Gloster.

PICTURE.

QUICK CURTAIN.

Act Fourth.

Scene First. { BAYNARD'S CASTLE. C. WINDOW—DISTANT VIEW. BALUSTRADE AND 4 OR 5 STEPS R. 2. E. WIDE ENOUGH FOR THREE ABREAST. GLOSTER DISCOVERED.

[Enter Buckingham.

Glos.

How now, my lord, what say the citizens ?

Buck.

The citizens are mum, and speak no word.

Glos.

Touched you the bastardy of Edward's children ?

Buck.

I did ; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France ;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy ;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouched or slightly handled in discourse ;
And when mine oratory grew to an end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry " God save Richard, England's royal king ! "

Glos.

And did they so ?

Buck.

Not one, heaven help me! They spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas, or breathing stones,
Gazed each on other, and looked deadly pale,—
Which, when I saw, I reprehended them;
And asked the mayor what meant this wilful silence;
His answer, was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urged to tell my tale again;
“Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred;”
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own
At the lower end of the hall, hurled up their caps,
And some ten voices cried — God save King Richard!
And thus I took the vantage of those few;
“Thanks gentle citizens and friends!” quoth I,
“This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard;”
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glos.

What tongueless blocks! Would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck.

The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit.
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord.
For on that ground I'll build a holy descant;
And be not easily won to our request.

Glos.

I go: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say “nay” to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

[*Music pp.*

Buck.

Go, go! the lord mayor comes!

[*Exit Gloster R. 2. E. Enter the mayor, preceded by four aldermen, and followed by lords and gentlemen.*

Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

[*Enter Catesby R. 2. E.*

How now! What says he, Catesby, to my wish?

Catesby.

My noble lord, he doth entreat your grace,
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers
Divinely bent to meditation.
And in no worldly suits would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck.

Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;
Tell him myself, the mayor and citizens,
In deep designs, and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Catesby.

I'll go, and tell him what you say, my lord.

[*Exit R. 2. E.*

Buck.

Ah, ah, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul;
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof!
But, sure, I fear we ne'er shall win him to it.

Mayor.

Marry, heaven forbid his grace should say us nay.

Buck.

I fear he will.

[Re-enter Catesby.

How now, Catesby, what says your lord ?

Catesby.

My lord,
He wonders to what end you have assembled,
His grace not being warned thereof before ;
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

Buck.

Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him ;
By heaven I come in perfect love to him ;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[Exit Catesby R. 2. E.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 't is hard to draw them thence,—
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

[Re-enter Catesby ; goes L. H.

Mayor.

See, where he stands between two clergymen !

Buck.

Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And see, a book of prayer in his hand :
True ornaments to know a holy man.

[Enter Gloster, between two clergymen, who remain on the steps.

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ears to our request :
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glos.

My lord, there needs no such apology :
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But leaving this ; what is your grace's pleasure ?

Buck.

Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungoverned isle.

Glos.

I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgraceful in the city's eyes.
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck.

You have, my lord : would it might please your grace,
At our entreaties, to amend that fault !

Glos.

Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck.

Then know, it is your fault that you resign,
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemished stock.
We heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge,
And kingly government of this your land ;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.

Glos.

I know not whether to depart in silence
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof

Best fitteth my degree or your condition.
If not to answer, you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me :
If to reprove you for this suit of yours
So seasoned with your faithful love to me,—
Then, on the other side, I checked my friends.
Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert,
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe revenue and due by birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I had rather hide me from my greatness.
But God be thanked, there is no need of me !
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars ;
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck.

My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
Good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffered benefit of dignity ;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry,
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal, true-derived course.

Mayor.

Do, good my lord—your citizens entreat you.

Buck.

Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love.

Catesby.

O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glos.

Alas, why would you heap this care on me ?
I am unfit for state and majesty ;
I do beseech you take it not amiss ;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck.

If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son ;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
Yet, whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house ;
Zounds ! I 'll entreat no more.

Glos.

O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

Buck.

In this resolve I leave you.

[*Exit Buckingham.*

Catesby.

My lord, accept our suit.

Mayor.

Do, good my lord, lest all the land do rue it.

Glos.

Call him again.

[*Exit Catesby.*

I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

[*Re-enter Buckingham.*

Cousin of Buckingham,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcements shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof:
For heaven knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor.

God bless your grace! We see it and will say it.

Glos.

In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck.

Then I salute you with this kingly title,
Long live King Richard, England's royal king!
[*All kneel.*

All.

Long live King Richard, England's royal king!

Buck.

To-morrow will it please you to be crowned?

Glos.

Even when you please,—since you will have it so.
[*All rise.*

Buck.

To-morrow then we will attend your grace :
And so, most joyfully we take our leave.

Glos.

Farewell, good cousin—farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt aldermen and gentlemen, lord mayor last.*
Gloster and Buckingham embrace. The clergy-
men come forward to c. and go up with Gloster
towards R. 2. E.

Come, let us to our holy task again.

[*Exeunt.*

CURTAIN.

Act Fifth.

Scene First.—LONDON—THE PALACE.

Richard discovered, on throne, crowned. Buckingham, Catesby, the lord mayor, lords, bishops, guards, pages, and attendants also discovered. Throne and canopy on wide dais. Rich furniture about the room. Full stage. Buckingham R. Grand march is heard, as the curtain rises.

K. Rich.

Stand all apart.

[*All retire and remain in groups R. and L.*
Cousin of Buckingham!

Buck.

My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich.

Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated ;
But shall we wear these honours for a day ?
Or shall they last and we rejoice in them ?

Buck.

Still live they and forever may they last !

K. Rich.

O, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed !
Young Edward lives. Think now what I would say.

Buck.

Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich.

Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck.

Why, so you are, my thrice renownèd liege.

K. Rich.

Ha! am I king? 'T is so! But Edward lives.

Buck.

True, noble prince.

K. Rich.

O, bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! "True, noble prince!"
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly performed
What say'st thou? Speak suddenly; be brief!

Buck.

Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich.

Tut, tut—thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck.

Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit* L. I. E.]

K. Rich.

I will converse with iron-witted fools.
And unrespective boys: None are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:
High reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy!

[*Whispers, and gives ring to page, who goes out R.*
The deep-revolving, witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel.
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?

[*Enter Stanley L.*

How now, what news with you?

Stan.

My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea
Where he abides.

K. Rich.

Catesby.

Catesby.

[*Comes down R.*

My lord?

K. Rich.

Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die:
[*Aside.*] I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
[*Aside.*] Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.
The boy is foolish and I fear not him.
Look how thou dreamst! I say again, give out
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die.
About it! [Exit Catesby R. U. E.
For it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

[*Re-enter page with Tyrrel R. I. E. Tyrrel kneels
and gives King Richard a ring. Page goes up.*

K. Rich.

Is thy name Tyrrel ?

Tyr.

James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich.

Art thou, indeed ?

Tyr.

Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich.

Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?

Tyr.

Ay, my lord ;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich.

Why there thou hast it : two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the tower.

Tyr.

Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich.

Thou sing'st sweet music ! Hark —

Go by this token : rise,
And lend thine ear.

[*Gives Tyrrel ring.*
[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so : say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

Tyr.

'T is done, my gracious lord.

K. Rich.

Shall we hear from thee Tyrrel, ere we sleep ?

Tyr.

You shall, my lord.

[*As Tyrrel goes R. I. E. and out, Buckingham enters L. I. E.*

Buck.

My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich.

Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck.

I hear that news, my lord.

K. Rich.

[*Stanley advances.*
Stanley, he is your wife's son—well, look to it.

Buck.

My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawned,
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables,
The which you promised I should possess.

K. Rich.

Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

[*Exit Stanley.*

Buck.

What says your highness to my just demand?

K. Rich.

I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little, peevish boy,
A king, perhaps, perhaps, —

Buck.

My lord!

K. Rich.

How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him.

Buck.

My lord, your promise for the earldom, ——

K. Rich.

Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor, in courtesy, showed me the castle,
And called it Rougemont; at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck.

[*Kneels and takes Richard by the robe.*

My lord!

K. Rich.

Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck.

I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

K. Rich.

Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck.

Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich.

Well, let it strike.

Buck.

Why let it strike?

K. Rich.

Because, that like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke,
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation:
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

[*Crosses L.*

Buck.

Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

K. Rich.

Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

[All but Buckingham exeunt with Richard.]

Buck.

And is it thus ? repays he my deep service

With such contempt ? made I him king for this ?

O, let me think on Hastings, and begone

To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[Exit L. U. E.]

Scene Second.—KING'S CLOSET.

[Enter Tyrrel R.]

Tyr.

The tyrannous and bloody deed is done.

Dighton and Forest, whom I did suborn

To do this piece of ruthless butchery,

Wept like two children in their death's sad story.

They could not speak ; and so I left them both,

To bring the tidings to the king. He comes,

[Enter King Richard L.]

All hail, my sovereign liege !

[Kneels.]

K. Rich.

Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr.

If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget you happiness, be happy then,

For it is done, my lord.

K. Rich.

But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr.

I did, my lord.

K. Rich.

And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr.

The chaplain of the tower hath buried them,
But how, or in what place, I do not know.

K. Rich.

Come to me Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire. *[Exit Tyrrel.]*
The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne, my wife, hath bid the world good-night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her I go, a jolly, thriving wooer.

[Enter Catesby, in haste, L. I. E.]

Catesby.

My lord, ——

K. Rich.

Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Catesby.

Bad news, my lord — Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welchmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth!

K. Rich.

Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied numbers.
Come! Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene Third.—STREET.

[Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York R. U. E.]

Q. Eliz.

Ah, my poor princes! Ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new appearing sweets!

[Margaret enters at back.]

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar.

Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night.

Duch.

So many miseries have crazed my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Q. Eliz. [To Margaret.]

O thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul, bunch-backed toad!

Q. Mar.

I called thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I called thee then poor shadow, painted queen:
A queen in jest only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? Where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? Wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues and kneels and says, God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crowned with care;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;

For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me ;
For one being feared of all, now fearing one ;
For one commanding all, obeyed of none.
Thus hath the course of justice whirled about,
And left thee but a very prey to time ;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthened yoke ;
From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance ;
These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz.

O, thou well skilled in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse my enemies.

Q. Mar.

Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day ;
Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were
And he that slew them fouler than he is.
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse ;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse !

[*Exit Margaret* L. 3. E.

Duch.

Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz.

Poor breathing orators of miseries !
Let them have scope ; though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch.

If so, then be not tongue-tied ; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother

My damnèd son, which thy two sweet sons smothered.
[*Distant march, pp.*

I hear his drum!

[*Enter King Richard, L. U. E., with forces, guards, lords, and Catesby. Two pages precede Richard, and two follow him. Trumpet calls a halt.*

K. Rich.

Who intercepts my expedition?

Duch.

[*Stops him. He turns and meets Elizabeth.*

O, she that might have intercepted thee
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. Eliz.

Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be graven, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owned that crown,
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duch.

Where is thy brother Clarence?
And young Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz.

Where Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

K. Rich.

A flourish, trumpets! Strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say!

[*Flourish, during which Duchess goes to Queen Elizabeth.*

Either be patient and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations!

Duch.

Art thou my son?

For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me ;
 For one being feared of all, now fearing one ;
 For one commanding all, obeyed of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice whirled about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
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Duch.

Art thou my son?

K. Rich.

Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz.

I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens :
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich.

You have a daughter called Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz.

And must she die for this ? O, let her live,
And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Throw over her the veil of infamy,
So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter.

K. Rich.

Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours were by me wronged !
So in the lethe of thy angry soul
Drown thou the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz.

Be brief lest that the process of thy kindness,
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich.

Then know that from my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz.

How canst thou woo her ?

K. Rich.

That would I learn of you,
As one that's best acquainted with her humours.

Q. Eliz.

And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich.

Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz.

Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts, thereon engraved
Edward and York : then haply she will weep :
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts ;
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers, yea, and for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

[*Crosses L.*

K. Rich.

Come, come, you mock me : this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz.

There is no other way ;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich.

Look,—what is done cannot be now amended ;
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter ;
Again shall you be mother to a king.
What ! We have many goodly days to see ;

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
 Shall come again transformed to orient pearl,
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go, then, my mother,—I must call you so.
 To thy daughter go;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sovereignty;
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 That petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed.
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz.

Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich.

Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz.

Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich.

Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz.

Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich.

And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz.

I go—write to me, Richard, very shortly,
 And you shall understand from me her mind;

K. Rich.

[*Kisses her.*

Bear her my true love's kiss; and, so farewell.

[*Exit Queen Elizabeth* L. I. E.

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

[*Enter Ratcliff* R. U. E.

K. Rich.

How now? What news?

Rat.

My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a powerful navy;
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich.

Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?

[*Catesby comes* R.]

Catesby.

Here, my lord.

K. Rich.

Fly to the duke. [*To Ratcliff.*] Post thou to Salisbury:
When thou comest thither—[*to Catesby*—Dull, unmindful
[*villain,*
Why standest thou still, and goest not to the duke?

Catesby.

First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind.

[*Crosses to him.*

K. Rich.

O, true good Catesby: bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make
And meet me presently at Salisbury.

[*Exit Catesby* R. U. E. *Messenger enters* R. 2. E.
and gives a paper to Richard.

Rat.

What is't your highness' pleasure I should do
At Salisbury?

K. Rich.

Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

Rat.

Your highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich.

My mind is changed.

[*Ratcliff goes up and off R. Enter Lord Stanley R. I. E.*

K. Rich.

How now, what news with you ?

Stan.

None good my lord, to please you with the hearing :
Nor none so bad but it may well be told.

K. Rich.

Heyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad !
Why dost thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayest tell thy tale a nearer way ?
Once more, what news ?

Stan.

Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich.

There let him sink, and be the seas on him —
White-livered runagate ! what doth he there ?

Stan.

I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich.

Well, sir, as you guess ?

Stan.

Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

K. Rich.

Is the chair empty ? is the sword unswayed ?
Is the king dead ? the empire unpossessed ?
What heir of York is there alive but we ;
And who is England's king but great York's heir ?
Then tell me, what doth he upon the sea ?

Stan.

Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich.

Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

Stan.

No, mighty liege ; therefore, mistrust me not.

K. Rich.

Where is thy power then to beat him back ?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers ?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships ?

Stan.

No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich.

Cold friends to Richard : what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west ?

Stan.

They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign :
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.

K. Rich.

Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond :
I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. [Kneels.

Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful :
I never was, and never will be, false.

K. Rich.

Well,
Go, muster men ; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley : look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan.

So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit R. I. E.*
Enter Catesby R. U. E. with open paper. Richard
takes and reads it.

Catesby.

My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty Ex'ter,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

[*Enter Ratcliff R. 2. E.*

Ratcliff.

My liege, in Kent the Guildfords are in arms ;
And every hour their rebel strength increaseth.

[*Enter officer L. 3. E.*

Officer.

Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.

[*Enter Tyrrel L. 1. E.*

Tyrrel.

My lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham——

K. Rich.

Out on you, owls ! Nothing but songs of death !

[*Richard strikes him. Tyrrel kneels.*
Take that, until thou bring me better news.

Tyrrel.

The news I have to tell your majesty
Is,—that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered :
And he himself wandered away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich.

I cry thee mercy! Take that to cure that blow of thine!
[*Throws him a purse.*
Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Tyrrel.

Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.
[*Enter officer L.*

Officer.

My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken!

K. Rich.

Away with Buckingham to Salisbury!
[*Exit officer.*

While we reason here
A royal battle might be won and lost.
March on! March on!

[*March pp.*

Since we are up in arms:
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.
[*March forte, as procession begins.*

CURTAIN.

Act Sixth.

Scene First. { THE CAMP OF RICHMOND, NEAR TAM-
WORTH. SUNSET. OFFICERS AND GROUPS
OF SOLDIERS DISCOVERED. DIM LIGHT.
RICHMOND'S MARCH IS HEARD.

[Enter Richmond, Dorset, Ely, Blunt and others.

Richmond.

Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land,
Have we marched on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley [Showing a
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement. *paper.*
The wretched, bloody and usurping boar,
That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march,
Then blithe and cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Dorset.

Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Ely.

He hath no friends but who are friends for fear,
Which in his greatest need will fall from him.

Richmond.

All for our vantage! and remember this,—
 God and our good cause fight upon our side;
 The prayers of holy saints and wrongèd souls,
 Like high-reared bulwarks, stand, before our faces.
 Richard except, those whom we fight against
 Had rather have us win than him they follow.
 For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen,
 A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
 One raised in blood, and one in blood established;
 One that hath ever been God's enemy.
 Then if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
 But, if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Then cheerly, friends!
 True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Trumpet.*[*Enter Stanley with officer and two soldiers.**Stan.*

Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richmond.[*Kneels.*

All comfort that the dark night can afford
 Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
 Tell me, I pray, how fares our loving mother?

Stan.

I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good:

[*The scene becomes gradually very dark.*

So much for that. The silent hours steal on.
 In brief, for so the season bids us be,
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,

And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
 I, as I may — that which I would I cannot, —
 With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms;
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long sundered friends should dwell upon.
 God give us leisure for these rites of love!
 Once more, adieu! Be valiant and speed well!

*[Prayer music pp. continues, very low and soft, to
 end of scene.]*

Richmond.

Conduct him to his regiment.

[Exeunt Stanley and officers L. I. E.]

Come, lords, let's in to sleep,
 Lest leaden slumber weigh us down to-morrow.
 When we should mount with wings of victory.

[All kneel.]

O, thou, whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye!
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in the victory!
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
 Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!

[Scene closes in slowly.]

Scene Second.—CAMP OF RICHARD. THE KING'S TENT.

[*Dim Light. Muffled roll of drum pp. all through the scene, and also occasional distant trumpet calls. Pages enter and raise curtain of tent. Enter Norfolk, Catesby, Ratcliff and others* L. I. E.

Norfolk.

What men of note resort to him?

Catesby.

Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blount,
And Rice-ap-Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many others of great name and worth.

[*Enter Richard, Tyrrel, officers, and pages.*

K. Rich.

My lord, why look you so sad?

Norfolk.

[*Pages bring forward a chair.*

My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich.

Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Norfolk.

We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich.

What is 't o'clock?

Catesby.

It's supper time, my lord,
It's nine o'clock!

K. Rich.

I will not sup to-night.
What! is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Catesby.

It is, my liege, and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich.

Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Norfolk.

I go, my lord.

K. Rich.

Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Norfolk.

I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit Norfolk.*]

K. Rich.

Ratcliff,

Rat.

My lord?

K. Rich.

Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
Fill me a bowl of wine!

[*Page goes into tent.*]

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Rat.

Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich.

Why our battalia treble that account :
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

[Page brings wine.]

Set it down !

Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

[An officer exits L. I. E.]

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff !

Rat.

My lord ?

K. Rich.

Sawest thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland ?

Rat.

Thomas, the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich.

I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine.
Is ink and paper ready ?

Rat.

It is, my lord.

K. Rich.

Bid my guard watch.
About the mid of night come to my tent.
And help to arm me.

*[A pause, during which all watch Richard intently.
Distant trumpet.]*

Leave me.

[Exeunt all but Richard R. and L.]

Here will I lie to night—

But where to-morrow ? Well, all 's one for that.—

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have.

[*The drum-roll and trumpet cease gradually ; tremulo music pp. begins and is kept up through the dream.*

[*After a few vivid flashes of light the scene becomes illuminated and shows the ghosts and the distant tents of Richmond. Ghosts pass from R. U. E. to L. C.*

[*The ghost of Clarence appears.*

Ghost of Clarence. [To Richard.

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
Poor Clarence, by thy guile, betrayed to death !
To-morrow in the battle, think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword ; despair and die !—

[*To Richmond.*

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wrongèd heirs of York do pray for thee ;
Good angels guard thy battle ! Live and flourish !

[*The ghost of Hastings appears.*

Ghost of Hastings. [To Richard.

Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days !
Think on lord Hastings, and despair and die !—

[*To Richmond.*

Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake !
Arm, fight and conquer for fair England's sake !

[*The ghost of Queen Anne appears.*

Ghost of Q. Anne. [To Richard.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne, thy wife,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
To-morrow in the battle, think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword ; despair and die !—

[*To Richmond.*

Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep.
Dream of success and happy victory ;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee !

Ghost of Prince Edward. [To Richard.

Dream on thy cousins smothered in the tower.
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame and death!

[To Richmond.

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace and wake in joy!
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

[The Ghost of Buckingham appears.

Ghost of Buckingham. [To Richard.

The first was I that helped thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!

[To Richmond.

I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart and be thou not dismayed;
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard fall in height of all his pride!

[Ghosts vanish. As Richard wakes, footlights
gradually up. Music ceases.

K. Rich.

Give me another horse, bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Heaven!—soft, I did but dream.
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? There's none else by:
Is there a murderer here? No,—yes: I am;
Then fly,—
Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no; alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me,
And if I die no soul shall pity me;
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself

Find in myself no pity for myself.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury! perjury! in the highest degree,
 Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree:
 All several sins, all used in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—guilty! guilty!
[Enter Ratcliff R. I. E.]

Rat.

My lord!

K. Rich.

[As Richard staggers forward, Ratcliff catches and supports him.]

Who's there?

Rat.

My lord, 't is I. The early village cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich.

O, Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream!—
 What thinkest thou—will all our friends prove true?

Rat.

No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich.

Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,——

Rat.

Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich.

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
 Armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond.

[Trumpet.]
[Enter Norfolk, Catesby, and other lords R. and L.]

Norfolk.

Arm! Arm, my lord, the foe vaunts in the field!

K. Rich.

Come! Bustle! Bustle! Caparison my horse;—

[*Exit a lord.*

Call up Lord Stanley; bid him bring his power;

[*Exit a lord.*

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain.

Go, gentlemen, each man unto his charge.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls!

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devised at first to keep the strong in awe;

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

Join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell,

[*Ratcliff gives sword.*

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell!

[*Exeunt—Richard and Ratcliff into tent, the rest*

R. and L.

Scene Third. { LANDSCAPE IN 3. RICHMOND'S TENT R.
3. E. DORSET, ELY AND RICHMOND'S
OFFICERS DISCOVERED.

[*Enter Richmond, from tent. All salute. Music pp. throughout.*

Dorset.

Good morrow, Richmond!

Richmond.

Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Ely.

How have you slept, my lord?

Richmond.

The sweetest sleep, and fairest boding dreams
That ever entered in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lord.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murdered,
Came to my tent, and cried — On! Victory!
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Dorset.

Upon the stroke of four.

Richmond.

Why, then 't is time.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
My lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment.
Where is Lord Stanley quartered?

Ely.

Unless I have mista'en his colors much,
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richmond.

If without peril it be possible,
Bear to him this most needful scroll.

Ely.

Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it.

Richmond.

Come, gentlemen, boldly and cheerfully,
God and St. George! Richmond and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene Fourth. { RICHARD AND HIS ARMY DISCOVERED.
NORFOLK, CATESBY, &c.

K. Rich.

What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond ?

Rat.

That he was never trained up in arms !

K. Rich.

He said the truth ; and what said Surrey then ?

Rat.

He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich.

He was i' the right ; and so indeed, it is.

[*Clock in the distance strikes four.*

Tell the clock there

Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat.

Not I, my lord.

K. Rich.

Then he disdains to shine.

He should have braved the east an hour ago.

A black day will it be to somebody.

Ratcliff !

Rat.

My lord ?

K. Rich.

The sun will not be seen to-day ;

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,

More than to Richmond ? For the self-same heaven,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Norfolk.

My lord, this found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll.*]

K. Rich.

[*Reads.*]

*Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold !
A thing devised by the enemy !
Come, gentlemen !
Remember whom you are to cope withal !
Rascals and run-aways ! A scum of Bretagnes,
Whom their o'eremployed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the sea again ;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famished beggars !
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes !*

[*Richmond's march R. pp.*]

Hark ! I hear their drum !
Fight, gentlemen of England ! Fight, bold yeomen !
Archers, draw your arrows to the head !
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood.

[*Enter Tyrrel, R. U. E.*]

K. Rich.

What says Lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?

Tyrrel.

My lord, he doth deny to come !

K. Rich.

Off with his son George's head !

[*Richmond's march louder.*]

Norfolk.

My lord, the enemy is passed the marsh :
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Victory sits on our helms !
Upon them ! Charge !

[*Exeunt.*

Scene Fifth.

BOSWORTH BATTLE-FIELD. ALARUMS.
EXCURSIONS. BOTH ARMIES DIS-
COVERED, FIGHTING. NORFOLK AND
CATESBY COME TOGETHER FROM
THE CROWD, WHICH MOVES OFF, BUT
RETURNS AT RICHARD'S EXIT.

Catesby.

Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger ;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Catesby.*

[*Enter King Richard and Catesby.*

K. Rich.

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Catesby.

Fly! Fly! My lord, I'll help you to a horse!

K. Rich.

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die!

[*Exit Catesby.*

I think there be six Richmonds in the field,
Five have I slain to-day instead of him!
A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

[*Exit.*

[*Richard's and Richmond's forces enter, fighting.
Enter Richard and Richmond fighting,—
Richard is slain. Retreat and flourish. After
Richard falls, enter soldiers. Full Stage. Tri-
umphal music. Picture.*

CURTAIN.



RICHARD III.

APPENDIX.

THE story of this tragedy is supposed to begin three months after the battle of Tewksbury,—fought on May 4th, 1471,—in which the House of York, crushingly and finally, defeated the House of Lancaster, and substantially ended the Wars of the Roses. It terminates with the battle of Bosworth Field, fought on August 22d, 1485. The period covered is, accordingly, fourteen years. Shakespeare, however, seems to have designed that the historical incidents which he has illustrated should be viewed in a compressed group, and that the action should be confined within brief limits, possibly within those of a single summer. It was in August, 1471, according to his own showing, that Gloster wooed and won the mournful Lady Anne. The murder of Clarence did not occur till 1478, and King Edward IV. did not die till April 9th, 1483. Yet Shakespeare has made these events closely sequent upon each other. Edward V. — with his uncle, Gloster, as Protector—reigned from April 9th to June 22d, 1483. Richard III. and Queen Anne were crowned in London, at Westminster Abbey, on June 26th of that year. Hastings, at the Tower, and Rivers, Grey and Vaughan, at Pomfret Castle, had already suffered death, by Richard's command, on June 13th. The Princes were then lodged in the Tower, and it is not credible that the usurper spared them long. These events were arranged to the poet's hand. But it was not till more than two years later that, in his defeat and violent death, the justice which Shakespeare so speedily brings in was dealt upon the hellish tyrant. Most of the difficulties in the way of a perfect unity, however, are overcome, when we assign all these occurrences to the last year of Richard's life. The great artist has, in fact, epitomized the experience of an epoch, and unfolded the motives and conduct of a whole lifetime, in a work of action which can be practically illustrated within three hours.

It is an admitted rule of dramatic art that ideal works should be interpreted according to the light which they themselves afford, and not by the light of the facts which may happen to stand behind them. "Richard III." is ideal as well as historical, and, accordingly, while suitable regard is paid to its element of fact, it ought to be viewed, not as history alone, but as history transfigured and made poetic. The principal historic facts, though, are interesting and illuminative, and

brief comment on the several persons of the tragedy may usefully reproduce those facts in this place.

Queen Elizabeth is the wife, afterwards the widow, of King Edward IV. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Woodville, or Wydevil. She was the daughter of Sir Richard Wydevil, and was first married to Sir John Grey, of Groby, a Lancastrian, who fell at the battle of St. Albans, in 1455. She was considerably older than King Edward IV., and she had been nine years a widow when, in 1464, she became his wife. She was a woman of great beauty. After she became queen her kindred were invested with rank and titles. The Earl Rivers, of this tragedy, Anthony Woodville—one of the most learned and accomplished men of his time—was her brother; and Lord Grey and the Marquis of Dorset were her sons, by her first husband. She had, by King Edward IV., three children, Elizabeth, Edward and Richard. The sons are the princes whom Gloster caused to be murdered in the Tower. The daughter, Elizabeth, became, in 1486, the wife of Henry, Earl of Richmond, then King Henry VII.

The Duchess of York is the mother of Edward, Gloster and Clarence.

Queen Margaret is the widow of King Henry VI. She was a woman of great ability, and of a formidable, war-like character. She defeated in battle Gloster's father, the Duke of York, and caused his head, surmounted with a paper crown, to be affixed to York battlements. She was captured by King Edward IV. soon after the battle of Tewksbury, was held in captivity five years, and was then ransomed by King Louis XI. of France. She died in Anjou, in 1482. She is the Cassandra of this tragedy; and it may truly be said there is not in all literature a fiercer strain of invective than that which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of this queen.

Lady Anne is, first, the widow of Edward, Prince of Wales,—son of King Henry VI. and Queen Margaret,—who was murdered, after the battle of Tewksbury, by Gloster, Clarence, Hastings and Grey. She was the second daughter of Richard Neville, the great Earl of Warwick,—surnamed "the King-maker." She became the wife of Gloster, and she died in 1485. It was said that she died of grief at the death of her only child, a youth of 12 years, the son and heir of Richard III. It was also said that she was poisoned by her husband. Her grave is in Westminster Abbey, close by the gate of entrance to the chapel of Henry VII. The inscription on the stone that covers it has long since been worn away.

Henry VI. figures as a character in Cibber's version of "Richard III." the scene of his death being taken from the third part of Shake-

speare's [reputed] tragedy, which bears that monarch's name,—but not in the original. He was the predecessor of Edward IV. upon the English throne. He founded King's College, at Cambridge, and the famous Eton College, near Windsor. He seems to have been an exceptionally good and gentle person. He was, accordingly, deposed; and, subsequently, in 1471, he was murdered, in the Tower. This act of butchery is ascribed to Gloster, of whom King Edward so significantly remarks, "He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head." The place of the murder, an oratory in the Tower of London, is still indicated, though with the accents of doubt.

Edward IV. came to the throne of England in 1461, at the age of 20. He was one of the handsomest, most luxurious, and most licentious kings of whom history preserves the record. He died in 1483, in the forty-second year of his age and the twenty-third of his reign. He was buried at Windsor, and near to his royal dust was laid the mangled body of the learned, gallant, and brilliant Lord Hastings.

Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who succeeded to Richard as King Henry VII., was, on the father's side, a descendant from Owen Tudor, and Queen Katharine, widow of Henry V.; and, on the mother's side, a descendant, by an illegitimate branch,—afterwards, however, legally declared legitimate,—from John of Gaunt, the fourth child of Edward III. His character was haughty, peremptory, austere and avaricious. He accumulated great wealth. He allowed the decapitation, for alleged treason, of Sir William Stanley, who had, probably, been the saviour of his life, when personally set upon by Richard at Bosworth Field. He disliked his wife, Elizabeth of York, and they led an unhappy life. He died of a consumption, in his palace at Richmond. His tomb is in his own beautiful chapel, in Westminster Abbey.

The best title to the English Crown, during the Wars of the Roses, undoubtedly inhered in the House of York. Henry IV., who deposed his cousin, Richard II., was a usurper; and it was he who thus caused the subsequent mischief. When Richard II., "hacked to death" or starved at Pomfret Castle, had ceased to live, the crown should have passed to the line of Clarence, the third child of Edward III., and not, as in fact it did, to the line of his fourth child, John of Gaunt. The cause of the Lancastrians, however, finally prevailed, in the success of the founder of the House of Tudor, and his marriage with the last heir of the House of York.

The badge of Lancaster was the red rose; the badge of York was the white rose. These emblems, intertwined, appear upon the cover of this book.

The House of Plantagenet — of which Edward IV., Clarence, Gloster, and the Princes, are members — sprang from the royal House of Anjou. The name of Plantagenet was bestowed on one of the ancestors of the line, either from the fact that he wore in his bonnet a sprig of the broom, *planta genista*, or from the fact that he had done penance by scourging his body with a whip made of that plant. The last of the Plantagenets were Edward, the son of the Duke of Clarence, beheaded in the reign of Henry VII., and his sister, the Countess of Salisbury, beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII.

It will be observed that the weather is summer all through this tragedy, and that most of the action proceeds by day. Tewksbury was fought in May. Henry VI. was murdered a few days later. It was August — though here assumed to be May — when Gloster wooed Lady Anne. King Edward died in April. Hastings, Rivers, Grey and Vaughan were beheaded in June. The princes must have been killed in July. Buckingham perished — on the block, at Salisbury — in August. And it was in August that Richard fought his last battle.

It is supposed that these incidents are so arranged that the story begins in April and ends in August, 1485. The ages of most of the characters in the tragedy can be nearly ascertained. Richard is 33; Richmond, 28; King Edward IV., 41; Clarence, 29; Rivers, 41; the Bishop of Ely, 75; Prince Edward, 12; Prince Richard, 10; Queen Elizabeth, 48; Queen Margaret, 59; the Duchess of York, about 60; and Lady Anne about 23.

The principal historical authority that was followed by Shakespeare, in his treatment of this subject, seems to have been Sir Thomas More's "Tragical History of Richard III.," otherwise called "The History of the Pitiful Life and Unfortunate Death of King Edward V." More is supposed to have obtained much information of Richard's proceedings from John Morton, the Bishop of Ely. This prelate deserted the fortunes of Richard, fled to Richmond, in France, and, in the reign of Henry VII. was made Archbishop of Canterbury; and it is recorded of him that he lived to the great age of 90 years, dying in 1500. He was possessed of great influence, alike in politics and religion; he had intimately known Richard, and he was much esteemed by Henry. Sir Thomas More had his friendship. The arrest and slaughter of Hastings, Buckingham's appeal to the people, — for their recognition of Gloster as king, — and the Lord Mayor's interview with Richard, are particularly described in More's narrative; and this chronicle also minutely recounts the details of the murder of the young Princes, done in the Tower, by Miles Forest and John Dighton, — thereto incited by Sir

James Tyrrel, the willing instrument of King Richard's infernal purpose.

The following passage from Sir Thomas More's "Life of Richard" conveys instructive suggestions to the student of the tyrant's character :

"I have heard, by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberers, that after this abominable deed [the murder of the Princes, his nephews] he never had quiet in his mind ; he never thought himself sure. When he went abroad his eyes whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever on his dagger, his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again. He took ill rest at night ; lay long waking and musing ; sore wearied with care and watch, he rather slumbered than slept. Troubled with fearful dreams, suddenly sometimes started he up, leaped out of his bed, and ran about the chamber. So was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled, with the tedious impression and strong remembrance of his most abominable deed."

In the chapel of Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey, stands a little altar, which was raised by Charles II. to commemorate the murdered princes. The inscription upon it, in Latin, is to the following effect :

"Here lie the remains of Edward V., King of England, and Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried, by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard, the usurper. Their bones, long inquired after and wished for, after laying 191 years in the rubbish of the stairs, were, on the 17th of July, 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered, being buried deep in that place. Charles II., pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate princes to be laid among the relics of their ancestors, in the year 1678, and the thirtieth of his reign."

The place where these bones were found is a recess under the winding stairs that lead up to St. John's Chapel, in the White Tower. The murderers of the princes were never punished for their crime. They confessed it ; but they had obeyed their king's command, and it was the doctrine of Henry VII. that the king's command ought always to be implicitly obeyed and never questioned. The fate of Dighton and Forest is not recorded, but Tyrrel, it is a comfort to know, was beheaded, for treason, by the order of Henry VII., in 1506.

The last moments of King Richard are finely described by Hume :

"The intrepid tyrant, sensible of his desperate situation, cast his eye around the field, and descrying his rival at no great distance, he drove against him with fury, in hopes that either Henry's death or his own would decide the victory between them. He killed with his own hand Sir William Brandon, standard-bearer to the Earl ; he dismounted Sir

John Cheyney; he was now within reach of Richmond himself, who declined not the combat, when Sir William Stanley, breaking in with his troops, surrounded Richard, who, fighting bravely to the last moment, was overwhelmed by numbers, and perished by a fate too mild and honorable for his multiplied and detestable enormities. . . . The body of Richard was found on the field, covered with dead enemies, and all besmeared with blood. It was thrown carelessly across a horse; was carried to Leicester, amidst the shouts of the insulting spectators, and was interred in the Grey Friar's church of that place."

The Duke of Norfolk, Sir Richard Ratcliff, and Sir Robert Brackenbury were amongst the slain at Bosworth Field. Sir William Catesby [he was a lawyer, and a ruthless villain] was captured by Richmond at this battle, and shortly afterwards was beheaded at Leicester.

The tragedy of "Richard III." was first published in 1597, in the thirty-fourth year of Shakespeare's age. He, probably, wrote it at Southwark—where he lived, in the full view of the Tower of London, Baynard's Castle, and other of the famous buildings and places that are implicated in its terrible story. It was four times printed, in quarto, before its appearance in the folio of 1623. The text is thought to have been rather more mangled by editors than that of any other of the 37 plays that live in Shakespeare's name. In all existing editions it is, more or less, a mixture of the quarto and folio readings. In this version the folio of 1623 has mainly been followed; though some readings have been adopted from the Cambridge edition, edited by Clark and Wright.

It is neither customary nor desirable, upon the stage, to aim at literal accuracy in dress and appointments. We cannot—as Thackeray has hinted—have Caractacus painted blue, like an ancient Briton, or Boadicea with nothing on but a cow-skin. A general and tolerably close conformance with the customs of the time to be illustrated is sufficient; and this will usually satisfy all critical taste—except such as likes to glorify itself on the discovery of a defective shoe-string. If dresses absolutely correct, in every particular, were to be used in presenting the tragedy of "Richard III.," the result would in some respects be ludicrous. Important usages of the time, however, are to be remembered and observed.

The colors of the House of York were dark red and blue. Those of the House of Lancaster were blue and white. Those of the House of Tudor were white and green. The use of purple cloth of gold and of purple silk was, in 1482, restricted, by law, to the Royal Family. No person less in degree than a Duke could wear cloth of gold of tissue; but noblemen of lower rank were allowed plain cloth of gold. Knights could wear velvet, and Squires could wear satin. The last state dress worn by

Edward IV. was one that had very full, hanging sleeves, lined with rich furs; and this robe, says an old writer, was "so rolled over his shoulders as to give his tall person an air of peculiar grandeur." In Edward's reign short gowns were worn — over closely fitting body suits — with slits through which came the arms, while the outer sleeves hung, as empty ornaments, from the shoulders. Short-waisted jackets, thickly padded out at the shoulders, were much in use. The boots and shoes were fashioned with long and pointed toes; but, later, the toes were made broad and round. The men wore cloth caps, adorned with gems and feathers. The gowns of the women had long trains, embellished with broad velvet borders. The waists, in Edward's time, were very short; but in Richard's time they were made longer. Broad belts were worn, with buckles in front. The sleeves were long and tight. The steeple head-dress [Norman] was fashionable; but it gave way to a cap of gold embroidery, covered with a transparent veil, that was stiffened in somewhat the form of wings. The common people wore plain tunics, reaching nearly to the knees. The Mayor's robes were scarlet. Long hair was the fashion, but it was cut straight across the forehead — clubbed — or, as the phrase now goes, "banged." Ribbed or plated armor was used in war.

It was the opinion of Polonius that "the apparel oft proclaims the man." It certainly very often does furnish what may be called sidelights upon his character. The taste of Gloster, in this respect, was such as warrants the representative of him in the use of the most luxurious personal adornment. Planché — one of the highest authorities that could be quoted upon this subject — gives a significant view of the man in this aspect of his complex and singular nature:

"Richard's wardrobe was, at all times, magnificently furnished — he and the Duke of Buckingham being notorious for their love of dress and finery. A mandate still exists, amongst the Harleian MSS., sent from York, by Richard, to the keeper of his wardrobe in London, — August 31, 1483, — wherein he specifies the costly habits, in which he was desirous of exhibiting himself to his Northern subjects, with a descriptive detail which, as Mr. Sharon Turner justly remarks, we should rather look for from the fop that annoyed Hotspur than from the stern and warlike Richard."

There are authentic portraits of Richard III. One depicts him as attired in a close suit of scarlet, over which hangs a robe of cloth of gold, and on his head is a black cap adorned with a pearl. Another presents him in a black cap, a body suit of cloth of gold, and a black robe, with black and red sleeves. He was below the ordinary height, but muscular

and very strong. His frame was thin and compact. One of his shoulders was slightly higher than the other. His neck was short, and his head habitually drooped forward. His face was short, his complexion pale olive, and his hair dark brown; his eyes were dark and very fine; his cheeks sunken, and his features regular and aquiline. His forehead was massive and majestic; and his voice was remarkably sweet. He had a habit of playing with the handle of his dagger, and of sliding a ring on and off one of his fingers.

The character of Gloster is that of the worst of human monsters—a wicked man of genius. The ugliness of his soul is symbolized by the ugliness of his body. Bitter, fiery, arrogant, cruel, crafty, impelled by a devilish energy which never halts nor flags, he is determined to rule a world which he despises and contemns, and by which he is feared and hated. His intellect is towering and royal. He looks down upon human passions, and makes them his playthings. He uses all men, and he trusts no one. He is alone, and he walks alone in his blood-stained, haunted pathway to imperial power. He knows himself, and he is never fooled. His hypocrisy deceives others; it never deceives him. He can take on all moods at will, and can secretly exult over the duplicity of each. He is the wit, the courtier, the lover, the man of the world, the frank, affable companion, the rough, plain-spoken, honest creature, the soldier, the statesman, and the king. Within the black silence of his own soul, his infernal genius sits and broods, like a scoffing demon. Something of all this he, no doubt, was in life; but Shakespeare has made him all of this in the consummate ideal of poetry. He can counterfeit piety with the ministers of God; he can sneer at a mother's blessing; and, with heaven-defying blasphemy, can scoff at himself as "the Lord's anointed." But he is human, and bears a conscience, and through that the ever-watchful Nemesis strikes him at last. During the earlier and larger part of his career,—although the subtle interpreter of him will indicate that his remorse and his miserable sufferings are almost coincident with his crimes, and are all the while slowly gathering way,—not Niagara itself is more steadfast in its course than is the current of his tremendous and hellish will. But, when his crimes and his remorse are at their worst, a mother's curse smites him, through crown, and mail, and royal robes, and from that moment his genius begins to wither. His awful deeds rush back upon him. The grave gives up its dead—haunt him. Fear—a new phantom, more hideous than the rest—appals his soul; and he leaps, in fiend-like fury and viper-like malignity, to a desperate and bloody death.

W. W.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 25th, 1877.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since writing the above sketch, in which the authorities of More, Hume, etc., were followed, I have more carefully studied the life and times of Richard III, and I think there is good reason to believe that this prince has been grossly misrepresented and maligned. At all events, the student should be advised that there is another side to the commonly presented picture. Evidence has been adduced, showing that Gloster had nothing to do with the death of Henry VI; that Prince Edward, at Tewkesbury, was not assassinated, but was slain in the battle; that Queen Anne died of grief for the loss of her son, and not by the hand of murder, and that Richard deeply loved and bitterly lamented her; that Lord Hastings was a traitor to Richard, and met with a traitor's doom; and that the story of the fate of the two princes, sons of Edward IV, said to have been murdered in the Tower, by command of Richard, is exceedingly dubious. The Duke of Buckingham seems to have known more about that matter than anybody else knew (unless it was Morton), and his knowledge perished with him, on the block at Salisbury. Buckingham also was a traitor to Richard—acting under the influence of the ablest, wiliest, and most astute politician of that age, Morton, Bishop of Ely, whom Henry VII made Archbishop of Canterbury. More, as a youth, was a follower and a worshiper of Morton, and a member of his ecclesiastical household at Canterbury, and to Morton is due the whole fabric of obloquy that has been reared upon the grave of Richard III. The material for More's life of the king was chiefly derived from Morton; and, indeed, it is thought that the original narrative may have been written by Morton's hand.

W. W.

NEW YORK, January, 1899.

HENRY THE EIGHTH

VOL. II

Preface.



IT has been found necessary, in making an acting copy of "*Henry VIII.*," to omit a considerable part of the original piece. The principal portions thus rejected are the Festival Scene, at Wolsey's Palace; the scene of the interview between Queen Katharine and the two Cardinals; and the whole fifth act—with its episode of Cranmer's triumph, and the christening of the infant princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth. Parts of the remaining dialogue, here and there, have also been excised, and a few transpositions of incident have been made—tending, it is thought, to condense the substance and accelerate the movement of the drama. "*Henry VIII.*," in the original, is better for the library than for the stage, and, when represented without curtailment it has proved tedious. Its theme is the opposition and subsequent ruin and death of Cardinal Wolsey and Queen Katharine; and in this there is more of suffering than of action. Other causes of a sentiment of weight and sluggishness in the original piece are, no doubt, the constraint under which it must have been written, and the mixed authorship that produced it. To have painted Henry VIII. and Anne Bullen in the colours of truth would not have been either expedient or prudent, even in the reign of James I.—supposing, as seems certain, that the play was not produced till Queen Elizabeth had been some

time dead. Those were not days in which royalty could be lightly used. That those royal persons are drawn with more discretion than fullness is now generally conceded. Shakespeare must, necessarily, have felt his freedom hampered in such a politic and courtier-like composition—which yet he seems to have thought needful to the completeness of his series of *Historical Plays*. Moreover, it seems conclusively shown that “*Henry VIII.*” was, in part, written by another hand—that, namely, of John Fletcher. The evidence of this, furnished by the scholar-like and ingenious Mr. Spedding, was reprinted in the “*New Shakespeare Society’s Transactions*,” in 1874. “Fletcher’s verse,” says Dowden, “had certain strongly marked characteristics, one of which is the very frequent occurrence of double endings; a portion of ‘*Henry VIII.*’ is written in the verse of Fletcher, and a portion, as certainly, in Shakespeare’s verse.” Furnival and other editors agree in this view of the subject. Spedding conjectures that Shakespeare had begun, and partly executed, a play on the subject of “*Henry VIII.*”; that a play was wanted, in a hurry, at the Globe Theatre, sympathetic with the public rejoicings over the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. [1612–13]; that Shakespeare placed his unfinished manuscript at the disposal of his old companions; and that his piece was then hastily completed by Fletcher. This work, at any rate, was produced, under the name of “*All Is True*,” at the Globe Theatre, in June, 1613; and during its representation a discharge of cannon set fire to the building, which was consumed. “One man,” says Sir Henry Wotton, “had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with

bottle ale." The play is thought to have been written after 1611. It was first published in the Folio of 1623. The text is deemed singularly correct. Among the passages now ascribed to Fletcher are the soliloquy in which Wolsey bids farewell to his greatness, and the scene in which the vision appears to the dying Queen. The action begins in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, with the arrest of Buckingham [April, 1521], and ends—in this version—with the death of Queen Katharine, which occurred in 1536. In the original, which ends with the christening of the Princess Elizabeth, Anne Bullen's daughter [1533], the death of Katharine is anticipated, for the sake of symmetry in the story. Wolsey, who was born in 1471, died in 1530. A tableau illustrative of the death of the Cardinal [after the commendable device of Calvert], based on Griffith's description, which, in this version, is allotted to Cromwell, might advantageously be introduced between the fourth and fifth acts. The use of the Vision, in Queen Katharine's last scene, is likewise feasible. The hymn which is sung in that scene—Handel's music for "Angels ever bright and fair"—is, of course, an interpolation. It was first employed by Charlotte Cushman, whose illustrious name will always be associated with that of Queen Katharine. This book presents Edwin Booth's choice of the text of "Henry VIII.," and incorporates his stage directions. It is hoped by him, and also by the editor, that not only this Prompt-Book, but its companions of the series—now completed in fifteen volumes—will prove acceptable to the dramatic profession, and pass into general use. They are free to all actors who may choose to adopt them.

W. W.

New-York, November 2d. 1878.



"Of Kings and Queens and Heroes old."—MILTON.

"Monarch of hearts, and arts, and everything."—SYLVESTER.

"Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder."
SPENSER.

"He without noise still travelled to his end
As silent suns to meet the night descend:
The stars, that for him fought, had only power
Left to determine now his fatal hour."—MARVEL.

"And happy that man's chance who falls in time,
Ere yet his virtue be become his crime,
Ere his abused desert be called his pride,
Or fools and villains on his ruin ride."—OTWAY.

"For truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me."—AYTOUN.

"For, of all moral virtues, she was all
That ethics speak of virtues cardinal.
Her soul was Paradise * * *
Her heart was that strange bush where sacred fire,
Religion, did not consume, but inspire."—DONNE.

"God's calm, I said, be on her shed,
And God's exceeding pity."—THOMAS WESTWOOD.

"O little did my mither think,
That day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee."
THE BALLAD OF MARIE HAMILTON.

"Hark, they whisper: angels say
'Sister spirit, come away!'
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?"—POPE.



Persons Represented.



HENRY THE EIGHTH, KING OF ENGLAND.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS.
EDWARD BOHUN, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
THOMAS HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.
THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
LORD SANDS.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
THOMAS CROMWELL.
GARDINER.
KNEVET, *Surveyor to Buckingham*.
BRANDON.
QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry VIII*.
ANNE BULLEN, *Maid of Honour to the Queen*.
PATIENCE, *Servant to the Queen*.
BISHOPS, JUDGES, LORDS, LADIES, CITIZENS, OFFICERS of
the COURT, GUARDS, PAGES, and an EXECUTIONER.

Place and Time.



SCENE. — *England — Chiefly in London.*

PERIOD. — *In the Sixteenth Century [1521–1536].*

TIME OF ACTION. — *The incidents, historically, range over fifteen years. The action may, poetically, be supposed to pass within a few weeks.*

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.



Act First.

Scene First. { LONDON. A ROOM IN THE ROYAL
PALACE.

[Enter the Duke of Buckingham and the Duke of Norfolk, c.]

Buck.

This butcher's cur is venom-mouthed, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him.
I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye reviled
Me, as his abject object; at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He's gone to the king:
I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor.

Stay, my lord;
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about.
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. Nay, be advised.

Buck.

Sir,
I am thankful to you ; and I 'll go along
By your prescription ; but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions), by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not, treasonous.

Buck.

To the king I 'll say 't ; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock.
This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle ; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it),
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor.

I am sorry
To hear this of him ; and could wish you were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck.

No, not a syllable :
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

[*Enter Brandon and Guards.*

Bran.

Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck.

Lo you, my lord, [To Norfolk.
 The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
 Under device and practice. [Gives his sword to Brandon.

Bran.

I am sorry
 To see you ta'en from liberty.
 'T is his highness' pleasure,
 You shall to the Tower.

Buck.

It will help me nothing
 To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
 Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven
 Be done in this and all things!—I obey.

Bran.

Here is a warrant from
 The king to attach Lord Montacute and the bodies
 Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
 One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor —

Buck.

So, so;
 These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran.

A monk of the Chartreux.

Buck.

O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran.

He.

Buck.

My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
 Hath showed him gold; my life is spanned already:
 I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
 By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt all but Norfolk, L.*

[*Flourish. Enter the Lord Chamberlain, preceding and ushering in King Henry and Cardinal Wolsey. The King enters leaning on Wolsey's shoulder. After them come the Duke of Suffolk, Sir Thomas Lovell, and Thomas Cromwell: Also, lords, officers and pages. A page places chair for the King R.*

King Henry.

My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it.—Let be called before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's.

[*Wolsey sends an officer off, C.*

In person,
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate. [The King sits.

Sir Henry Guildford. [Speaking outside.

Room for the queen!

[*Enter Queen Katharine, preceded and ushered in by Sir Henry Guildford, and attended. The attendants retire up. The Queen kneels.*

King Henry. [Rising.

Rise.

Queen Kath.

Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

[*Page places a chair for the Queen, next to the King's chair, L.*

King Henry.

Arise, and take your place by us; half your suit
Never name to us—you have half our power;

[*Queen rises and takes her seat.*

The other moiety, ere you ask, is given.

Repeat your will, and take it.

[*King sits.*

Queen Kath.

Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and, in that love,
Not unconsidered leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King Henry.

Lady mine, proceed.

Queen Kath.

I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flawed the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches [*To Wolsey.*
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions; yet the king, our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!)
Even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. [*Advancing L.*

Not almost appears:
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing,
Compelled by hunger,
And lack of other means, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King Henry.

Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? —
My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

[*To Wolsey.*

Wol.

Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state ; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen Kath.

No, my lord,
You know no more than others ; but you frame
Things that are known alike ; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing ; and, to bear them
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devised by you ; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King Henry.

Still exaction !
The nature of it ? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction !

Queen Kath.

I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldened
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is named your wars in France. This makes bold mouths ;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them ; their curses, now,
Live where their prayers did.
I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration.

King Henry.

By my life,
This is against our pleasure !

Wol.

And for me,
 I have no further gone in this, than by
 A single voice ; and that not passed me but
 By learnèd approbation of the judges. If I am
 Traduced by ignorant tongues—which neither know
 My faculties nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
 'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through.
 If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mocked or carped at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State statues only.

King Henry.

Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be feared. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
 A trembling contribution ! Why, we take,
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part of the timber ;
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hacked,
 The air will drink the sap.
 To every county,
 Where this is questioned, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has denied
 The force of this commission : Pray, look to 't ;
 I put it to your care.

Wol. [*To Cromwell.*]

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon.
 The grievèd commons [*Aside, to Cromwell.*]
 Hardly conceive of me ; let it be noised
 That through our intercession this revokement
 And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Cromwell.*]

Queen Kath. [To *King Henry*.

I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King Henry.

It grieves many :
The gentleman is learned ; a most rare speaker ;
To nature none more bound ; but he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmeared in hell.

[Enter, L., *Knevet*, surveyor to the Duke of
Buckingham, ushered in by officer.

Sit by us. [To *Wolsey*. Page places stool for the Cardinal,
R. *Wolsey* sits.

This was his gentleman in trust. [To *Queen Katharine*.
You shall hear of him

Things to strike honour sad.

Bid him recount [To *Wolsey*.

The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol.

Stand forth ; [Knevet advances.
And with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject have collected,
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King Henry.

Speak freely. [To *Knevet*.

Knevet.

First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his : These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergarny ; to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol.

Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen Kath.

My learned lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King Henry.

Speak on :
How grounded he his title to our crown,
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught ?

Knevet.

He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins,
His confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King Henry.

How know'st thou this ?

Knevet.

"There is," says he, "a Chartreux friar, that oft
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment ;
Whom, after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued — 'Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper ; bid him strive
To the love of the commonalty — the duke
Shall govern England.'"

Queen Kath.[*To Knevet.*]

I know you well:

You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants. Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed.

King Henry.

Go forward.

Knevet.

On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived,
And that 't was dangerous for him
To ruminate on this. He answered, "Tush!
It can do me no damage;" adding, further,
That had the king in his last sickness failed,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

King Henry.

Ha! what, so rank! Ah, ha!
There 's mischief in this man.—
Canst thou say further?

Knevet.

I can, my liege.

King Henry.

Proceed.

Knevet.

Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke,
About Sir William Blomer ——

King Henry.

I remember
Of such a time:—being my sworn servant,
The duke retained him his.—But on: what hence?

Knevet.

"If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,
 As to the Tower I thought—I would have played
 The part my father meant to act upon
 The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
 Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
 As he made semblance of his duty, would
 Have put his knife into him."

King Henry.

A giant traitor!

*Wol.**[To Queen.*

Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
 And this man out of prison?

Queen Kath.

God mend all!

King Henry.

There's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Knevet.

After—"the duke his father,"—with "the knife,"—
 He stretched him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
 Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
 He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
 Was,—were he evil used, he would out-go
 His father, by as much as a performance
 Does an irresolute purpose.

King Henry.

There's his period,
 To sheath his knife in us. He is attached!
 Call him to present trial: if he may
 Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
 Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night,
 He's traitor to the height. *[Flourish. Exeunt, L. I. E.*

Scene Second. { ANOTHER ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE.
ENTER THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND
LORD SANDS.

Cham.

Is it possible the spells of France should juggle
Mèn into such strange mysteries ?

Sands.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are followed.
They have all new legs, and lame ones ; one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin
A springhalt reigned among them.

[*Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.*

Cham.

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell ?

Lov.

Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That is clapped upon the court-gate.

Cham.

What is 't for ?

Lov.

The reformation of our travelled gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham.

I am glad 't is there ; now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Sands.

What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !

Low.

Ay, marry,
 There will be woe, indeed, lords :
 A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands.

The devil fiddle 'em ! I 'm glad they 're going.
 Now,
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
 And have an hour of hearing ; and, by 'r lady,
 Held current music too.

Cham.

Well said, Lord Sands :
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands.

No, my lord ;
 Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham.

Sir Thomas,
 Whither are you going ?

Low.

To the cardinal's :—
 Your lordship is a guest, too.

Cham.

O, 't is true :
 This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
 To many lords and ladies ; there will be
 The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.

Low.

That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
 A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us.

Sands.

He may, my lord — he has wherewithal ; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal :
They are set here for examples.

Cham.

True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays :
Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late, else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers.
Your lordship shall along.

Sands.

Ay, ay ; if the beauties are there
I must make one among them, to be sure. [*Exeunt, L.*

Scene Third. { LONDON. A STREET. [IN THIRD
GROOVES.] A BELL IS TOLLED AND
MUFFLED DRUMS ARE BEATEN.
LOVELL, GUILDFORD, BUCKINGHAM,
LORDS, THE EXECUTIONER, GUARDS,
AND CITIZENS DISCOVERED.

Buck.

[*Bell and drums cease as he begins to speak.*

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die ; yet heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
The law I bear no malice for my death,

'T has done, upon the premises, but justice;
 But those that sought it I could wish more christians:
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive them.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults.

You few, that loved me,
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven.

Lead on. *[Bell is tolled. - Muffled drums.]*

Lov.

I do beseech your grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck.

Sir Thomas Lovell, *[Takes his hand.]*
 I as free forgive you,
 As I would be forgiven.
 Commend me to his grace;
 And if he speak of Buckingham, 'pray, tell him,
 You met him half in heaven; my vows and prayers
 Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
 Shall cry for blessings on him. *[Kneels, c.]*

May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
 Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov.

To the water side I must conduct your grace.

Guild.

Prepare there : [*To the Guards in the background.*
 The duke is coming : see the barge be ready :
 And fit it with such furniture as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck.

Nay,
 Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
 And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant.
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed,
 And without trial fell.
 I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one : which makes me
 A little happier than my wretchèd father :
 Yet, thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most ;
 A most unnatural and faithless service !
 Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain :
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from you, never found again
 But where they mean to sink you.

[*Bell is tolled. Muffled drums.*

All good people,
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake you ; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell : [*Embraces Guildford.*
 And, when you would say something that is sad,
 Remember Buckingham ! [*Picture,*

CURTAIN.

Act Second.

Scene.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

[*Enter Anne Bullen and Lady Denny, L.*

Anne.

Not for that neither :—Here 's the pang that pinches :
His highness having lived so long with her ; and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her
Nay, good troth ——

Lady D.

Yes, troth, and troth.—
You would not be a queen ?

Anne.

No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Lady D.

'T is strange ! A three-pence bowed would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess ? Have you limbs
To bear that load of title ?

Anne.

No, in truth.

Lady D.

Then you are weakly made : pluck off a little ;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to.

Anne.

How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen,

For all the world.

[*Enter the Lord Chamberlain R.*

Cham.

Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne.

My good lord,

Not your demand; it values not your asking:

Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham.

It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne.

Now I pray God, amen!

Cham.

You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne.

Beseech your lordship,

Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,

Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham.

I'll to the king, and say I spoke with you.

Anne.

My honoured lord.

[*Exit the Lord Chamberlain, c.*

Lady D.

The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your limbs will bear a duchess.—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne.

Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard to her.

Lady D.

What do you think me?

[*Exeunt, L.*

[*Enter, c., the Lord Chamberlain; enter, R., the
Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Suffolk.*

Nor.

Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham.

Good day to both your graces.

Suf.

How is the king employed?

Cham.

I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor.

What's the cause ?

Cham.

It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf.

No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor.

'T is so.
This is the cardinal's doing. The king-cardinal,
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists.
The king will know him one day.

Suf.

Pray heaven he do ;
He'll never know himself else.

Nor.

We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From prince into pages. Let us in ;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him :
My lord, you'll bear us company ? [*To Chamberlain.*

Cham.

Excuse me ; [*Crosses to L.*
The king hath sent me other-where : besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships. [*Exit Chamberlain, L. I. E.*

Suf.

See, the king ! [*Enter King Henry, c., pensively reading.*
How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted !

King Henry.

Who 's there ? ha !

Nor.

Pray heaven, he be not angry.

King Henry.

Who 's there, I say ?
How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations ?
Who am I ? ha !

Nor.

A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant ; our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate ; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King Henry.

You are too bold ;
Go to : I'll make you know your time of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha !

[*Enter Wolsey and Campeius.*

Who 's there ? my good lord cardinal ! O, my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king. You're welcome,

[*To Campeius.*

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom ;
Use us, and it :—
My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

[*To Wolsey.*

Wol.

Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King Henry.

We are busy ; go. [*To Norfolk and Suffolk.*

Nor.

This priest has no pride in him !

Suf.

Not to speak of ;
I would not be so sick though, for his place ;
But this cannot continue.

Aside.

Nor.

If it do,
I 'll venture one heave at him.

Suf.

I another.

King Henry.

Go.

[Exeunt Suffolk and Norfolk.]

Wol.

Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom,
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learnèd ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices : Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learnèd priest, Cardinal Campeius ;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King Henry.

In mine arms I bid him welcome.

[King Henry embraces Cardinal Campeius.]

And thank the holy conclave for their loves.

They 've sent me such a man I would have wished for.

Cam.

Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
 You are so noble : to your highness' hand
 I tender my commission ; by whose virtue—
 (The court of Rome commanding)—you, my lord
[*To Wolsey.*

Cardinal of York, are joined with me, their servant,
 In the impartial judging of this business.

King Henry.

Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted,
 Forthwith, for what you've come. Where's Gardiner ?

Wol.

I know your majesty has always loved her
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that
 A woman of less place might ask by law,—
 Scholars allowed freely to argue for her.

King Henry.

Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my favour
 To him that does best ; Heaven forbid else ! Cardinal,
 Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;
 I find him a fit fellow.

[Wolsey goes to entrance and beckons. Enter Gardiner.]

Wol.

Give me your hand ; [*To Gardiner.*
 Much joy and favour to you ;
 You are the king's now.

Gar.

But to be commanded [*Aside.*
 Forever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

King Henry.

Come hither, Gardiner !

[The King whispers to Gardiner. Campeius and Wolsey come down the stage.]

Cam.

My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace [*To Wolsey.*
 In this man's place before him ?

Wol.

Yes, he was.

Cam.

Was he not held a learnèd man ?

Wol.

Yes, surely.

Cam.

Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol.

How ! Of me ?

Cam.

They will not stick to say you envied him :
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still, which so grieved him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol.

Heaven's peace be with him !
That 's christian care enough : for living murmurers,
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
For he would needs be virtuous. *That* good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment :
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

King Henry.

Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit Gardiner, l.*

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars ;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business :

[*Comes forward.*

My Wolsey, see it furnished. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a woman ? But—conscience, conscience !
O, 't is a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt,*

CURTAIN.

Act Third.

Scene First.

LONDON. A HALL IN BLACKFRIARS.
THE COURT,—DISCOVERED,—SITTING
FOR THE TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHARINE.
KING HENRY IS SEATED R., WOLSEY L.,
CAMPEIUS C., CROMWELL AT TABLE C.,
ON WHICH IS DISPLAYED THE MACE.
NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, LOVEL, THE LORD
CHAMBERLAIN, BISHOPS, JUDGES, LORDS,
LADIES, CLERK OF THE COURT, OF-
FICERS, AND GUARDS ALSO DISCOVERED,
R. AND L.

Wol.

Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King Henry.

What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allowed;
You may then spare that time.

Wol.

Be it so :— Proceed.

Crom.

[*To Clerk.*

Say, Henry, King of England, come into the court.

Clerk.

Henry, King of England, come into the court!

King Henry.

Here.

Crom.

Say, Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Clerk.

Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court!

[Enter the Queen, L., preceded by Guildford, carrying a cushion, which he places C., and on which the Queen kneels.]

Queen Kath. [To the King.]

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding.

Alas, sir, *[Rises.]*

In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable.

Sir, call to mind,

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blessed
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince that there had reigned by many

A year before : It is not to be questioned
 That they had gathered a wise council to them
 Of every realm, who did debate this business,
 Who deemed our marriage lawful : Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised ; whose counsel
 I will implore : If not, i' the name of Heaven,
 Your pleasure be fulfilled !

Wol. [Rises.

You have here, lady,
 And of your choice, these reverend fathers ; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause : It shall be therefore bootless,
 That longer you defer the court ; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

[Sits.

Cam. [Rises.

His grace
 Hath spoken well, and justly : therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
 And that, without delay, their arguments
 Be now produced, and heard.

Queen Kath.

Lord cardinal,—
 To you I speak.

[Campeius advances.

[To Wolsey. Campeius resumes his seat.

Wol.

Your pleasure, madam ?

[Wolsey rises and advances.

Queen Kath.

Sir,

I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
 We are a queen (or long have dreamed so), certain,
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol.

Be patient yet.

Queen Kath.

I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge : for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol.

Madam, you do me wrong :
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
The king is present : if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood ? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me : and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you : The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen Kath.

My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning.

You 're meek, and humble-mouthed ;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility ; but your heart
 Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 Again—

I do refuse you for my judge :—and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judged by him.

[*Queen Katharine salutes the King, turns, and
 is departing, preceded by Guildford.*

Cam.

The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by it ; 't is not well.
 She 's going away.

King Henry. [To Clerk.

Call her again.

Clerk.

Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Guild. [To Queen.

Madam, you are called back.

Queen Kath.

What need you note it ? Pray you, keep your way :
 When you are called, return :—

Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience !—

Pray you, pass on.—

I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more,
 Upon this business, my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Guildford and Queen, L. I. E.*

King Henry. [Rises.

Break up the court.

[*Flourish. Picture.*

CURTAIN.

Act Fourth.

Scene. { LONDON. THE ROYAL PALACE. ANTE-CHAMBER TO THE KING'S APARTMENTS. NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, THE EARL OF SURREY, AND THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN DISCOVERED.

Nor.

If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them.

Sur.

I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suf.

Which of the peers
Have uncondemned gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham.

My lords, if you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king, in his tongue.

Nor.

O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out; the king hath found
Matter against him, that forever mars
The honey of his language.

In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded : wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur.

How came
His practices to light ?

Suf.

Most strangely !

Sur.

O, how, how ?

Suf.

The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king : wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce : For if
It did take place, " I do," quoth he, " perceive
My king is entangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

Sur.

Has the king this ?

Suf.

Believe it.

Sur.

Will this work ?

Cham.

The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death ; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur.

But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
The Lord forbid !

Suf.

No, no.—Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause of the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried ha ! at this.

Nor.

But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?

Suf.

He is returned, in his opinions ; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce :
Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be published, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be called queen ; but princess dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.—
The cardinal !

[All retire.]

[Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.]

Nor.

[Aside to Suffolk.]

Observe, observe, he 's moody.

Wol.

The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king ?

Crom.

To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol.

Looked he o' the inside of the paper ?

Crom.

Presently
He did unseal them : and the first he viewed,

He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance : You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol.

Is he ready
To come abroad ?

Crom.

I think by this he is.

Wol.

Leave me a while.— *[Exit Cromwell.]*
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen ! No ; I 'll no Anne Bullen for him :
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we 'll no Bullen.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—
The marchioness of Pembroke !

Nor.

He 's discontented.

Suf.

May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur.

Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !

Wol.

The late queen's gentlewoman ; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—
This candle burns not clear : 't is I must snuff it :
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deserving ? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran : and not wholesome to
Our cause that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled king. *[Crosses, musing.]*
Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
Hath crawled into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor.

[*Aside.*

He is vexed at something.

Sur.

[*Aside.*

I would 't were something that would fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart !

Suf.

The king, the king !

[*Enter King Henry. He holds a letter in one hand, and is reading a schedule, held in the other.*

King Henry.

What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together !—

Now, my lords ;

[*Seeing the Lords.*

Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor.

My lord, we have
Stood here observing him : Some strange commotion
Is in his brain :

[*Norfolk points to where Wolsey now is sitting in the recess of a window.*

In most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King Henry. [Sits L. of table c.

It may well be ;
There is a mutiny in his mind. — If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fixed on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon.

[*The King signs to the Lord Chamberlain, who goes to Wolsey.*

*Wol.**[Looks and starts.]*

Heaven forgive me!—
And ever bless your highness!

King Henry.

Good my lord,
You 're full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of our best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol.

Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, among my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King Henry.

You have said well.

Wol.

And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King Henry.

'T is well said again;
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well;
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employed you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [Aside.
What should this mean ?

Sur. [Aside.
Now heaven increase this business !

King Henry.
Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true ;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no ? What say you ?

Wol.
My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Showered on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite—which went
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, filed with my abilities. I profess,
That for your highness' good I ever laboured
More than mine own ; that I am true, and will be !
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours !

King Henry.
'Tis nobly spoken :—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, [To Lords.
For you have seen him open 't.
Read o'er this : [To Wolsey.
[Putting a paper into his hand.
And after, this : [Putting another paper on table.
And then to breakfast—
With what appetite you have.

[Exit King Henry, L. I. E., frowning upon Wolsey.
The Lords follow the King, whispering and
smiling. The Cardinal stands, gazing, in
amazement.

Wol.

What should this mean ?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leaped from his eyes : So looks the chafèd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him,
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
I fear the story of his anger.— [*Looks on schedule.*
'T is so!

This paper has undone me !—'T is the account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O, negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know 't will stir him strongly ; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. [*Looks on the other paper.*

What 's this—"To the Pope ?"

The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

[*Re-enter Norfolk, Suffolk, Surrey, and the
Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor.

Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol.

Stay,

Where 's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf.

Who dare cross them ?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol.

Till I find more than will or words to do it
(I mean, your malice), know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine and your master), with his own hand gave me :
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patent : Now, who 'll take it ?

Sur.

The king, that gave it.

Wol.

It must be himself, then.

Sur.

Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol.

Proud lord, thou liest ;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur.

Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robbed this bemoaning land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :

The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together),
Weighed not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on his fault thou gavest him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol.

This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke, by law,
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, i' the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare meet a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur.

Your long coat, priest, protects you.
My lords,
Can you endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
'To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol.

All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur.

Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;

The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My lord of Norfolk,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—
I 'll startle you [To Wolsey.
Worse than the sacring bell,
When kissing the brown wench, lord cardinal.

Wol.

How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I 'm bound in charity against it!

Nor.

Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand.
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol.

So much fairer,
And spotless shall my innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur.

This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol.

Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur.

I 'd rather want those than my head.
Have at you.

First, that without the king's assent, or knowledge,
 You wrought to be a legate; by which power
 You maimed the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor.

Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
 To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
 Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
 To be your servant.

Suf.

That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
 Your holy hat to be stamped on the king's coin.

Sur.

Then, that you have sent innumerable substance
 (By what means got, I leave to your own conscience),
 To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
 You have for dignities.
 Many more there are;
 Which, since they are of you, and odious,
 I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. [To Surrey.

O my lord,
 Press not a falling man too far;
 His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
 Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
 So little of his great self.

[Exit the Lord Chamberlain, c.

Sur.

I forgive him.

Nor.

And so we'll leave you to your meditations,
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer
 About the giving back the great seal to us,

The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you :
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt Norfolk, Suffolk, and Surrey.*]

Wol.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.—
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And—when he thinks, good, easy man ! full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
I feel my heart new opened : O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

[*Cromwell enters, L.*]

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom.

I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What, amazed
At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,

A great man should decline? Nay, an' you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

Crom.

How does your grace?

Wol.

Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities—
A still and quiet conscience.

Crom.

I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol.

I hope I have: I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom.

The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol.

God bless him!

Crom.

The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol.

That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom.

That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol.

That's news indeed.

Crom.

Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol.

There was the weight that pulled me down!
O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature), not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too:
Go, Cromwell.

Crom.

O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Lead me in: There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own.
O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

[*Picture.*

CURTAIN.

[*It is sometimes expedient to end this play here.*]

Act Fifth.

Scene. { A GOTHIC CHAMBER IN KIMBOLTON CASTLE.
QUEEN KATHARINE, ATTENDED BY PATIENCE
AND SEVERAL OTHER LADIES, DISCOVERED :
ALSO CROMWELL.

Crom.

How does your grace ?

Queen Kath.

O, Cromwell, sick to death :
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden.—
Didst thou not tell me, Cromwell, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead ?

Crom.

Yes, madam ; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to 't.

Queen Kath.

Pr'ythee, good Cromwell, tell me how he died ?
If well, he stepped before me, happily,
For my example.

Crom.

Well, the voice goes, madam :
For, after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted), to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Queen Kath.

Alas, poor man!

Crom.

At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words:—"O, father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Queen Kath.

So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Cromwell, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity:—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes;
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Crom.

Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.—May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Queen Kath.

Yes, good Cromwell:
I were malicious else.

Crom.

This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle:
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer;
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting
 (Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good he did it;
 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing heaven.

Queen Kath.

After my death, I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Cromwell
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Cromwell,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Cromwell goes to door and gives signal for musicians to play. Solemn music then sounds, and voices are heard, singing:—*

"Angels ever bright and fair,
 Take, O, take me to your care!
 Speed to your blessed courts my flight,
 Clad in robes of virgin white.
 Speed to your own courts my flight,
 Clad in robes of virgin white."

[*Solemn music continues, very soft and low, after the hymn has ended: then slowly dies away, as Katharine falls asleep.*

Crom.

She is asleep. Let 's sit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her.
 Softly, gentle Patience.

[*To Patience.*

[*Cromwell sits at table, L. Pause. Katharine wakes.*

Queen Kath.

Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Patience.

Madam, we are here.

[*At R. of chair.*

Queen Kath.

It is not you I call for:
 Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Patience.

None, madam.

Queen Kath.

No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
 Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
 They promised me eternal happiness;
 And brought me garlands, Patience, which I feel
 I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
 Assuredly.

Patience.

I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

[*Enter, abruptly, Guildford, L. I. E.*

Guild.

An 't like your grace —

Queen Kath.

You are a saucy fellow :
Deserve we no more reverence ?

Crom.

[*To Guildford.*

You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour : go to — kneel.

Guild.

[*Kneels.*

I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;
My haste made me unmannerly : There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Queen Kath.

Admit him entrance, Cromwell : But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt Cromwell and Guildford, L.*

[*Re-enter Cromwell, ushering in Capucius, who
kneels, L. I. E.*

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap.

Madam, the same, your servant.

Queen Kath.

O, my lord,
The times and titles now are altered strangely

With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap.

Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,
The king's request, that I would visit you :
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Queen Kath.

O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late :
'T is like a pardon after execution ;
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me ;
But now I 'm past all comforts here, but prayers.—
How does his highness ?

Cap.

Madam, in good health.

Queen Kath.

So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banished the kingdom !— Patience, is that letter
I caused you write, yet sent away ?

Patience.

No, madam.

[*Cromwell fetches letter from table and gives
it to Queen.*]

Queen Kath.

Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king —— [*Giving letter to Capucius.*]

Cap.

Most willing, madam.

Queen Kath.

In which I have commended to his goodness
 The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;—
 The dews of Heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
 Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;
 And a little
 To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
 Heaven knows how dearly! My next poor petition
 Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
 Upon my wretchèd women, that so long
 Have followed both my fortunes faithfully.
 The last is for my men:—they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw them from me:—
 And, good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

Cap.

By heaven, I will;
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Queen Kath.

I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his highness:
 Say his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world: tell him in death I blessed him;
 For so I will.— Mine eyes grow dim.— Farewell,
 My lord.— Cromwell, farewell.— Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
 Call in more women.— When I am dead, good wench.
 Let me be used with honour; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
 Then lay me forth: although unqueened, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king.

[Dies.]

SLOW CURTAIN.

HENRY VIII

APPENDIX.

I.—HISTORIC BASIS OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

"The Duke of Buckingham, Constable of England, the first nobleman both for family and fortune in the kingdom, had imprudently given disgust to the cardinal, and it was not long before he found reason to repent of his indiscretion. He seems to have been a man full of levity and rash projects, and, being infatuated with judicial astrology, he entertained a commerce with one Hopkins, a Carthusian friar, who encouraged him in the notion of his mounting one day the throne of England. He was descended by a female from the Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III. ; and, though his claim to the crown was thereby very remote, he had been so unguarded as to let fall some expressions, as if he thought himself best entitled, in case the king should die without issue, to possess the royal dignity. He had not even abstained from threats against the king's life, and had provided himself with arms, which he intended to employ in case a favourable opportunity should offer. He was brought to trial; and the Duke of Norfolk—whose son, the Earl of Surrey, had married Buckingham's daughter—was created Lord Steward in order to preside at this solemn procedure. The jury consisted of a duke, a marquis, seven earls and twelve barons, and they gave their verdict against Buckingham, which was soon after carried into execution. There is no reason to think the sentence unjust; but as Buckingham's crimes seemed to proceed more from indiscretion than deliberate malice, the people, who loved him, expected that the king would grant him a pardon, and imputed their disappointment to the animosity and revenge of the cardinal. The king's own jealousy, however, of all persons allied to the crown was, notwithstanding his undoubted title, very remarkable during the whole course of his reign, and was, alone, sufficient to render him implacable against Buckingham. The office of Constable, which this nobleman inherited from the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, was forfeited, and was never after revived in England."

HUME.

"Wolsey also fortified the king's scruples; partly with a view of promoting a total breach with the Emperor [Charles V.], Katharine's nephew; partly desirous of connecting the king more closely with Francis, by marrying him to the Duchess of Alençon, sister to that monarch [Francis I., of France]; and perhaps, too, somewhat disgusted with the queen herself, who had reproved him for certain freedoms unbefitting his character and station."

HUME.

"The two legates [Campeggio and Wolsey] opened their court at London, and cited the king and queen to appear before it. They both presented themselves, and the king answered to his name when called; but the queen, instead of answering to hers, rose from her seat, and, throwing herself at the king's feet, made a very pathetic harangue, which her virtue, her dignity and her misfortune rendered the more affecting. She told him that she was a stranger in his dominions, without protection, without council, without assistance, exposed to all the injustice which her enemies were pleased to impose upon her; that she had quitted her native country without other resource than her connection with him and his family, and had expected that, instead of suffering thence any violence or iniquity, she was assured in them of a safeguard against every misfortune; that she had been his wife during twenty years, and would here appeal to himself whether her affectionate submission to his will had not merited better treatment than to be thus, after so long a time, thrown from him with so much indignity; that * * * their parents, the kings of England and Spain, were esteemed the wisest princes of their time, and had undoubtedly acted by the best advice when they formed the agreement for that marriage which was now represented as so criminal and unnatural; and that she acquiesced in their judgment, and would not submit her cause to be tried by a court whose dependence on her enemies was too visible ever to allow her any hopes of obtaining from them an equitable or impartial decision. Having spoken these words, she rose, and making the king a low reverence, she departed from the court, and would never again appear in it."

HUME.

"The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk were sent to require the great seal of him [Wolsey], and, on his scrupling to deliver it without a more express warrant, Henry wrote him a letter upon which it was surrendered

[October 18th, 1529]; and it was delivered by the king to Sir Thomas More, a man who, besides the ornaments of an elegant literature, possessed the highest virtue, integrity and capacity. Wolsey was ordered to depart from York Place, a palace which he had built in London, and which, though it really belonged to the See of York, was seized by Henry, and became afterwards the residence of the kings of England, by the title of Whitehall. * * * The cardinal was ordered to retire to Asher, a country seat which he possessed near Hampton Court. The world, that had paid him such abject court during his prosperity, now entirely deserted him on this fatal reverse of all his fortunes. * * * Thomas Cromwell, formerly a servant of the cardinal's, and who had been raised by him from a very low station, defended his unfortunate patron, with such spirit, generosity and courage as acquired him great honour, and laid the foundation of that favour which he afterwards enjoyed with the king." HUME.

"To Wolsey, Cromwell could render no more service except as a friend, and his warm friend he remained to the last. He became the king's secretary, representing the government in the House of Commons, and was at once on the high road to power. I cannot call him ambitious; an ambitious man would scarcely have pursued so refined a policy, or have calculated on the admiration which he gained by adhering to a fallen minister. He did not seek greatness,—greatness rather sought him as the man in England most fit to bear it."

FROUDE.

"If he [Wolsey] had been allowed to remain unmolested in the affluent retirement which was at first conceded to him, his treatment would not have caused the stain which we have now to lament on the conduct of the administration which succeeded his fall. He, indeed, himself believed that the final attack on him was due to no influence of rival statesmen, but to the hatred of Anne Bullen; and perhaps he was not mistaken. * * * Wolsey himself spoke of her, under the title of "the night-crow," as the person to whom he owed all which was most cruel in his treatment: as 'the enemy that never slept, but studied and continually imagined, both sleeping and waking, his utter destruction.'" FROUDE.

"The next day he [Wolsey] rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night more sicker, and the next day we rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule; and being night before we came to the Abbey of Leicester, where, at his coming in at the gates, the abbot of the place, with all his convent, met him with the light of many torches; whom they right honourably received with great reverence. To whom my lord said, 'Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you;' whom they brought on his mule to the stair's foot of his chamber, and there alighted; and Master Kingston then took him by the arm and led him up the stairs, who told me afterwards that he never carried so heavy a burden in all his life. And, as soon as he was in his chamber, he went incontinent to his bed, very sick. This was upon Saturday, at night; and there he continued, sicker and sicker. Upon Monday, in the morning, as I stood by his bedside, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax-lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He, perceiving my shadow upon the wall, by his bedside, asked who was there? 'Sir, I am here,' quoth I. 'How do you?' quoth he to me. 'Very well, sir,' quoth I, 'if I might see your grace well.' 'What is it of the clock?' said he to me. 'Forsooth, sir,' said I, 'it is past eight of the clock in the morning.' 'Eight of the clock,' quoth he; 'that cannot be;' rehearsing divers times 'eight of the clock—eight of the clock—nay, nay,' quoth he, at the last, 'it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master, for my time draweth near that I must depart of this world.' "

CAVENDISH.

"A little before he expired," says Hume, "he addressed himself in the following words to Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, who had him in custody: 'I pray you, have me heartily recommended to his royal majesty, and beseech him on my behalf to call to his remembrance all matters that have passed between us from the beginning, especially with regard to his business with the queen; and then he will know in his conscience whether I have offended him. He is a prince of a most royal carriage, and hath a princely heart; and, rather than he will miss or want any part of his will, he will endanger the one half of his kingdom. I do assure you that I have often kneeled before him, sometimes three hours together, to persuade him from his will and appetite, but could not prevail. Had I but served God as diligently as

I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my indulgent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince. Therefore, let me advise you, if you be one of the privy council, as by your wisdom you are fit, take care what you put into the king's head, for you can never put it out again.' "

"At Midsummer [1531] she [Katharine] accompanied the king to Windsor; in the middle of July he left her there, and never saw her again. She was removed to the More, a house in Hertfordshire, which had been originally built by George Neville, Archbishop of York, and had belonged to Wolsey, who had maintained it with his usual splendour. Once more an attempt was made to persuade her to submit, but with no better result, and a formal establishment was then provided for her, at Amptill, a large place belonging to Henry, not far from Dunstable. There, at least, she was her own mistress, surrounded by her own friends, who were true to her as queen, and she attracted to her side, from all parts of England, those whom sympathy or policy attached to her cause."

FROUDE.

"Lord Mountjoy was sent to the unfortunate and divorced queen to inform her that she was thenceforth to be treated only as princess dowager of Wales; and all means were employed to make her acquiesce in that determination. But she continued obstinate in maintaining the validity of her marriage; and she would admit no person to her presence who did not approach her with the accustomed ceremonial."

HUME.

"In the preceding October [1535], she was in bad health; her house, she imagined, disagreed with her, and at her own desire she was removed to Kimbolton. But there were no symptoms of immediate danger. She revived under the change. * * * But the repose was the stillness of evening as night is hastening down. The royal officers of the household were not admitted into her presence; the queen lived wholly among her own friends and her own people; she sank unperceived; and so effectually had she withdrawn from the observation of

those whom she desired to exclude that the king was left to learn from the Spanish ambassador that she was at the point of death, before her chamberlain was aware that she was more than indisposed. In the last week of December [1535], Henry learnt that she was in danger. On the 2d of January [1536], the ambassador went down from London to Kimbolton, and spent the day with her. On the 5th, Sir Edmund Bedingfield wrote that she was very ill, and that the issue was doubtful. On the morning of the 7th, she received the last sacrament, and at two o'clock on that day she died. On her death-bed she dictated the following letter of farewell to him whom she still called her most dear lord and husband :

“ ‘The hour of my death approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever ; for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you, also, to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, which is not much, they being but three ; and to all my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell.’

“ This letter reached Henry with the intimation that she was gone. He was much affected, and is said to have shed tears.

“ It will have been observed that neither in this letter nor in the other authentic papers connected with her death, is there any allusion to Cardinal Pole's famous story that, being on her death-bed, Queen Katharine prayed the king to allow her to see her daughter for the last time, and the request was refused. Pole was not in England at the time. He drew his information from Catholic rumour, as vindictive as it was credulous ; and in the many letters from members of the privy council to him which we possess his narrative is treated throughout as a mere wild collection of fables.”

FROUDE.

“ The two most finished characters in this play are Queen Katharine and Cardinal Wolsey. Shakespeare robes the former with great dignity, both of mind and person. She is a perfect model of a noble matron : patient towards her sovereign and oppressor, yet jealous of her own dignity ; and, in her deepest dejection, relying upon Eternal Justice. Her death-scene is exceedingly affecting ; her generous care for her dependents

touching and womanly. The poet endeavours to compensate for her trials and sufferings here, by showing her, through the means of a dream, at the very portals of Paradise. Wolsey is a singular compound of opposing qualities—grasping, yet profusely liberal; supercilious and haughty, yet parasitical and mean; courageous and capable in prosperity, yet timid and helpless in adversity. His talent for magnificence amounts to genius. He gives way to pleasure; is gay and cheerful; he covers his craftiness with an air of blunt frankness. The avarice of the king urged Wolsey to impose unprecedented taxes on the people, and paved the way for his fall. Then he is at once crushed, and grovels on the earth: the proud cardinal, with his princely palaces and his kingly retinue, sinks instantly into the abject and supplicating priest. Then follows his compelled and questionable repentance; and, in the anguish of his spirit, he utters that memorable sentence which Shakespeare, recognizing it as earnest and passionate poetry which no art could exalt, took from the lips of the fallen statesman—‘Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs.’ The noble advice which Wolsey, after his fall, gives to Cromwell had not been the guide of his own conduct; but it is natural in a declining statesman to preach lofty principles, and even to persuade himself that he has practised them. The two opposite estimates of his character, by Queen Katharine and her attendant, after the cardinal’s death, are profound analyzations of a remarkable mind, and show what opposing portraits of the same object may be taken from different points of view. After praise and blame, comes the truth; and Shakespeare has given us a singularly accurate picture of the luxurious and powerful cardinal. Whatever were Wolsey’s faults, it is probable that he restrained the tyranny of the king; for Henry did not plunge into his revolting cruelties until after the death of his great minister.”

BARRY CORNWALL.

II.—COSTUME FOR HENRY THE EIGHTH.

The play begins in 1521, and ends, historically, in 1536. For the purposes of the stage, however, its incidents may be supposed to occur within one year. The ages of the more important characters at the beginning of the piece—a point to be considered in the make-up and dressing—may be ascertained from the following table of their birth and death:

	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Age in Play.</i>
Henry VIII.....	1491	1558	30
Queen Katharine.....	1483	1536	38
Thomas Wolsey.....	1471	1530	50
Thomas Cromwell.....	1490?	1540	31
Campeius (Campeggio)..	1474	1539	47
Gardiner.....	1483	1555	38
Norfolk.....	1473	1554	48
Surrey.....	1515?	1547	?
Anne Bullen.....	1507	1536	14

Surrey could not, in fact, have been upon the scene. Anne Bullen, historically, did not appear till later than 1521. She was about nineteen when the King first saw her, and twenty-nine when she was slain.

Holbein's portraits of Henry VIII., of Wolsey, and of Henry's wives are cited as authorities for the costume of the period of this play. Engravings of these are common and easily accessible. Sumptuary laws regulated dress. The use of the fur of the black jennet was reserved to the royal family; only noblemen above the rank of a viscount could wear sables. Crimson or blue velvet, embroidered apparel, or garments bordered with "gold sunken work," were restricted from all persons beneath the quality of a baron's or knight's son or heir. Persons who possessed as much as two hundred marks per annum were alone allowed to wear velvet dresses, of any colour, furs of martens, chains, bracelets, and collars of gold. The sons and heirs of such persons, however, were permitted to wear black velvet or damask, and tawny-coloured russet or camlet. Satin and damask gowns were allowed only to persons who possessed at least one hundred marks a year. Knights could wear plaited shirts, garnished with gold, silver, or silk; but these were forbidden to all of lower rank. The hair was cut close to the head, by peremptory order of the King. Beards and moustaches were worn, at pleasure. Knight says: "The jewelled cap and feather with which Holbein has represented Anne, in the portrait, engraved in Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey,' are exceedingly picturesque and becoming. The other head-dress, which was, probably, the often talked of 'French hood,' is better known,—nearly all Henry's wives being represented in it. The gown was cut square at the bosom, as in the preceding reign; but, instead of the neck being bare, it was covered, almost to the throat, by the *partlet*, a sort of habit-shirt, much like the modern one, embroidered with gold and silk. The sleeves of the gowns were frequently of a different material from that which composed the rest of the dress, and generally of a richer stuff. The gown was open in front to the waist, showing the kirtle or petticoat, and with or without a train, according to

the prevailing fashion of France or Holland. * * * * Anne Bullen, while Countess of Pembroke, danced, at Calais, with Francis I., in a masque, consisting of seven ladies besides herself, who were attired in masking apparel, of strange fashion, made of cloth of gold compassed with crimson tinsel satin, formed with cloth of silver lying loose and knit with laces of gold. They were brought into the chamber with four damsels in crimson satin with tabards of fine cypress." Cavendish, in his "Life of Wolsey," says: "I have seen the King come thither [to the Cardinal's palace] in a mask, with a dozen other maskers, in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and crimson satin; their hairs and beards of fine gold wire, or silver, or some of black silk, with sixteen torch-bearers and drums all in satin." Cavendish describes Wolsey as issuing out in his Cardinal's habit of fine scarlet or crimson satin,—his cap being of black velvet. The gentlemen in his train wore black velvet livery coats, and great chains of gold around their necks; while his yeomen, who followed these, were clad in French tawny livery coats, embroidered on the backs and breasts with the letters T and C, under the cardinal's hat. Feathers were worn, in profusion, in this period. When Queen Anne went in procession, from the Tower to Westminster, on the day before her coronation, she wore "a surcoat of white cloth of tissue, and a mantle of the same, furred with ermine, her hair hanging down from under a coif, with a circlet about it full of rich stones." On the next day, when she went to the Abbey, to be crowned, she wore "a surcoat and robe of purple velvet, furred with ermine, the coif and circlet as before. The Barons of the Cinque Ports, who carried the canopy over her, were all in crimson, with points of blue and red hanging on their sleeves." The ladies, "being lords' wives," that followed her, "had surcoats of scarlet with narrow sleeves, the breast all lettuce (fur), with bars of borders (*i. e.* rows of ermine), according to their degrees, and over that they had mantles of scarlet furred, and every mantle had lettuce about the neck, like a neckercher, likewise powdered (with ermine), so that by the powderings their degree was known. Then followed ladies, being knights' wives, in gowns of scarlet with narrow sleeves, without trains, only edged with lettuce." The Queen's gentlemen were similarly attired with the last. The Lord Chancellor wore a robe of scarlet, open before, and bordered with lettuce. The dukes were in crimson velvet, furred with ermine, and powdered according to their degrees. The Duke of Suffolk's doublet and jacket were set with orient pearl; his gown of crimson velvet, richly embroidered; and he carried a white rod in his hand, being that day high steward of England. The Knights of the Bath wore "violet gowns with hoods purpled with miniver, like doctors."

III.—THE CHARACTER AND TIMES OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

There is another side to the commonly accepted story of Henry the Eighth, which persons who care for truth will not fail to consider. Under Henry's reign the realm of England threw off its allegiance to the Church of Rome; and Henry's reign and character, accordingly, have incurred and have felt the resentment of Roman Catholic historians. Even Hume, neutral as he was, has allowed his pages to be coloured by the hostile sentiment of those writers toward this monarch. Shakespeare touches the subject gingerly; but, while depicting Henry as a human being and not a monster, he presents him as coarsely tyrannical, and as hypocritical, and licentious. Henry had been dead but six years when the poet was born, and but about fifty years when this play was written. His memory must still have been fresh; but what was remembered was, naturally, the last and worst part of his life,—the fierce and sanguinary deeds of his reign, without the true explanation of them. This play deals with but a segment of Henry's time, and, whatever it may be as a drama, it is essentially partial as history. It makes, for example, the execution of Buckingham appear a needless and cruel act; whereas Buckingham, who was a dangerous traitor,—in a time when the crown was insecure,—richly deserved his fate. It represents Wolsey as intriguing against the divorce of Henry from Katharine, whereas, in fact, he favoured it. It asserts the king's passion for Anne Bullen as his motive for desiring the divorce; whereas he had not seen Anne Bullen at the time he commenced the divorce proceedings,—while his scruples on the subject of his marriage with his brother's widow, whether well grounded or futile, are certainly known to have been sincere. It draws the noblemen—Norfolk, Suffolk, Surrey, etc.—as little better than spiteful flunkies, and it makes the King, in his attitude toward them, an imperious martinet if not a downright bully. These nobles, in fact, were among the finest gentlemen in Europe. Norfolk had fought at Flodden Field, and was a famous soldier as well as a statesman. Surrey was Henry Howard the poet,—one of the most delicate and fanciful of the old writers,—and likewise a gallant soldier. Henry himself—at this period of his life the handsomest man in the kingdom—was renowned for the majesty of his bearing, the grace of his manners, and the cultivation, refinement, and accomplishments of his mind and person. He was profoundly read in theology; a scholar in literature; a musical composer; and a model of good-breeding. He could speak and write in four languages. He excelled in athletic sports. He had the good-nature and easy carriage that appertain to great strength. He was conscientious, and even pious, and he had great talents for gov-

ernment. To represent such a man as a curmudgeon was to pervert the truth to the purposes of fiction. Furthermore, the expedient of the mis-sent documents is the invention of the dramatist — to account, by simple means, for the downfall of Wolsey, which, in fact, was the result of many and complex causes. The play also much exalts the character of Queen Katharine, who, simply, was a good woman, but who would never have been heard of except for her misfortunes. That she was unjustly and badly treated is not to be denied; but it ought also to be remembered that the marriage of Henry and Katharine was one, not of love, but of his father's parsimony; that she was much the elder; that others besides the King thought the marriage unlawful; that the public opinion of the time mistrusted the safety of the succession to the throne; that England was full of religious antagonisms and political plots; that considerations of the public good were not wanting to fortify Henry's conduct; and that this much-married monarch was really sacrificed to the establishment of England's independence of Rome. There is no other way to account for what is otherwise unaccountable,— his reckless indulgence in matrimony. If, as a man, he erred in divorcing himself from Katharine, as a man he was terribly punished. The adulterous career of Anne Bullen was the beginning of his retribution. It is not to be wondered at that in after years — deceived, betrayed, sickened, embittered — he became, amidst conspiracies and perils, in disease, and remorse, and contention, yet never without conscience and sincerity, the implacable savage who lit up the fires of Smithfield. What Shakespeare would have done with this subject, had he been able to write with freedom, and had he possessed ample historical materials for its elucidation, can only now be conjectured. What he has done is to depict Cardinal Wolsey and Queen Katharine as persons of exalted nature, opposed and contrasted, great in their decline and pathetic in their ruin and death. The play is a series of pictures, ending in the moral lesson that "There's nothing true but Heaven." Wolsey appears in it as the type of splendid intellect, grand ambition, mighty purpose, and pathetic failure. Anne Bullen, the beautiful sensualist, is only sketched. Upon Queen Katharine are lavished a prodigious mental vigour and a lovely refinement of feeling. Her character is depicted as essentially royal; her conduct as the noble assertion of virtuous womanhood; and her desolate grief as the piteous protest of purity and majesty despoiled by high-handed power. The effect of all is to exalt our emotions, to make us solemnly thoughtful of high themes, and to stimulate in us a conscientious view of duty in this life and of awful responsibility in the life to come.

NEW-YORK, November 29th, 1878.

WILLIAM WINTER.

MUCH ADO
ABOUT NOTHING

VOL. II

Preface.



FRANCIS MERES,—1598,—who mentions twelve of Shakespeare's plays, then known, does not mention "*Much Ado About Nothing*"; and this comedy was first published in 1600. The date of its composition is indicated by these facts. That part of it which relates to Hero and Claudio is founded on the story of Genevra and Ariodant, in Ariosto's "*Orlando Furioso*"—a translation of which, by Sir John Harrington, appeared in England, in 1591. There is a similar story in one of Bandello's novels, translated by Belleforest, and also in Spenser's "*Faerie Queen*," Book ii, Canto 4th, 1590. An earlier play, touching upon the same theme, was acted before Queen Elizabeth, by "*the Children of Paul's*," in 1582-3. Either or all of these may have met the eye of Shakespeare. His treatment of the story, however, is found to be entirely his own; and he may, in fact, be said to have re-created it. Benedick and Beatrice, Dogberry and Verges, and all that relates to these characters, are the invention of Shakespeare. The text of "*Much Ado*," as first published, was not divided into acts; but, in the Folio of 1623 these divisions appear. The comedy was popular in Shakespeare's time, and it has always been a favourite in the theatres. The original representative of Dogberry was William Kempe; who, also, probably, was the original of Bottom. Verges was first acted by Towley; and Balthazar,—with the song of "*Sigh no more, ladies*,"—by Wilson: these facts

are denoted in the *Folio* reprint. The period of "*Much Ado*" is supposed to be about 1529-35; for the reason that the last war in which the Italians under Spanish rule were engaged was ended in 1529, and the Emperor Charles V., of Spain, who had gained the crowns of Naples and Sicily, made a triumphal entry into Palermo and Messina in 1535. To these events the opening of the comedy seems to refer. The present acting-copy of "*Much Ado*," which differs from all others, condenses the piece from five acts into three. The volume of excisions is, of course, considerable. The most important sacrifice is that of the scene in which Dogberry bestows his "tediousness" upon Leonato. Balthazar's song will also be missed. It is thought, though, that this version of "*Much Ado*"—which has been effectually tested in the practical experience of Edwin Booth—does no injustice to either the story, the characters, the movement, or the text of the original. The stage copy generally used is that which John Philip Kemble arranged, in 1799. The animalism, the self-assertive intrusiveness, and the rank flippancy of Benedick and Beatrice—qualities which caused Campbell to characterize the lady as "odious," and the cavalier as only a little less disagreeable—are apparent in the original, but subdued in the acting version. The most admired Benedick of the last century was Garrick; the most brilliant representatives of Beatrice were Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Abington. The latter was the original Lady Teazle. "Beatrice has more wit and pertness than good-breeding," says old John Taylor, "and in that she [Mrs. Abington] was excellent." The most renowned Benedick of recent times was Charles Kemble.

W. W.

New-York, October 24th, 1878.



"The wars are over,
The Spring is come."—BYRON.

"Then let me live one long romance,
And learn to trifle well;
And write my motto, 'Vive la dance,'
And 'Vive la bagatelle'!"—PRAED.

"White favours rest
On every breast,
And yet methinks we seem not gay:
The church is cold,
The priest is old,
And who shall give the bride away?"
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

"Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till Pity's self be dead."—COLLINS.

"You suspect, I see,
And rightly—there has been some masking here."
KNOWLES.

"A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs
No kindly heart contemns."—JOANNA BAILLIE.

"A human heart should beat for two,
Despite the scoffs of single scorers,
And all the hearths I ever knew
Had got a pair of chimney corners."
FREDERICK LOCKER.



Persons Represented.



DON PEDRO, *Prince of Aragon.*

DON JOHN, *Natural Brother to Don Pedro.*

CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence,* } *Favourites to Don Pedro.*
BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua,* }

LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*

ANTONIO, *Brother to Leonato.*

BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Don Pedro.*

BORACHIO, } *Followers of Don John.*
CONRADE, }

DOGBERRY, } *Officers of Police in Messina.*
VERGES, }

SEACOAL, } *Watchmen.*
OATCAKE, }

FRIAR FRANCIS.

A SEXTON.

HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*

BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*

MARGARET, } *Gentlewomen, attendant on Hero.*
URSULA, }

LORDS, LADIES, WATCHMEN, AND ATTENDANTS.

Place and Time.



SCENE.—*Messina, in the Island of Sicily.*

PERIOD.—*The Sixteenth Century [1535].*

TIME OF ACTION.—*In this version of the Comedy, four days.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



Act first.

Scene first. { MESSINA. COURT, BEFORE THE HOUSE
OF LEONATO. LEONATO, HERO, BEA-
TRICE, AND BALTHAZAR ARE DISCOVERED.

Leon.

I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina.

Balt.

He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon.

How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Balt.

But few of any sort, and none of name.

Beat.

I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Balt.

I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon.

What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero.

My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Balt.

O, he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat.

I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for indeed, I promise to eat all of his killing.

Leon.

Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Balt.

He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat.

You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Balt.

And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat.

And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord? Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Balt.

Is it possible ?

Beat.

Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Balt.

I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat.

No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion ?

Balt.

He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat.

O lord! he will hang upon him like a disease; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad.

Heaven help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Leon.

You will never run mad, niece.

Beat.

No, not till a hot January.

[*March.*

Balt. [Looking off.

Don Pedro is approached.

[*Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio and Benedick, R. U. E.*

Don P.

Good Signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon.

Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

Don P.

You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter. *[Bowling to Hero.]*

Leon.

Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened.

Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon.

Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Don P.

You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bened.

If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

[All retire up stage, except Benedick and Beatrice, and converse, c.]

Beat.

I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick ; nobody marks you.

Bened.

What, my dear lady disdain ! are you yet living ?

Beat.

Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick ? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

Bened.

Then is courtesy a turncoat.—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted : and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart : for, truly, I love none.

Beat.

A dear happiness to women ; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank heaven, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that ; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bened.

Heaven keep your ladyship still in that mind ! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat.

Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours.

Bened.

Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat.

A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bened.

I would my horse had the speed of your tongue ; and so good a continuer. But keep your way, o' heaven's name ; I have done.

Beat.

You always end with a jade's trick ; I know you of old.
[*All advance.*]

Don P.

This is the sum of all : Leonato,—Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month ; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer : I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon.

If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.

[*To Don John.*]

Let me bid you welcome, my lord : being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

Don J.

I thank you : I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon.

Please it your grace lead on ?

Don P.

Your hand, Leonato ; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio* L. U. E.]

Claud.

Benedick ! didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato ?

Bened.

I noted her not : but I looked on her.

Claud.

Is she not a modest young lady ?

Bened.

Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment ; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex ?

Claud.

No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bened.

Why, i' faith, methinks she 's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise : only this commendation I can afford her : that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome ; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud.

Thou thinkest I am in sport ; I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bened.

Would you buy her, that you inquire after her ?

Claud.

Can the world buy such a jewel ?

Bened.

Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow ? or do you play the flouting jack ?

Claud.

In my eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bened.

I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, and she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud.

I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bened.

Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i' faith: an' thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you. [Re-enter Don Pedro.

Don P.

What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bened.

I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

Don P.

I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bened.

You hear, Count Claudio? I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance—mark you this, on my allegiance! He is in love. With whom?—now that is your grace's part. Mark, how short his answer is,—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud.

If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bened.

Like the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, heaven forbid it should be so."

Claud.

If my passion change not shortly, heaven forbid it should be otherwise.

Don P.

Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud.

You speak this, to fetch me in, my lord.

Don P.

By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud.

And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bened.

And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud.

That I love her, I feel.

Don P.

That she is worthy, I know.

Bened.

That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

Don P.

Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud.

And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bened.

That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

Don P.

I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bened.

With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking—pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up for the sign of blind Cupid.

Don P.

Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bened.

If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called, Adam.

Don P.

Well, as time shall try:

“In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.”

Bened.

The savage bull may, but if ever this sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign,— "Here you may see Benedick, the married man."

Don P.

Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bened.

I look for an earthquake too, then.

Don P.

Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bened.

I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you——

[*Going up.*]

Claud.

To the tuition of heaven: From my house,—if I had it——

Don P.

The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bened.

Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometimes guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any farther, examine your conscience—and so I leave you.

[*Exit Benedick* L. U. E.]

Claud.

My liege, your highness now may do me good.

Don P.

My love is thine to teach ; teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud.

Hath Leonato any son, my lord ?

Don P.

No child but Hero, she 's his only heir :
Dost thou affect her, Claudio ?

Claud.

O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love :
But now I am returned, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

Don P.

Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it ;
And I will break with her ; and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

Claud.

How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion !
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

Don P.

What need the bridge much broader than the flood ?
The fairest ground is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit : 't is once, thou lovest ;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night ;
I will assume thy part, in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;
And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale :
Then, after, to her father will I break ;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt L. U. E.—Scene changes.*]

Scene Second.—A SPACIOUS HALL IN LEONATO'S HOUSE.

[*Enter Don John and Conrade C.*]

Con.

What the good year, my lord ? why are you thus out
of measure sad ?

Don J.

I cannot hide what I am : I must be sad when I have
cause, and smile at no man's jests ; eat when I have
stomach, and wait for no man's leisure ; sleep when I am
drowsy, and tend no man's business ; laugh when I am
merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con.

Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controulment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

Don J.

I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore, I have decreed not to sing in my cage;—if I had my mouth I would bite; if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con.

Can you make no use of your discontent?

Don J.

I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? [Enter Borachio L.
What news, Borachio?

Borach.

I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Don J.

Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Borach.

Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

Don J.

Who ? the most exquisite Claudio ?

Borach.

Even he.

Don J.

A proper squire ! And who, and who ? which way looks he ?

Borach.

Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

Don J.

A very forward March-chick ! This may prove food to my displeasure : that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow ; if I can cross him in any way I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me ?

Con.

To the death, my lord.

[*Exeunt C. As they go out, enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, and Beatrice. The ladies wear dominoes and carry masks. The parties exchange bows.*]

Beat.

How tartly that gentleman looks ! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero.

He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat.

He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick ; the one is too like an image, and says nothing ; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon.

Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face ——

Beat.

With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good-will.

[Hero and Antonio retire up stage, and converse.]

Leon.

By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewed of thy tongue.

Beat.

For the which blessing I am upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face.

Leon.

You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat.

What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man I am not for him.

Ant. *[To Hero, advancing.]*

Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat.

Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtsey, and say, "Father, as it please you:"—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtsey, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon.

Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat.

Not till heaven make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon.

Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat.

I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight. [Music within.]

Leon.

The revellers are entering.

[*Leonato, Antonio, Beatrice, and Hero retire up stage. Exit Beatrice. Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Balthazar, Don John, Borachio, Conrade, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.*]

Don P.

[*To Hero.*]

Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero.

So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

Don P.

With me in your company?

Hero.

I may say so, when I please.

Don P.

And when please you to say so?

Hero.

When I like your favour; for heaven defend the lute
should be like the case!

Don P.

My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero.

Why, then your visor should be thatched.

Don P.

Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Music. Exeunt omnes.—Enter Benedick, masked,
followed by Beatrice, laughing.*]

Beat.

Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bened.

No, you shall pardon me.

Beat.

Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened.

Not now.

Beat.

That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit
out of the “Hundred Merry Tales”;—Well, this was
Signior Benedick that said so.

Bened.

What's he?

Beat.

I am sure you know him well enough.

Bened.

Not I, believe me.

Beat.

Did he never make you laugh?

Bened.

I pray you, what is he?

Beat.

Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him.

Bened.

When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat.

Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me: which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge's wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night.

[*Music.* *The guests move off slowly.*

We must follow the leaders.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Music.* *Enter Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*

Don J.

Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Borach.

And that is Claudio : I know him by his bearing.

Don J. [*Unmasked ; to Claudio.*]

Are not you Signior Benedick ?

Claud.

You know me well ; I am he.

Don J.

Signior, you are very near my brother in his love : he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth : you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud.

How know you he loves her ?

Don J.

I heard him swear his affection.

Borach.

So did I too ; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

Don J.

Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*]

Claud.

Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'T is certain so ; — the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love :
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,
 And trust no agent : for beauty is a witch,
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
 This is an accident of hourly proof,
 Which I mistrusted not : farewell, therefore, Hero.

[*Re-enter Benedick c.*

Bened.

Count Claudio ?

Claud.

Yea, the same.

Bened.

Come, will you go with me ?

Claud.

Whither ?

Bened.

Even to the next willow, about your own business,
 count. What fashion will you wear the garland of ?
 About your neck, like an usurer's chain ? or under your
 arm, like a lieutenant's scarf ? You must wear it one way,
 for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud.

I wish him joy of her.

Bened.

Why, that 's spoken like an honest drover ; so they sell
 bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served
 you thus ?

Claud.

I pray you, leave me.

Bened.

Ho ! now you strike like the blind man ; 't was the boy
 that stole your meat, and you 'll beat the post.

Claud.

If it will not be, I 'll leave you.

[*Exit Claudio.*

Bened.

Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha, it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base though bitter disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I 'll be revenged as I may. [*Enter Don Pedro c.*

Don P.

Now, signior, where 's the count? Did you see him?

Bened.

Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I have found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and I think told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

Don P.

To be whipped! What 's his fault?

Bened.

The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

Don P.

Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bened.

Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

Don P.

I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bened.

If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Don P.

The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bened.

Wronged? She wronged? O, she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to heaven some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her. *[Laughter within.]*

Don P.

Look, here she comes.

Bened.

Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will

fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia ; bring you the length of Prester John's foot ; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard ; do you any embassy to the Pigmies,—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy.—You have no employment for me ?

Don. P.

None, but to desire your good company.

Bened.

O lord, sir, here 's a dish I love not ; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit Benedick R.*

[*Enter Beatrice, Leonato, Claudio, and Hero, L. C.*

Don P.

Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat.

I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Don P.

Why, how now, count—wherefore are you sad ?

Claud.

Not sad, my lord.

Don P.

How, then—sick ?

Claud.

Neither, my lord.

Beat.

The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well ; but civil, count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Don P.

I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good-will obtained: name the day of marriage, and heaven give thee joy!

Leon.

Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say "Amen" to it.

Beat.

Speak, count, 't is your cue.

Claud.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy. I were but little happy if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I gave away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat.

Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

Don P.

In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat.

Yea, my lord, I thank it; poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. [Up stage.

And so she doth, cousin.

Beat.

[c.]

Good lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the wood but I, and I am sunburned; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho! for a husband!

Don P.

Will you have me, lady?

Beat.

No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day. But I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Don P.

Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat.

No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—

Cousins, heaven give you joy! [To *Hero and Claudio*.

Leon. [To *Beatrice*.

Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat.

I cry you mercy, uncle.

[Crosses R.

By your grace's pardon.

[To *Don Pedro*.[*Beatrice* curtsies to *Don Pedro*, and goes off R.*Don P.*

By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady. I would have a match between Signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon.

My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud.

And I, my lord.

Don P.

And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero.

I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Don P.

And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exeunt c. Scene changes.*]

Scene Third. { A HALL IN LEONATO'S HOUSE. [FIRST GROOVES.]

[*Enter Don John and Borachio R.*]

Don J.

It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Borach.

Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

Don J.

Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Borach.

Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

Don J.

Show me briefly how.

Borach.

I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

Don J.

I remember.

Borach.

I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window. Find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio, alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero: hear Margaret call me, Borachio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

Don J.

Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Borach.

Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

Don J.

I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt Borachio R., and Don John L. Scene changes.*]

Scene Fourth. { LEONATO'S GARDEN. BENEDICK DISCOVERED, SEATED.

Bened.

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love will transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair,

yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please heaven. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Withdraws.]

[Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio and Balthazar,

R. U. E.

Don P. [To Claudio.]

See where Benedick hath hid himself. [To Balthazar.]

Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balt.

The best I can, my lord.

Don P.

Do so: farewell. [Exit Balthazar.]

Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud.

O, ay! [Aside.]

Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits. [To Pedro.]

I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon.

No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so doat on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bened. [Listening in arbour.]

Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner.

Leon.

By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

Don P.

May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud.

Faith, like enough.

Leon.

Counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

Don P.

Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. [Aside.

Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon.

What effects, my lord! She will sit you—you heard my daughter—Hero—tell you how.

Claud.

She did, indeed.

Don P.

How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon.

I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bened. [Aside.

I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud.

[*Aside.*

He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

Don P.

Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon.

No; and swears she never will; that 's her torment.

Bened.

So, so!

Leon.

The ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do desperate outrage to herself.

Don P.

It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it. I pray you tell him, and hear what he will say.

Leon.

Were it good, think you?

Don P.

'T is very possible he 'll scorn it; for the man, as you all know, hath a contemptible spirit. I am sorry for your niece. Shall we see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Bened.

Very well.

Claud.

Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon.

Nay, that 's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

Don P.

Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady. [*Bell rings.*]

Leon.

My lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready,

Claud.

[*Aside.*

If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Don P.

[*Aside.*

Let there be the same net spread for her, and that [*To Leonato*] must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that 's the scene that I would see. Let us send her to call him to dinner.

[*Exeunt R.; Benedick advances softly to C.*

Bened.

This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured; they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry.—I must not seem proud.—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 't is a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous;—'t is so, I cannot reprove it; and wise—but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me,

because I have railed so long against marriage. But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shail quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled! When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

[*Enter Beatrice* L. I. E.]

Beat.

Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bened.

Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat.

I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bened.

You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat.

Yea, just so much as you can take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior? fare you well.

[*Exit* L. I. E.]

Bened.

Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me"—that's as much as to say—any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.

[*Exit* L. I. E.]

CURTAIN.

Act Second.

Scene First.—LEONATO'S GARDEN. SAME AS BEFORE.

[Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula, L.]

Hero. [R. C.]

Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour,
There shalt thou find my cousin, Beatrice;
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the garden here,
To listen our purpose. This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

[Exit Margaret L.]

Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

[Enter Beatrice L., and steals into arbour R.]

Now begin; [Aside,
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. [C. Aside.]

Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

[They walk backwards and forwards during the dialogue.]

Hero.

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs.

But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero.

So says the prince, and my new-trothèd lord.
They did entreat me to acquaint her of it :
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it :
For, who dare tell her ?—
Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice ;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on.
If I should speak,
She 'd mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs.

Yet tell her of it ; hear what she will say.

Hero.

No, rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion :
And truly I 'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with : one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs.

O, do not do your cousin such a wrong;
 She cannot be so much without true judgment
 (Having so sweet and excellent a wit
 As she is prized to have) as to refuse
 So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero.

Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs.

His excellence did earn it ere he had it.—
 When are you married, madam?

Hero.

Why, in a day;—to-morrow.

Urs.

[*Aside.*

She's limed, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

Hero.

[*Aside.*

If it proves so, then loving goes by haps;
 Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula L. Beatrice advances cautiously.*

Beat.

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
 Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
 Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
 No glory lives behind the back of such.
 And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee:
 Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
 If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
 To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit L. I. E.]

[Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Leonato, and Benedick,
R. U. E.]

Don P.

I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and
then go I toward Aragon.

Claud.

I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Don P.

[c.]

Nay; I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bened.

[Sighing.]

Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon.

So say I! methinks you are sadder.

Claud.

I hope he be in love.

Don P.

Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

Bened.

I have the tooth-ache.

Don P.

Draw it.

Hang it!

Bened. [Sighing.

Don P.
What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

Leon.
Which is but a humour, or a worm?

Bened.
Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud.
Yet say I he is in love. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; he brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

Don P.
Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud.
That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

Don P.
The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud.
Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is crept into a lute-string——

Don P.
Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud.
Nay, but I know who loves him.

Don P.

That would I know too ; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud.

Yes, and his ill conditions ; and in despite of all, dies for him.

Don P.

She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bened.

Yet this is no charm for the tooth-ache.— [*To Leonato.*
Old signior, walk aside with me.

I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

Don P.

For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud.

'Tis even so : Hero and Margaret have, by this time, played their parts with Beatrice ; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

[*Enter Don John L.*

Don J.

My lord and brother, heaven save you !

Don P.

Good den, brother.

Don J.

If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

Don P.

In private ?

Don J.

If it please you;—yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

Don P.

What 's the matter?

Don J. [*To Claudio.*

Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

Don P.

You know, he does.

Don J.

I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud.

If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Don J.

You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well; and, in dear-ness of heart, hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

Don P.

Why, what 's the matter?

Don J.

I came hither to tell you, and, circumstances shortened, for she hath too long been a-talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud.

Disloyal!

Don J.

The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till farther warrant: go

but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day; if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud.

May this be so?

Don P.

I will not think it.

Don J.

If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud.

If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Don P.

And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

Don J.

I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

[*Exeunt L.*

Scene Second.—STREET IN MESSINA.

[*Enter Dogberry, carrying a lanthorn, Verges, Sea-coal, Oatcake, and four Watchmen, L. U. E.*

Dogb.

Are you good men and true?

Verg.

Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb.

Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg.

Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb.

First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable?

Verg.

Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb.

Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: [Crosses c.
Heaven hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Seac.

Both which, Master Constable——

Dogb.

You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give heaven thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore, bear you the lanthorn [Gives it]: This is your charge:—You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Seac.

How if a will not stand?

Dogb.

Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank heaven you are rid of a knave.

Verg.

If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb.

True; and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Seac.

We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb.

Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Seac.

How if they will not?

Dogb.

Why then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

Seac.

Well, sir.

Dogb.

If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man ; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Seac.

If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

Dogb.

Truly, by your office, you may ; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Ver.

You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb.

Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will ; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Ver.

If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Sea.

How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us ?

Dogb.

Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying ; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Ver.

'T is very true.

Dogb.

This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person ; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Ver.

Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think he cannot.

Dogb.

Five shillings to one on 't with any man, that knows the statutes, he may stay him : marry, not without the prince be willing : for, indeed the watch ought to offend no man ; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Ver.

By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! Well, masters, good-night [*Going L.*] : an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good-night.—Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges L.*]

Sea.

Well, masters, we hear our charge : let us go sit upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

[*Re-enter Dogberry and Verges L.*]

Dogb.

One word more, honest neighbours : I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door ; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu ! be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt omnes—Dogberry and Verges L., the Watch R.*]

Scene Third. { INTERIOR OF A CHAPEL. DON PEDRO,
 DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS,
 CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, AND BEA-
 TRICE, DISCOVERED.

Leon.

Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar.

You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud.

No!

Leon.

To be married to her, Friar; you come to marry her.

Friar.

Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count?

Hero.

I do.

Friar.

If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls to utter it.

Claud.

Know you any, Hero?

Hero.

None, my lord.

Friar.

Know you any, count?

Leon.

I dare make his answer, none.

Claud.

O! what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bened.

How now? Interjections?

Claud.

Stand thee by, friar.

Father, by your leave;

Will you, with free and unconstrained soul, [To Leonato.

Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon.

As freely, son, as heaven did give her me.

Claud.

And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Don P.

Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud.

Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:

There, Leonato, take her back again:

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.—

Behold, now like a maid she blushes here!

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon.

What do you mean, my lord?

Claud.

Not to be married,

Not to knit my soul to an approvèd wanton —

[All start.

Leon.

Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth —

Claud.

No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to a sister, showed
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero.

And seemed I ever otherwise to you?

Claud.

Out on thy seeming! I will write against it;
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
[*Benedick retires up stage.*
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.

Hero.

Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wild?

Leon.

[*To Don Pedro.*

Sweet prince, why speak not you?

Don P.

What should I speak?
I stand dishonoured, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a wanton here.

Leon.

Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

Don J.

Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Hero.

True, O heaven !

Claud.

Leonato, stand I here ?

Is this the prince ? Is this the prince's brother ?

Is this face Hero's ? Are our eyes our own ?

Leon.

All this is so ; but what of this, my lord :

Claud.

Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. [To *Hero*.

I charge thee do so, as thou art my child !

Hero.

O heaven defend me ! how am I beset !—
What kind of catechizing call you this ?

Claud.

To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero.

Is it not Hero ? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach ?

Claud.

Marry, that can Hero ;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talked with you yesternight,
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one ?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero.

I talked with no man at that hour, my lord.

Don P.

Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear : — upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grievèd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window.

Don J.

Fie, fie !

Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoke of !
Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud.

O Hero, what an angel hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart !
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair ! farewell !
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

[*Hero swoons in the arms of Beatrice. Exeunt
Claudio, Don Pedro and Don John.*]

Leon.

Hath no man's dagger here a point for me ?

Beat.

Why, how now, cousin ? wherefore sink you down ?

Bened. [Advancing.

How doth the lady ?

Beat.

Dead, I think ;—help, uncle !

Hero ! why, Hero !—uncle !—Signior Benedick !—

Friar !

[*They raise Hero.*]

Leon.

O fate, take not away thy heavy hand !

Death is the fairest cover for her shame,

That may be wished for.

Beat.

How now, cousin Hero ?

Friar.

[*Advancing to c.*]

Have comfort, lady.

[*Hero revives.*]

Leon.

Dost thou look up ?

Friar.

Yea ; wherefore should she not ?

Leon.

Wherefore ? Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her ? Could she here deny

The story, that is printed in her blood !

Do not live, Hero : do not ope thine eyes ;

For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself, would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one ?

Chid I for that, at frugal nature's frame ?

O, one too much by thee ! O, she is fallen

Into a pit of ink ! that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again !

Friar.

Pause a while,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.

Your daughter, here, the princes left for dead ;

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,

And publish it that she is dead indeed.

Leon.

What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar.

She dying, as it must be so maintained,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
Of every hearer:—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed:—then shall he mourn,
And wish he had not so accused her;—
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

Bened.

Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you.
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon.

Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar.

'T is well consented; presently away;
Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolonged; have patience and endure.
[*Exeunt R., all but Benedick, and Beatrice.*]

Bened.

Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?

Beat.

Yea, and I will weep awhile longer.

Bened. [Advances to her.

I will not desire that.

Beat.

You have no reason : I do it freely.

Bened.

Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat.

Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her.

Bened.

Is there any way to show such friendship ?

Beat.

A very even way, but no such friend.

Bened.

May a man do it ?

Beat.

It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bened. [Pausing.

I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange ?

Beat.

As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you : but, believe me not ; and yet I lie not ; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing : — I am sorry for my cousin.

Bened.

By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me!

Beat.

Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bened.

I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat.

Will you not eat your word?

Bened.

With no sauce that can be devised to it; I protest I love thee!

Beat.

Why, then, heaven forgive me!

Bened.

What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat.

You have stayed me in an happy hour; I was about to protest I loved you.

Bened.

And do it, with all thy heart!

Beat.

I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

Bened.

Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat.

Kill Claudio!

Bened.

Ha! not for the wide world!

Beat.

You kill me to deny it:—farewell!

[*Going R.*

Bened.

Tarry, sweet Beatrice!

Beat.

I am gone, though I am here:—there is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bened.

Beatrice ——

Beat.

In faith, I will go!

Bened.

We'll be friends first.

[*Follows and detains her.*

Beat.

You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bened.

Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat.

Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that

I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour—O heaven, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bened.

Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat.

Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bened.

Nay, but Beatrice ——

Beat.

Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone!

Bened.

Beat ——

Beat.

Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count confect, a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man, for his sake! or that I had any friend, would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongues, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bened.

Tarry, good Beatrice:—By this hand I love thee!

Beat.

Use it for my love, some other way than swearing by it.

Bened.

Think you, in your soul, the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat.

Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul!

Bened.

Enough! I am engaged; I will challenge him.

Beat.

Will you?

Bened.

Upon my soul I will. I'll kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand Claudio shall render me a dear account.

Beat.

You'll be sure to challenge him?

Bened.

By those bright eyes I will.

Beat.

My dear friend! kiss my hand again.

Bened.

As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so farewell.

Beat.

Benedick, kill him, kill him dead, if you can.

Bened.

As sure as he is alive, I will!

[*Exeunt Beatrice R., Benedick L.*

CURTAIN.

Act Third.

Scene First. { INTERIOR OF A PRISON. DOGBERRY, VERGES, SEACOAL, AND OATCAKE DISCOVERED, SEATED L. OF TABLE.

Dogb.

Is our whole dissembly appeared ?

[*Enter Sexton L.*

Ver.

O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton !

Sext.

Which be the malefactors ?

Dogb.

Marry, that am I and my partner.

Ver.

Nay, that 's certain ; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sext.

But which are the offenders that are to be examined ?
let them come before Master Constable.

[*Opens book and prepares to write.*

Dogb.

Yea, marry, let them come before me.

[*Enter Watchman, bringing in Borachio and Conrade R.*

What is your name, friend ?

[*To Borachio.*

Borach.

Borachio.

Dogb.

Pray write down Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con.

I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb.

Write down master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve heaven?

Con. and Borach.

Yes, sir, we hope ——

Dogb.

Write down, that they hope they serve heaven—and write heaven first: for heaven defend but heaven should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con.

Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb.

A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you!—but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah! a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Borach.

Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb.

Well, stand aside—'Fore heaven they are both in a tale! Have you writ down that they are none?

Sext.

Master Constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb.

Yea, marry, that's the efastest way. Let the watch stand forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men!

Seac.

This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb.

Write down,—Prince John, a villain.—Why, that is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain!

Borach.

Master Constable ——

Dogb.

Pray thee, fellow, peace!—I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sext.

What heard you him say else?

Out.

Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb.

Flat burglary, as ever was committed!

Verg.

Yea, by the mass, that it is!

Sext.

What else, fellow?

Seac.

And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb.

O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sext.

What else?

Seac.

This is all.

Sext.

And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit R.*

Dogb.

Come, let them be opinioned. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

[*Conrade and Borachio are bound, singly.*

Con.[*To Dogberry.*

Away, you are an ass! you are an ass!

Dogb.

Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here, to write me down an ass!—but masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness! I am a wise fellow; and, which is

more, an officer ; and, which is more, a householder ; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina ; and one that knows the law, go to ; and a rich fellow enough, go to ; and a fellow that hath had losses ; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass !

[*Exeunt. Scene changes.*]

Scene Second. { THE COURT BEFORE LEONATO'S HOUSE.
SAME AS SCENE I., ACT I.

[*Enter Leonato and Antonio R. U. E.*]

Ant.

If you go on thus, you will kill yourself ;
And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon.

I pray thee, peace ; I will be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Ant.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

[*Enter Don Pedro and Claudio L., and cross to R.*]

Don P.

Good den, good den.

Claud.

Good day to both of you.

Leon.

Hear you, my lords —

Don P.

We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon.

Some haste, my lord! — well, fare you well, my lord :
Are you so hasty now? — well, all is one.

Don P.

Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant.

If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud.

Who wrongs him?

Leon.

Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou, dissembler thou!

[*Claudio grasps his sword.*]

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Claud.

Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon.

Tush, tush, man! Never fleer and jest at me!
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wronged mine innocent child, and me,

That I am forced to lay my reverence by ;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man ;— [*Draws his sword.*
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child.

Don P.

You say not right, old man.

Leon.

My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud.

Away, I will not have to do with you !

Don P.

Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon.

My lord, my lord ——

Don P.

I will not hear you.

Leon.

No ?

Come brother, away.—I will be heard !

Ant. ——

And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio* L. U. E.]

Don P.

See, see,

Here comes the man we went to seek !

[*Enter Benedick* L.

Claud.

[C.

Now, signior, what news ?

Bened.

[L.

Good day, my lord.

[*To Don Pedro.*

Don P.

Welcome, signior ! You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud.

We had like to have had our two noses snapped off, with two old men without teeth.

Don P.

Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou ? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bened.

In a false quarrel, there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud.

We have been up and down to seek thee ; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit ?

Bened.

It is in my scabbard ; shall I draw it ?

Don P.

Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side ? As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry ?

Claud.

What! courage, man! What, though care killed a cat,
thou hast metal enough in thee to kill care.

Bened.

Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge
it against me;—I pray you, choose another subject. I
don't like it.

Don P.

By this light, he changes more and more! I think, he
be angry, indeed! *[Retires up stage.]*

Claud.

If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bened.

Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud.

Heaven bless me from a challenge!

Bened.

You are a villain! I jest not—I will make it good,
how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:
—do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have
killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy upon
you! Let me hear from you.

Claud.

Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Don P.

[Advancing.]

What, a feast, a feast!

Claud.

I' faith, I thank him, he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon ; the which, if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife 's naught.

Bened.

Sir, your wit ambles well ; it goes easily.

Don P.

But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head ?

Claud.

Yea, and text underneath : " Here dwells Benedick, the married man ! "

Bened.

Fare you well, boy ! you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour : you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, heaven be thanked, hurt not ! — My lord [*To Don Pedro*], for your many courtesies, I thank you : I must discontinue your company : your brother is fled from Messina ; you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady : for my lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet, and till then, peace be with him !

[*Exit.*

Don P.

He is in earnest.

Claud.

In most profound earnest ; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice !

Don P.

And hath challenged thee ?

Claud.

Most sincerely !

[*Enter Dogberry, Verges, with Conrade and Borachio bound, followed by Seacoal, Oatcake, and Watchmen, R. One of the Watchmen goes off*
L. U. E.

Dogb.

Come you, sir! if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance; nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

Don P.

How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud.

Harken after their offence, my lord.

Don P.

Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb.

Marry, sir, they have committed false report: moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Don P.

First, I ask thee, what they have done? thirdly, I ask thee, what 's their offence? sixth and lastly, why they are committed? and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud.

Rightly reasoned, and in his own division.

Don P. [To the Prisoners.

Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood:—what 's your offence?

Borach.

Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes; what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man how Don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret, in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame; the lady is dead, upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Don P. [To Claudio.

Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud.

I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

Don P.

But did my brother set thee on to this?

Borach.

Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Don P.

He is composed and framed of treachery: and fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud.

Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb.

Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time, our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter; and, mas-

ters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg.

Here comes Master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

[Enter Leonato, Servants and the Sexton, L.]

Leon.

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Borach.

If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon.

Art thou the slave, that, with thy breath, hast killed
Mine innocent child?

Borach.

Yea—even I alone.

Leon.

No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:

[Turning to Claudio and Don Pedro.]

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud.

I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet sinned I not,
But in mistaking.

Don P.

By my soul, nor I ;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon.

I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible ; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died ;
To-morrow morning come you to my house ;
And, since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew : my brother hath a daughter,
Almost a copy of my child that 's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us ;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud.

O, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me !
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon.

To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming.
To-night I take my leave.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.*]

This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret.

Dogb.

Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me an ass : I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also the watch heard them talk of one Deformed—pray you examine him upon that point.

Leon.

I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb.

Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth ; and I praise heaven for you !

Leon.

There 's for thy pains. [*Giving money.*

Dogb.

Heaven save the foundation !

Leon.

Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoners, and I thank thee.

Dogb.

I leave an arrant knave with your worship, which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself for the example of others. Heaven keep your worship—I wish your worship well. Heaven restore you to health ! I humbly give you leave to depart ; and, if a merry meeting may be wished, heaven prohibit it ! Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, the Sexton, Seacoal, Oatcake, and the Watch, L.*

Leon.

[*To Servants.*

Bring you these fellows on : we 'll talk with Margaret.

[*Exeunt L. U. E.*

Scene Third.—A HALL IN LEONATO'S HOUSE.

[*Enter Benedick L.*

Bened.

Hist ! Hist ! Beatrice ! [*Enter Beatrice R.*

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee ?

Beat.

Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bened.

O, stay but till then !

Beat.

“Then” is spoken ; fare you well now :—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bened.

Claudio undergoes my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ?

Beat.

For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Bened.

Suffer love ; a good epithet ! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat.

In spite of your heart, I think ! alas ! poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bened.

Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat.

It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bened.

An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat.

And how long is that, think you?

Bened.

Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat.

Very ill.

Bened.

And how do you?

Beat.

Very ill too.

Bened.

Serve heaven, love me, and mend.

Here comes one in haste. [*Enter Ursula* L. I. E.]

Urs.

Madam, you must come to your uncle; it is proved my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused, and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. [*Exit Ursula* L.]

Beat.

Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bened.

I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy heart ; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle.

[*Exeunt* L.

Scene Fourth. { A SPACIOUS HALL IN LEONATO'S HOUSE.
LEONATO, HERO, FRIAR, ANTONIO,
BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, AND
LORDS AND LADIES DISCOVERED.

Friar.

Did not I tell you she was innocent ?

Leon.

So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her,
Upon the error that you heard debated :
But Margaret was in some fault for this ;
Although against her will, as it appears.

Ant.

Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bened.

And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon.

[*To the Ladies, who stand* R.

Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen, all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;
And, when I send for you, come hither, masked :
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me.

[*Exeunt Beatrice, Hero, and all the Ladies,* R.

You know your office, brother ;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

Ant.

Which I will do with confirmed countenance.

Bened.

Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar.

To do what, signior ?

Bened.

To bind me, or undo me ; one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon.

That eye my daughter lent her : 't is most true.

Bened.

And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon.

The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince. But what 's your will ?

Bened.

Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :
But for my will, my will is, your good-will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoined
In the estate of honourable marriage ;—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon.

My heart is with your liking.

Friar.

And my help.

Here comes the prince and Claudio.

[*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants, L.*

Don P.

Good-morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon.

We here attend you: are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud.

I 'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon.

Call her forth, brother: here 's the friar ready.

[*Exit Antonio.*

Don P.

Good-morrow, Benedick: why, what 's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud.

I think he thinks upon the savage bull:—
Tush! fear not, man, we 'll tip thy horns with gold.

Bened.

O, here they come!

[*Enter Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Ursula, and
other Ladies, masked, and wearing dominoes.*

Claud.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant.

This same is she, and I do give you her.

[*Presenting Hero.*

Claud.

Another Hero?

Hero.

Nothing certainer;
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am innocent.

Don P.

The former Hero! Hero, that is dead!

Leon.

She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Friar.

All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bened.

Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat.

I answer to that name.

[*Beatrice and the other Ladies unmask.*

What is your will?

Bened.

Do you not love me?

Beat.

No; no more than reason.

Bened.

Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived — they swore you did.

Beat.

Do not you love me?

Bened.

Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beat.

Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceived, for they did swear you did.

Bened.

They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat.

They swore that you were well nigh dead for me.

Bened.

'T is no such matter: — Then, you do not love me?

Beat.

No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon.

Come, cousin. I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud.

And I 'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her;
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice. [Gives the paper to Beatrice.

Hero.

And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

[*Gives the paper to Benedick.*]

Bened.

A miracle!—here 's our own hands against our hearts!
Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for
pity.

Beat.

I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield
upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life; for
I was told you were in a consumption.

Bened.

Peace, I will stop your mouth.

Don P.

How dost thou, Benedick, the married man? [*All laugh.*]

Bened.

I 'll téll thee what, prince, a college of wit-crackers can-
not flout me out of my humour.—Claudio, I did think to
have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kins-
man; live unbruised, and love my cousin. Prince, thou
art sad.

Don P.

Yes, I 've got the tooth-ache. [*All laugh.*]

Bened.

Got the tooth-ache! Get thee a wife; and all will be
well. Nay, laugh not, laugh not.

Your jibes and mockeries I laugh to scorn:

No staff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

CURTAIN.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

APPENDIX.

I.—THE MEANING AND THE CHARACTERS OF MUCH ADO.

“THE title is not to be understood in an external sense merely ; it rather indicates the inherent nothingness of human life, whenever its hopes terminate in mere earthly interests and relations. Every one of us makes much ado about nothing, in this life, so long as he is unable, by the annihilation of the terrestrial naught, to attain to the eternal realities which he has within himself. * * * * English critics, after Steevens, have reproached our poet with repeating himself, and playing off the same trick upon Beatrice and Benedick. But it is evident that this uniformity was required, by the great resemblance which these two characters bear to each other, and also by the necessity of avoiding any further complication of a plot already sufficiently involved. * * * * The poet seems to have drawn his ground idea from a contemplation of the contrast which human life presents between the reality of outward objects and the perception of the inward subject—between that which the world really is, and that which it appears to those who yet live in it and have experience of it. * * * * The most ordinary and insignificant matters and circumstances are arrayed in all the pomp of form, and, by the personages of the drama, stuffed out with the gravest possible importance. * * * * This contrast between the objective reality and the subjective apprehension of things is most amusingly set forth and embodied in the senseless and stupid Dogberry. * * * * The comic humour of chance chooses to employ the silliest and most ridiculous of simpletons to bring to light what no doubt lay near enough to the surface, but nevertheless escaped the discernment of the cleverest.”

ULRICI.

“The war at the opening begins without reason and ends without result. Don Pedro seems to woo Hero for himself, while he gains her for his friend. Benedick and Beatrice, after carrying on a merry cam-

paign of words, without real enmity, are entrapped into a marriage, without real love. The leading story rests on a seeming faithlessness, and its results are a seeming death and funeral, a challenge which produces no fighting, and a marriage in which the bride is a 'pretender'; and the weakness and shadowiness of human wishes and plans are exposed with yet more cutting irony in the means that bring about the fortunate catastrophe,—an incident in which the unwitting agents, headed by Dogberry, the very representative of the idea of the piece, are the lowest and most stupid characters of the whole group."

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"The players of the game of life see nothing; but the dullest bystander has glimpses of something more."

KNIGHT.

"The chief persons, Hero and Claudio, Beatrice and Benedick, are contrasted pairs. Hero's character is kept subdued and quiet in tone, to throw out the force and colour of the character of Beatrice; she is gentle, affectionate, tender, and, if playful, playful in a gentle way. If our interest in Hero were made very strong, the pain of her unmerited shame and suffering would be too keen. And Claudio is far from being a lover like Romeo: his wooing is done by proxy, and he does not sink under the anguish of Hero's disgrace and supposed death. Don John, the villain of the piece, is a melancholy egoist, who looks sourly on all the world, and has a special grudge against his brother's young favourite, Claudio. The chief force of Shakespeare in the play comes out in the characters of Benedick and Beatrice. They have not a touch of misanthropy nor of sentimentality, but are thoroughly healthy and hearty human creatures; at first a little too much self-pleased, but framed by and by to be entirely pleased with one another. * * * * It is a charming incongruity to find, while Leonato rages and Benedick offers his challenge, that the solemn ass Dogberry is the one to unravel the tangled threads of their fate. * * * * Friar Francis is a near spiritual kinsman of Friar Lawrence, in 'Romeo and Juliet.'" DOWDEN.

"In Beatrice high intellect and high animal spirits meet, and excite each other, like fire and air. In her wit [which is brilliant without being imaginative] there is a touch of insolence, not unfrequent in women when the wit predominates over reflection and imagination. In her

temper, too, there is a slight infusion of the termagant, and her satirical humour plays with such an unrespective levity over all subjects alike that it required a profound knowledge of women to bring such a character within the pale of our sympathy. But Beatrice, though wilful, is not wayward. She has not only an exuberance of wit and gaiety, but of heart and soul, of energy and spirit. * * * Benedick is by far the most pleasing, because the independence and gay indifference of temper, the laughing defiance of love and marriage, the satirical freedom of expression, common to both, are more becoming to the masculine than to the feminine character. * * * The wit of Beatrice is less good-humoured than that of Benedick; or, from the difference of sex, appears so. It is observable that the power is, throughout, on her side, and the sympathy and interest on his; which, by reversing the usual order of things, seems to excite us 'against the grain.' * * * She cannot for a moment endure his neglect, and he can as little tolerate her scorn. * * * In the midst of all this tilting and sparring of their nimble and fiery wits, we find them infinitely anxious for the good opinion of each other, and secretly impatient of each other's scorn; but Beatrice is the most truly indifferent of the two—the most assured of herself. * * * The affection of Benedick induces him to challenge his intimate friend for her sake, but the affection of Beatrice does not prevent her from risking the life of her lover. * * * Beatrice more charms and dazzles us by what she is than by what she says. * * * We dismiss Benedick and Beatrice to their matrimonial bonds rather with a sense of amusement than a feeling of congratulation or sympathy; rather with an acknowledgment that they are well matched and worthy of each other, than with any well-founded expectation of their domestic tranquillity."

MRS. JAMESON.

"In the comedies of Shakespeare the wit plays and dazzles like dancing light. * * * But his humour was still more his own than his wit. In that rich but delicate and subtle spirit of drollery,—moistening and softening whatever it touches, like a gentle oil, and penetrating, through all infoldings and rigorous incrustments, into the kernel of the ludicrous that is in everything,—which mainly created Malvolio, and Shallow, and Slender, and Dogberry, and Verges, and Bottom, and Lancelot, and Launce, and Costard, and Touchstone, and a score of other clowns, fools, and simpletons, and which, gloriously overflowing in Falstaff, makes his wit exhilarate like wine, Shakespeare has had almost as few successors as he had predecessors."

CRAIK.

Two love-stories are told in "Much Ado About Nothing." One of them is all glitter and dash, asperity and mischievous frolic; the other commingles tenderness and shy delight, and, though clouded for a while with a cruel sorrow, is irradiated at last with justice and happiness. One of the beauties of Shakespeare's design, in this comedy, is apparently the intention to make the portrayal of the spring-time of love all the more bright, fragrant and luxuriant, by setting it against a background of that slumberous repose which an old state of society expresses, even in its ordinary adjuncts. The ivy is never so gloriously green as when it gleams against the rough and frowning rock; flowers are never so beautiful as when they grow over ruins; and youthful love has never elsewhere the tender sweetness and pathos that hallow its life amid associations of the ancient and the past.

W. W.

II.—COSTUME FOR MUCH ADO.

Italian raiment, of the Sixteenth Century, tastefully modified, is required in the dressing of this comedy. Actors might advantageously consult the descriptions given by Cæsar Vecellio. Serviceable hints may be found in the remarks on Costume appended to the Prompt-Book editions of "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice." In the production of "Much Ado" by Macready—at Drury Lane, February 24th, 1843—the male characters wore parti-coloured suits fitting tightly to the form, with short tunics. Examples may be found in Herbè's Costumes, and in similar works by Mercuri and Bounard. Planché thinks that the costume worn by both sexes in England and France in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Francis I. might, with propriety and advantage, be used in "Much Ado." Don Pedro and his party, on their first entrance, should, perhaps, appear in martial attire, since they have just come from the camp; but this is not imperative.

W. W.

NEW-YORK, October 31st, 1878.

Since this stage version was made, an elaborate and beautiful production of "Much Ado" has been set before the public, in England and in America, by Henry Irving—a production excelling all others with which the theatre is acquainted. Ellen Terry gave a great performance of Beatrice; Irving made Benedick a brilliant image of satirical humor, and the scenery was made to include the best church picture ever given in a theatre.—W. W., 1899.

**KATHARINE
AND PETRUCHIO**

VOL. II

Preface.



THE stage copy of "The Taming of the Shrew," which, under the name of "Katharine and Petruchio," has for many years been in common use, was made by Garrick. The present version—giving the text and the stage-business used by Edwin Booth—is an alteration of that piece. The original play, which, obviously, is much better in the reading than it would be in the representation, is never acted. A large part of it, comprising the Induction,—with the capital character of Christopher Sly,—and the whole of the under-plot, relative to the loves of Lucentio and Bianca, has been rejected, in adapting it to the modern stage. The scenes retained are those which it is thought were exclusively the work of Shakespeare. "The Taming of the Shrew" is based on an earlier play, published in 1596, but, presumably, known and popular on the stage before that time, and supposed, by Knight, to be the work of Robert Greene. That piece was entitled "The Taming of A Shrew"; and it is believed that Shakespeare either co-laboured with another writer, in making a new version of it, or by himself enlarged and improved a version of it which another writer had already made. There is no evidence that he ever claimed the play as his own; and it was not published till after his death. It first appeared in the Folio of 1623. Dowden thinks that Shakespeare's part in it was written about 1597. "I am satisfied," says Collier, "that Shakespeare had little to do

with any of the scenes in which Katharine and Petruchio are not engaged." The piece is known to have been acted, by Shakespeare's company, at the Blackfriars, at Newington Butts, and at the Globe. John Fletcher wrote a sequel to it, entitled "*The Woman's Prize, or The Tamer Tamed*" (1647), in which Petruchio re-appears, and, having now taken a second wife, is by her discomfited and subdued. "*Sawney the Scot*," by John Lacy (1698), and "*The Cocker of Preston*," by Charles Johnson (1716), were based on "*The Taming of the Shrew*"; and John Tobin's comedy of "*The Honeymoon*" (1805), may also be named, though dissimilar, as one of its consequences. The view which is taken, in "*Katharine and Petruchio*," whether of the feminine character or the matrimonial relation, is, certainly, neither exalted nor refined. Yet even out of this rude and bleak combination of nettles and the east wind the poet has drawn a wholesome lesson, a lovely ideal, and a humorous view of life.

W. W.

New-York, October 15th, 1878.





"Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet;
Her very nod was not an inclination;
There was a self-will even in her small feet,
As though they were quite conscious of her station,—
They trod as upon necks."—BYRON.

"A humourous dare-devil."—BULWER.

"I'll crown thee with a garland of straw, then,
And I'll marry thee with a rush ring."—DAVENANT.

"Quoth she, the matter's not so far gone
As you suppose; two words t' a bargain."—SAMUEL BUTLER.

"I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver!
Whence rises this convulsive strife?
I smell a shrew—
My fears are true,
I see my wife."—ADDISON.

"'Rum creeters is women,' said the dirty-faced man. * * * *
'There's rummer things than women in this world though, mind you,'
said the man with the black eye."—DICKENS.

"Young wives, like changing winds, their power display
By shifting points, and varying day by day;
Now zephyrs mild, now whirlwinds in their force,
They sometimes speed, but often thwart our course;
And much experienced should that pilot be
Who sails with them on life's tempestuous sea."—CRABBE.

"Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and that she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears." DR. JOHNSON.

"The Gordian knot,
Which true lovers knit,
Undo it you cannot,
Nor yet break it."—OLD BALLAD.



Persons Represented.



PETRUCHIO, *a Rich Young Gentleman of Verona.*

BAPTISTA MINOLA, *a Rich Old Gentleman of Padua.*

KATHARINE, *Daughter to Baptista.*

BIONDELLO, }
PEDRO, } *Servants to Baptista.*

GRUMIO,

CURTIS, *an Old Woman,*

NATHANIEL,

GABRIEL,

GREGORY,

ADAM,

WALTER,

RALPH,

PETER,

A COOK,

A MUSIC-MASTER.

A TAILOR.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, *and* ATTENDANTS.

}
} *Servants to Petruchio.*

Place and Time.



SCENE.—*Padua, in Italy.*

PERIOD.—*The Sixteenth Century.*

TIME OF ACTION.—*About three days.*

KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

Act First.



Scene.—PADUA. BAPTISTA'S GARDEN.

[Enter Baptista and Petruchio c.

Pet.

Signior Baptista, thus it stands with me :
Antonio, my father, is deceased :
You knew him well, and knowing him know me,—
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered, rather than decreased :
And I have thrust myself into the world,
Haply to wive and thrive, as best I may.
My business asketh haste, good signior,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap.

Yes, when the special thing is well obtained,—
My daughter's love ; for that is all in all.

Pet.

Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Though little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all ;
So I to her, and so she yields to me ;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap.

And will you woo her, sir ?

Pet.

Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you a little din can daunt my ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not, in a pitched battle, heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue —
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ? —
Tush, tush ! fear boys with bugs.

Bap.

Then thou 'rt the man,
The man for Katharine, and her father too ;
That shall she know, and know my mind at once.
I'll portion her above her gentle sister,
New-married to Hortensio.

Pet.

Say'st thou me so ?
Then, as your daughter, signior,
Is rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
Be she as curst as Socrates's Xantippe,
She moves me not a whit. Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua.
If wealthily, then happily, in Padua.

Bap.

Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed !
But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

Pet.

Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Music-Master.

Help! help!

Kath.

Out of the house, you scraping fool.

{ *Noise outside R.*
Spoken within.

Pet.

What noise is that?

Bap.

O, nothing; this is nothing—
My daughter Katharine and her music-master;
This is the third I've had within this month:
She is an enemy to harmony.

[*Enter Music-Master, from house R.;—his forehead
bloody, and a broken lute in his hand. He
crosses to L.*

How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

Music-Master.

For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap.

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Music-Master.

I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap.

Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Music-Master.

Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
 I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
 And bowed her hand to teach her fingering;
 When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
 "Frets call you them?"—quoth she,—“I 'll fret your
 fool's-cap!”

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made way;
 And there I stood amazed for awhile,
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
 While she did call me rascal-fiddler,
 And twangling-jack; with twenty such vile terms,—
 As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet.

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
 I love her ten times more than e'er I did.
 O, how I long to have a grapple with her!

Music-Master.

I would not have another grapple with her,
 To purchase Padua: for what is past,
 I 'm paid sufficiently: if, at your leisure, [*To Baptista.*
 You think my broken fortunes, head and lute,
 Deserve some reparation, you know where
 To inquire for me: and so, good gentlemen,
 I am your much
 Disordered, broken-pated, humble servant.

[*Exit Music-Master L.*

Bap.

What, are you moved, Petruchio? Do you flinch?

Pet.

I 'm more and more impatient, sir; and long
 To be a partner in these favourite pleasures.

Bap.

O, by all means, sir. — Will you go with me,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet.

I pray you send her: I'll await her here.

[*Exit Baptista, into house.*

I'll woo her with some spirit, when she comes: —

Say that she rail; why then, I'll tell her plain

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear

As morning roses, newly washed with dew:

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As though she bade me stay by her a week:

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.

[*Noise outside, R.*

Kath.

Sir, — father, — surely —

Bap.

Hence, Kate! — ne'er tell me.

} *Spoken within, R.*

Pet.

O, here she comes: and now, Petruchio, speak.

[*Enter Katharine R. Crosses to and fro, in rage.*

Kath.

How? Turned adrift, nor know my father's house?

Reduced to this, or none? the maid's last prayer?

Sent to be wooed, like bear unto the stake?

Trim wooing like to be! — and he the bear;

For I shall bait him. Yet, the man's a man.

Pet.

Kate in a calm? — Maids must not be wooers.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name I hear.

Kath.

Well have you heard, but impudently said :

They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

[*Crosses R.*

Pet.

You lie, in faith ; for you are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom.
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtue spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Thy affability, and bashful modesty
[Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs],
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath.

Moved in good time !
Let them that moved you hither,
Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet.

A moveable ! Why, what's that ?

Kath.

A joint-stool.

Pet.

Thou hast hit it : come sit on me.

[*Bends on one knee.*

Kath.

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

[*Crosses to L.*

Pet.

Women are made to bear, and so are you —
Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee ;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light——

Kath.

Too light, for such a swain as you to catch.

[*Crosses to R.*

Pet.

Come, come, you wasp ; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath.

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet.

My remedy then is, to pluck it out.

Kath.

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet.

The fool knows where the honey lies, sweet Kate.

Kath.

'T is not for drones to taste.

Pet.

That will I try.— [*Offers to kiss her.—She strikes him.*

I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.—

Nay, come Kate, come : you must not look so sour.

Kath.

How can I help it, when I see that face ?

But I 'll be shocked no longer with the sight.

[*Crosses to L., going.*

Pet.

Nay, hear you, Kate ; in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath.

I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

Pet.

No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle :
'T was told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen ;
But now I find report a very liar.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk :
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Kath.

This is beyond all patience ; — [*Walks to and fro.*
Don't provoke me !

Pet.

Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp ?
O, slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazel-twigg,
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.—
Thou dost not limp.—So, let me see thee walk : —
Walk, walk, walk. [*Katharine stops, suddenly, R.*

Kath.

Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
[*She walks majestically up and down R.*

Pet.

Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this garden with her princely gait ?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

Kath.

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet.

Study!—

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath.

A witty mother, witless else her son.

Pet.

Am I not wise?

Kath.

Yes, in your own conceit;

Keep yourself warm with that, or else you 'll freeze.

Pet.

Or rather, warm me in thy arms, my Kate!

And therefore setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms:—your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Kath.

Whether I will or no?—

O, fortune's spite!

Pet.

Nay, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,—

Thy beauty that doth make me love thee well,—

Thou must be married to no man but me;

For I am he that 's born to tame you, Kate.

Kath.

That will admit dispute, my saucy groom.

Pet.

Here comes your father : never make denial ;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

[*Enter Baptista, R., from house.*

Bap.

Now, signior, now,—
How speed you with my daughter ?

Pet.

How should I speed, but well, sir ?
How, but well ?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

[*Quarrelling with Katharine, in dumb show.*

Bap.

Why, how now, daughter Katharine ! in your dumps ?

Kath.

Call you me daughter ? Now, I promise you,—
You have showed a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic :
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

[*Crosses to R.*

Bap.

Better this jack than starve ;
And that 's your portion —

Pet.

Father, 't is thus : yourself, and all the world
That talked of her, have talked of her amiss ;
If she be curst, it is for policy ;
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel :
And, to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
We 've fixed to-morrow for the wedding day.

Kath.

I 'll see thee hanged to-morrow, first !—
To-morrow !

Bap.

Petruchio, hark :—
She says, she 'll see thee hanged first.

Pet.

What 's that to you ?
If she and I be pleased, what 's that to you ?
'T is bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.

*Kath.**[Aside.*

A plague upon his impudence ! I 'm vexed—
I 'll marry my revenge, but I will tame him.

Pet.

I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate !
She hung about my neck,
And kiss on kiss *[She screams with vexation.*
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices ! 't is a world to see
How tame, when men and women are alone.
Give me thy hand, Kate. *[Crosses to c.*
I will now away,
To buy apparel for my gentle bride.
Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests.

Bap.

What dost thou say, my Katharine ?
Give thy hand.

Kath.

Never to man shall Katharine give her hand !
Here 't is,—and let him take it, an' he dare.

Pet.

Were it the fore-foot of an angry bear,
I'd shake it off; [*Seizing her hand.*
But, as it's Kate's I kiss it.

Kath.

You'll kiss it closer, ere our moon be waned.

Pet.

Father, and wife, adieu! I must away,
Unto my country-house, and stir my grooms,
Scour off their country rust, and make 'em fine,
For the reception of my Katharine.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
To-morrow, Kate, shall be our wedding-day.
[*Exit Petruchio C.*

Bap.

Well, daughter, though the man be somewhat wild,
And thereto frantic, yet his means are great:
Thou hast done well to seize the first kind offer;
For, by thy mother's soul, 't will be the last.
[*Exit Baptista, into house.*

Kath.

Why, yes; sister Bianca now shall see,
The poor abandoned Katharine, as she calls me,
Can make her husband stoop unto her lure,
And hold her head as high, and be as proud
As she, or e'er a wife in Padua.
As double as my portion be my scorn!
Look to your seat, Petruchio, or I throw you:
Katharine shall tame this haggard; or, if she fails,
Shall tie her tongue up, and pare down her nails.
[*Exit R.*

CURTAIN.

Act Second.

Scene First.—A HALL IN BAPTISTA'S HOUSE.

[Enter Baptista R., and Biondello L. I. E.]

Bion.

Master, master, news; and such news as you never heard of.

Bap.

Is Petruchio come?

Bion.

Why, no, sir.

Bap.

What then?

Bion.

He is coming: But how? Why, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword, ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless: His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the farcy, full o' windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's-leather, which being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap.

Who comes with him?

Bion.

O, sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and "The humour of forty fancies" pricked in 't for a feather;—A monster, a very monster, in apparel; and not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

[Petruchio, outside, L., cracks his whip.]

Pet. *[Spoken within.]*

Hollo! hollo!

[Exit Biondello R.]

Bap.

I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

[Enter Petruchio and Grumio, L., fantastically dressed.]

Pet.

Hoa!—

Where be these gallants? Who is at home?

Bap.

You 're welcome, sir.

Pet.

Well am I come then, sir.

Bap.

Not so well apparelled as I wish you were.

Pet.

But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?—

How does my father?

Wherefore gaze you thus—

As if you saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap.

Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day.
First we were sad, fearing you would not come?
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival,
And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you from your wife;
And sent you hither so unlike yourself.

Pet.

Tedious it were to tell and harsh to hear;
Let it suffice, I 'm come to keep my word.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears; 't is time we were at church.

Bap.

See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet.

Not I, believe me; thus I 'll visit her.

Bap.

But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet.

Goodsooth, even thus; therefore have done with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a loving kiss!
What ho! my Kate! my Kate!

[*Exit Petruchio, R., cracking his whip.*]

Gru.

What ho! why, Kate! why, Kate!

[*Exit Grumio, R., cracking his whip.*

Bap.

He hath some meaning in this mad attire:

I'll after him and see the event of this.

[*Exit R. Re-enter Grumio C.*

Gru.

He's gone swearing to church with her. I would sooner have led her to the gallows. If he can but hold it, 't is well:—and if I know anything of myself and my master, no two men were ever born with such qualities to tame women. When madam goes home, we must look for another guise-master than we have had. We shall see old coil between 'em.—If I can spy into futurity a little, there will be much clatter among the moveables, and some practice for the surgeons. By this, the parson has given 'em his license to fall together by the ears.

[*Enter Pedro, hastily, L. I. E.*

Pedro.

Grumio, your master bid me find you out, and speed you to his country-house, to prepare for his reception; and, if he finds not things as he expects 'em, according to the directions that he gave you, you know, he says, what follows. This message he delivered before his bride, even in her way to church, and shook his whip in token of his love.

Gru.

I understand it, sir; and will convey the same token to my horse immediately, that he may take to his heels, in order to save my bones, and his own ribs.

[*Exit Grumio, L.*

Pedro.

So odd a master, and so fit a man,
Were never seen in Padua before.

[*Enter Biondello, hastily, c.*
Now, Biondello, came you from the church?

Bion.

As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Pedro.

And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Bion.

A bridegroom, say you? 'T is a groom, indeed.
A grumbling groom: and that the girl shall find.

Pedro.

Curster than she? Why, 't is impossible.

Bion.

Why, he 's a devil—a devil—a very fiend.

Pedro.

Why, she 's a devil—a devil—the devil's dam.

Bion.

Tut! she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool, to him.
I 'll tell you, brother Pedro. When the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he: and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall his book;
And, as he stooped to take it up again,
This mad-brained bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book and book and priest:
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

Pedro.

What said the wench when he rose up again ?

Bion.

Trembled and shook : — for why ? — he stamped and swöre,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But, after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine : — “ A health,” quoth he ; — as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm : — quaffed off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton’s face ;
Having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;
And after me I know the rout is coming. [*Music, outside, c.*
Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play —
Such a mad marriage never was before.

[*Exeunt Pedro and Biondello, c. Music.*

[*Enter Petruchio, laughing and dancing, Katharine,
Baptista, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Attendants.*

Pet.

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains ;
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding-cheer,
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence ;
And, therefore, here I mean to take my leave.

Bap.

Is ’t possible, you will away to-night ?

Pet.

I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife;
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Bap.

Let me entreat you, stay till after dinner.

Pet.

It may not be.

Kath.

Let me entreat you.

Pet.

I am content.

Kath.

Are you content to stay?

Pet.

I am content you shall entreat my stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath.

Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet.

My horses, there! What, ho, my horses there!

Kath.

Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow! nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir: there lies your way:
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not go, till I please myself.—
'T is like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
To take it on you at the first so roughly.

Bap.

Nay, Kate, content thee:
Pr'ythee, be not angry.

[*Going to her.*]*Kath.*

I will be angry ; —
Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.
Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.—
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

[*He starts away.*]*Pet.*

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command :
Obey the bride, you that attend on her :
Go to the feast, revel, and domineer ;
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves ;
But, for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own ;
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything :
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.
I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.

Petruchio,

Draw forth thy weapon, thou 'rt beset with thieves ;

[*Petruchio draws sword.*]

Rescue thy wife then, if thou be a man.—

Fear not, sweet wench ;

They shall not touch thee, Kate ;

I'll buckler thee against a million, Kate.

[*Exeunt Katharine and Petruchio, R. 1. E., followed
by Ladies, Gentlemen, and Attendants.*]

Bap.

There they go, for a couple of quiet ones !

[*Exit.*]

Scene Second. { A RUSTIC HALL IN PETRUCHIO'S
COUNTRY-HOUSE.

[*Enter Grumio* L. I. E.

Gru.

What, ho! — Curtis! — Fye, fye, on all jades, and all mad masters, and all foul ways? Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so rayed? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire; and they are coming after, to warm them — Curtis! — Now were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. — Hollo, ho, Curtis!

[*Enter Curtis* R. I. E.

Cur.

Who is it that calls so coldly?

Gru.

A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. — A fire, good Curtis.

Cur.

Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru.

O, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore, fire, fire. Cast on no water.

Cur.

Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru.

She was, good Curtis, before the frost; but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast: — where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed, the serv-

ing men in their best clothes, and every officer his wedding garments on? Be the jacks fair within? the jills fair without? the carpets laid, and everything in order?

Cur.

All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru.

First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out ——

Cur.

How?

Gru.

Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur.

Let's ha' 't, good Grumio.

Gru.

Lend thine ear.

Cur.

Here.

Gru.

There. [Boxes her ear.

Cur.

This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru.

And therefore 't is called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress ——

Cur.

Both on one horse?

Gru.

What's that to thee? Tell thou the tale. But, hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she prayed,—that never prayed before!—how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; how my mistress lost her slippers, tore and bemired her garments, limped to the farm-house, put on Rebecca's old shoes and petticoat; with many things worthy of memory, which shall now die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Cur.

By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru.

Ay, for the nonce;—and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he come home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Gabriel, Gregory, Adam, Walter, Ralph, and the rest.—Are they all ready?

Cur.

They are.—Do you hear, ho!—Nathaniel, Gabriel, Gregory,—where are you?

[*Enter Nathaniel, Gabriel, Peter, Gregory, Adam, Walter, and Ralph, R.*]

Nat.

Welcome home, Grumio.

Gab.

How now, Grumio!

Peter.

Well, Grumio!

Greg.

What, Grumio!

Adam.

Fellow Grumio!

Wal.

How now, old lad!

Ral.

Ha, Grumio!

Gru.

Welcome you: how now, you: what you: well you: fellow you,—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nat.

All things are ready. How near is our master?

Gru.

Even at hand: alighted by this; and therefore be not ——

Pet. [Spoken outside L.

Hollo.

Gru.

Cock's passion! Silence; I hear my master.

[Enter Petruchio and Katharine, L.

Pet.

Where are these knaves?

What,—no man at the door, [Curtis goes to Katharine.
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Adam?

All the Servants.

Here, sir; here, sir; here, sir.

Pet.

Here, sir; here, sir; here, sir; here, sir!
You loggerheaded and unpolished grooms!
What, no attendance, no regard, no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru.

Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet.

Thou peasant swain, thou stupid malt-horse drudge,
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru.

Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made;
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked i' the heel:
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory,
The rest were ragged, old and beggarly:
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet.

Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

Gru.

The supper—the supper.

[*Exeunt all the servants but Grumio, R.*

Pet.

Here—take my boots off.
Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Pull off my boots.
Nay, good, sweet Kate, be merry.—

[*To Grumio.*

[*Enter Gregory R., with slippers: he pulls at Petruchio's boot.*

Some water for my hands—some water, Grumio.

[*Exit Grumio R.*

Out, out, you rogue! You pluck my foot awry:

Take that, and mind the plucking of the other.

[*Beats Gregory.*

Some water here.—Be merry, Kate.—What ho!

Shall I have some water?

[*Enter Adam, running, with a basin of water.*

He trips and falls.

You careless villain, will you let it fall? [Beats Adam.

Kath.

Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet.

A blundering, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave. —

What, ho! my supper.—

[*Enter Grumio, and servants, R., with platters.*

Gru.

Supper, supper.

Pet.

Come, Kate, sit down: I know you have a stomach.

Kath.

Indeed I have:

And never was repast so welcome to me.

[*They sit.*

Pet.

Will you say grace, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

What is this?

All.

Mutton!

Pet.

Who brought it?

All.

The cook! the cook!

Pet.

'T is burnt ; and so is all the meat.
Where is the rascal cook?

All.

Cook! cook! [*They run off, and return with the cook.*

Pet.

How durst you, villain, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[*Throwing about the meats and dishes.*

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmannered slaves.—
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Beats the servants, till they all run away, R. and L.

Kath.

I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;
The meat was well, and well I could have eat,
If you were so disposed ; I 'm sick with fasting.

Pet.

I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dryed away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it ;
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient ; to-morrow it shall be mended :
And, for this night, we'll fast for company.

Kath.

Fast?—Go to bed without my supper thus?

Pet.

'T is the wholesomest thing i' the world, sweet Kate.
Come, I will show thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exit Petruchio L.]

Kath.

I want my supper.

[Enter Grumio, who sets chairs, table, etc., in their places, while Katharine is speaking.]

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears !

What, did he marry me to famish me ? —

But, that which plagues me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love ;

As who would say, if I should sleep or eat,

'T were deadly sickness, or else present death !

I pry'thee, go, and get me some repast :

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru.

What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kath.

'T is passing good ; I pry'thee, let me have it.

Gru.

I fear, it is too phlegmatic a meat :

How say you to a fat tripe, finely boiled ?

Kath.

I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru.

I cannot tell ; — I fear 't is choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

Kath.

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru.

Ay ; but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath.

Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru.

Nay, that I will not ; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath.

Then both, or none, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru.

Why then, the mustard, dame, without the beef.

Kath.

Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats him across to L.
That feed'st me only with the name of meat.
[Enter Petruchio L.

Pet.

Hollo !— How fares my Kate ?
What, sweeting, all amort ? Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath.

Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet.

Pluck up thy spirits ; look cheerfully upon me :
For now, my honey-love, we are refreshed ——

Kath.

Refreshed ? With what ?

Pet.

We will return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things.

Look up, my love : — the tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.—
Tailor, come in.

[*Enter Tailor L.*

Where are these ornaments ?

Tailor.

Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet.

The what ?

[*Takes the cap on his whip.*

Tailor.

The cap.

Pet.

Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish : fye, fye, 't is lewd and filthy ;
Why, 't is a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.—
Away with it, and let me have a bigger.

Kath.

I'll have no bigger : this doth fit the time ;
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet.

When you are gentle, you shall have one too :
'T is a mere bauble : — say no more about it.

Kath.

Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe :
Your betters have endured me say my mind ;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

Pet.

Thou say'st true, Kate : it is a paltry cap :
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath.

Love me, or love me not, I like the cap.
And I will have it ; or I will have none.

Pet.

The gown ? Why, ay : — come, tailor, let me see 't.
O, mercy, heaven ? What masking stuff is here ?
What 's this ? a sleeve ? 'T is like a demi-cannon.
All up and down, carved like an apple-tart !
Here 's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash ;
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.
Why, what i' the devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

Gru. [*Aside R.*

I see she 's like to have nor cap nor gown.

Tailor.

You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion of the time.

Pet.

Marry, and did : but, if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home ;
For you shall hop without my custom, sir ;
Hence, make your best of it ; I 'll none of it.

Kath.

I never saw a better-fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable,
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me. [*Sits R., up stage.*

Pet.

Why, true : he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tailor.

She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet.

O monstrous arrogance!
Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail.
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread!—
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard-stick
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st.—
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred the gown.

Tailor.

Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru.

I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tailor.

But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru.

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.—
How should it be made?

Tailor.

But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru.

Though thou hast faced many things, face not me. I
say unto thee, I bid thy master cut the gown; but I did
not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tailor.

Why, here is the note of the fashion, to testify.

Pet.

Read it.

Tailor.

[*Tailor reads from a written paper.*

“Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.”

Gru.

Master, if ever I said a loose-bodied gown, sew me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread:—I said, a gown.

Pet.

Proceed.

Tailor.

“With a small compassed cape.”

Gru.

I confess the cape.

Tailor.

“With a trunk sleeve.”

Gru.

I confess two sleeves.

Tailor.

“The sleeves curiously cut.”

Pet.

Ay, there 's the villainy.

[*Offers to strike Grumio.*

Gru.

Error i' the bill, sir: error i' the bill:—I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and
[*To Tailor.*
that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

[*Petruchio sits on table and teases Katharine.*

Tailor.

This is true that I say: an' I had thee in place, thou shouldst know it.

Gru.

I am for thee, straight: come on you parchment shred!

[*They fight.*

Pet.

What, chickens spar in presence of the kite !
 I'll swoop upon you both ; out, out, ye vermin !
*[Petruchio beats them, L. Grumio returns and
 retires a little behind, laughing.]*

Kath.

For heaven's sake, sir, have patience ! How you fright
 me ! *[Crying.]*

Pet.

Well, come, my Katharine : we will now away,
 To feast and sport us at thy father's house. —
 Go, call my men, and bring our horses out.
[Exit Grumio L.]

Kath.

O, happy hearing ! Let us straight be gone ;
 I cannot tarry here another day.

Pet.

Cannot, my Kate ? O, yes, indeed you can.

Kath.

Indeed I cannot.

Pet.

O, yes, you could, my Katharine, if I wished it.

Kath.

I tell you I will not stay another moment.

[Enter Grumio, running, L.]

Gru.

The horses, sir, are ready, and —

Pet.

Put up. — On second thoughts, 't is now too late ;
 For, look, how bright and goodly shines the moon.

Kath.

The moon? the sun:—it is not moon-light now.

Pet.

I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath.

I say, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet.

Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—
Go you, and put the horses up again.— [*To Grumio.*
Evermore crost, and crost! nothing but crost!

[*Crosses to R.*

Gru. [*Aside to Katharine.*

Say as he says; or we shall never go.

Kath.

I see, 't is vain to struggle with my bonds.—
Sir, be it moon, or sun, or what you please;
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet.

I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath.

I know, it is the moon.

Pet.

Nay then, you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath.

Just as you please: it is the blessed sun.
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind:
What you will have it named, even that it is,
And so it shall be for your Katharine.

Pet.

Get out the horses.

But soft, some company is coming here,
And stops our journey.

[*Enter Baptista and Attendants* L. I. E.]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Bap.

How now? — Embrace me for my beauty's sake!
What is all this?

Kath. [Crosses to C.]

Young, budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child!
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allot thee, for his lovely wife!

Bap.

What mummary is this?

Pet.

Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad.
This is Baptista, our old reverend father;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath.

Pardon, dear father, my mistaken eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the —

Gru.

The moon.

[*Petruchio beats him off.*]

Pet.

The sun.

Kath.

The sun.

That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art my reverend father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

[*Kneels*]

Bap.

Rise, rise, my child. What strange vagary 's this!
How lik'st thou wedlock? Art not altered, Kate?

Kath.

Indeed I am: almost transformed to stone.

Pet.

Changed for the better much; art not my Kate?

Kath.

So good a master cannot choose but mend me.

Bap.

Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.
I wonder what it bodes.

Pet.

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy:—
And, to be short, what not, that 's sweet and happy?
My fortune is sufficient—
Here 's my wealth.
Kiss me, my Kate; and, since thou art become
So prudent, kind, and dutiful a wife,
Petruchio here shall doff the lordly husband;
An honest mask, which I throw off with pleasure.

Kath.

Nay, then I 'm all unworthy of thy love,
And look with blushes on my former self.—
How shameful 't is, when women are so simple,
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
Where bound to love, to honour, and obey!

CURTAIN.

KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

APPENDIX.

I.—SUBSTANCE AND CHARACTERS OF THE COMEDY.

“IF Shakespeare requires any apology for ‘The Taming of the Shrew,’ it is for his having adopted the subject—not for his treatment of it. The Kate that he found ready to his hand was a thoroughly unfeminine person, coarse and obstreperous, without the humour which shines through the violence of Katharine. * * * Her temper, as Shakespeare has delineated it, is the result of her pride and her love of domination. * * * This is a temper that, perhaps, could not be subdued by kindness, except after Petruchio’s fashion. At any rate, it could not be so subdued, except by a long course of patient discipline, quite incompatible with the hurried movement of a dramatic action. * * * * *

“The great skill which Shakespeare has shown in the management of this comedy is established in the conviction that he produces all along that Petruchio’s character is assumed. Whatever he may say, whatever he may do, we are satisfied that he has a real fund of good-humour at the bottom of all the outbreaks of his inordinate self-will. We know that if he succeeds in subduing the violence of his wife by a much higher extravagance of violence, he will be prepared not only to return her affection, but to evoke it, in all the strength and purity of woman’s love, out of the pride and obstinacy in which it has been buried.”

KNIGHT.

“Petruchio is a madman in his senses; a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth, and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures. He acts his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spirits, and without a particle of ill-humour from beginning to end.”

HAZLITT.

"The Katharine and Petruchio scenes border upon the farcical, but Shakespeare's interest in the characters of the shrew and her tamer keep these scenes from passing into downright farce. Katharine, with all her indulged wilfulness and violence of temper, has no evil in her. In her home enclosure she seems a formidable creature; but, when caught away by the tempest of Petruchio's masculine force, the comparative weakness of her sex shows itself: she, who has strength of her own, and has ascertained its limits, can recognize superior strength; and, once subdued, she is the least rebellious of subjects."

DOWDEN.

"The crabbed shrew is forced to resign her absurd pretensions, and is completely cured by the merry device of her husband, who pretends to be possessed by a similar but greater petulance; and thus, put to shame by the distorted image of her own perversity, she is restored to the modest position which naturally becomes her sex. Thus does perversity, whose evil consequences invariably redound on itself, become its own avenger; and the dialect of irony, which forms the proper instrument of the retribution of comedy, by displaying the weakness and sinfulness of man in its own nothingness, here appears pre-eminently in its peculiar office of physician to the soul. A feigned perversity of temper becomes the medicine of a real disease."

ULRICI.

II.—NOTES.

The correct spelling of the name of Katharine's tamer is Petrucio. It is suggested that Shakespeare wrote the word with the h, in order that the actors might not err in its pronunciation. The shrew, in the original, is named Katharina.

"Fear boys with bugs."—Frighten boys with hobgoblins.

The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant 18 miles from the city, is frequently surmounted, in winter, by "the swelling Adriatic seas."

The "points" were amongst the most costly and elegant parts of the dress of Queen Elizabeth's time; and to have "two broken points" was indicative of more than ordinary negligence of dress.

The Humour of Forty Fancies was, it is conjectured by Warburton, a slight collection of old ballads or short poems, which Grumio stuck in his hat, for a feather.

Jacks were leathern drinking vessels ; Jills were cups or measures of metal.

The servants named by Grumio, in his apologetic speech to Petruchio, on the arrival of the latter at his country-house, are introduced, as speakers, into the stage copy,—though they say only two or three words,—and are used to add to the comic bustle and confusion of the scene. Curtis, a man in the original, is presented as an old woman.

The text, in this version of the "Taming of the Shrew," is, with a few trifling exceptions, strictly that of Shakespeare.

At Venice, surrounded by the sea, the temperature is rarely below 6° Reaumur—18° Fahrenheit ; but the cold is much greater on the mainland, even at its nearest points ; and at Padua, from which Petruchio's country-house was, evidently, not distant, it is frequently so great as to justify all Grumio's complaints of the weather.

III.—COSTUME FOR KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

The Italy of Shakespeare's own time is intended to be presented in this play. The male costume of Padua given by Vecellio is only that of official persons. The trunk-hose, long-bellied doublet, short cloak, precise ruff, and sugar-loaf cap or high velvet bonnet, appear, says Knight, to have been worn throughout Lombardy and the northern Italian states at this period. Hints as to costume suitable for this piece may be found in the Prompt-Books of "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice." The text warrants a change of dress for Katharine, between the two acts of this version ; but this is not imperative. Trifles may sometimes be properly ignored. Thus, the critical observer will notice that accelerated movement, in the present arrangement of this piece, has been obtained at some sacrifice of probability and consistency in the incidents—which, especially toward the end, are huddled close together. But this increases the frolic atmosphere, and the stage effect.

NEW-YORK, October 29th, 1878.

W. W.

POSTSCRIPT.

Mr. F. G. Fleay, who speaks with the decisive authority of a thorough Shakespearean scholar and a studious, patient, scrupulous, and accurate antiquarian, says, in his *Chronicle History of the Life and*

Work of Shakespeare, 1886, that the old play, "The Taming of a Shrew"—that is, the piece upon which the later versions, including that of Shakespeare, are founded,—was written by Thomas Kyd, who died about 1594–95, and Mr. Fleay dates it 1588–89. Kyd is credited with three plays—"Cornelia," "The Spanish Tragedy," and, perhaps, "Soliman and Perseda." The second Shrew play, the one that Shakespeare is thought to have altered and rewritten, is ascribed, by Mr. Fleay, to Thomas Lodge, and Mr. Fleay dates it 1596. Shakespeare's play was produced in 1603, the year of the plague in London, when theatres were closed and the actors traveled. Mr. Fleay thinks that Drayton may have had a hand in the Induction to Lodge's piece, but that the Induction was greatly altered by Shakespeare, who hurriedly recast and rewrote Lodge's play, which had been fashioned out of Kyd's. Dekker wrote a play on the same topic, called "Medicine for a Curst Wife," 1602, and Heywood wrote one, of a tragical character, on a kindred theme, called "A Woman Killed with Kindness," 1603. The subject of trouble in the matrimonial camp seems to have been very popular. Lodge was a doctor of medicine. He wrote "Wounds of the Civil War," 1594, which relates to Marius and Sylla, and "A Looking Glass for London and England," 1594–98, which relates to Jonah and the Ninevites, in the Bible. Robert Greene assisted Lodge in the latter of these plays. The Shrew play, acted at Newington Butts, June, 1594, as mentioned in the preface to this book, must have been the old drama by Kyd. Newington Butts was on the Surrey side of the Thames. Garrick's version of the Shrew, 1756, called "Katherine and Petruchio," is in three acts, and it has always been deemed a singularly symmetrical and effective abridgement of the original. Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," with slight variations of the author's text, was restored to the stage on January 18, 1887, by Augustin Daly, at his theatre in New York, and Miss Ada Rehan then gave for the first time her superb performance of Katherine, which has since become famous, not only in the United States, but in England, France, and Germany. Since 1887 the play has been acted far and wide, and it has enjoyed great popularity.

W. W.

NEW YORK, January, 1899.

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